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All hail a princess with  
no illusions about Hollywood

# Pull-Out Princess

THIS ISSUE'S pretty pull-out pixie is a young native of Hollywood, Miss Darby Bridges. "I'm no relation to Lloyd, though . . . even though I do enjoy scuba diving," she states. A graduate of Hollywood High, Darby appeared in many student dramatic productions, and is considering a college drama career next. "That old jazz about being discovered on a stool at Schwab's soda fountain is malarky. These days you've got to work, work, work to crack in. The town is too full of beautiful girls with no talent, and I don't intend to be one of them." Talent aside, Darby can't help being beautiful. The petite (5'4") brunette breasts the tape at a whopping 40", and is 23" around the waist and 36" at the hips. Already she's got a lot going for her. —turn to page 108

# Adam 1968 YEARBOOK



Luscious Lisa Collins is tall, cool and commanding... For more of her, turn to page 16

JOHN R. GERARD, Editor-in-Chief  
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## ADAM 1968 YEARBOOK

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He tried to desert the front lines but found the action  
even hotter at the rear

# TERROR AT TANTYTOWN

by ROBERT EDMOND ALTER

I WASN'T THE only one that ran. That long blue-belly line came sweeping down on us, and plenty of Rebs pitched away their muskets and took off. At least I took a whack at those damn Yankees with mine before I dropped it and lit out.

Thing is, I must have run farther and faster than the rest, because next thing I knew I was all alone in a great big old thick-ety wood, and I couldn't even hear the battle.

My first thought was I should try to find my way back to our lines. But my second thought was maybe I should just keep on going south; let myself be listed as missing in action and go home to Georgia and hide out in a swamp till the fool war was over. What the hell, it wasn't really my fight anyhow. I didn't even own any slaves.

*- turn the page*



That tanglewood would have given a fox a fit. It was all mazed and laced with chokecherry and hobble bushes, and the saplings were as thick as Spanish needles in a fence corner. I had a Godawful time. Didn't find my way out till after dark. Then I was standing in a fallow field and maybe a hundred yards ahead I could see the hind end of a village, some chimneys and rooftops.

I got up on a wagon road and went across a creek bridge and read a sign-board nailed to a post. It said **TANTYTOWN**. "All right," I muttered, "now I'll just find me a hoss."

But that was the one thing I didn't find in Tantytown.

It was like any Virginia village in the 1860's. A broad main street, a church, hotel, tavern and dry goods store, a bank, stable, a mill and blacksmith shop. The homes were mostly shanties laid out in a patchwork in the back lanes.

What got me about the place was it was so kee-riced quiet. No lights, no noise, not even a barking mutt. And I figured it couldn't be but eight o'clock. But it wasn't none of my business. I was after a horse.

I knew just how I was going to

work that, too. I didn't have a gun to take one by force, and I goddamn sure didn't have the money to pay for one. So I figured to simply commandeer me a nag in the name of the Confederacy. It was an old dodge.

Something clunked — a dull sound, like wood clobbering wood — and it gave me a start. An alleyway was handy, and I went pussyfooting down it and came out in a back lot that was blocked off on the far side by a stubby board fence and a few sad-ass looking shanties. A well was in the middle of the lot and a couple of shadowy figures were standing there.

I walked through the pigweed without making any noise about it, and saw it was a woman and a young girl drawing water. I could hear them whispering to each other like a pair of nervous thieves. They had their back my way and didn't know about me till I was nearly on them. Then I said, "Looky here, ma'am—"

By God you'd have thought I'd sprung out of the dark yelling, "Girls, ready yourselves for a raping!"

The water bucket dropped with a wet crash, the girl did a three foot leap into the woman's arms, and in the moonlight their faces looked downright witless with shock. Then that fool woman let out a screech

that near to made me lose my own water, and before I could think what to say they were stumbling all over each other like a pair of spooked colts, the woman spilling to her hands and knees in the weeds, and that girl who couldn't have been but twelve snatching her up like a saddle, and then they took off across the lot with me yelling after them.

"Hey, lady! For crysake, lady!"

They dodged through the board fence, and I heard the clatter of their feet on the porch steps and then the slam of a door. That was that. I was left by the well with my face hanging open, which wasn't helping me any to find a horse.

I went back through the lane to the deserted street and stood there for a spell like a dunce in a schoolroom. I didn't know what to do and was wondering if I should just start banging on doors, when all at once a gut-grabbing crash of glass went off like a mortar.

I stepped into the road and looked down the street and saw a glimmer of light in the dry goods store. It was about time. At least there was still somebody left in that fool town who wasn't afraid of noise and light. I trotted down the street with the funny feeling that all those dark, silent buildings were watching me. I didn't much like it.

The store door was unlocked. I opened it and looked in at a good-god shambles. Rows of canned food had been raked from the shelves and were in a clutter all over the floor, bolts of colored cloth were unrolled and strung from the walls, draped over the counters, and bottles had been smashed from one end of the room to the other. The place smelled like a moonshiner's still.

A squat, toad-built Reb soldier was sitting at a messy table at the far end of the room that looked like Jeb Stuart's bunch had rode through. There wasn't anybody else around.

He was a cavalry sergeant with a fouled beard, and his mouth, loose and grimy, looked like a raw wound against all that moss on his face. His lips were moving, muttering to himself. His kepi was on the floor by his boots, and his grimy tunic was hanging on the back of a chair, but his holster was still on his big-assed hip.

I figured he was stupid drunk, and maybe a runaway like me. I also figured maybe we could use each other. I stepped inside.

His fuzzy head snapped up and his eyes were as white as a nigra's in the smoky light of a Betty lamp. He shoved away from the table, leaning some on his haw side, and slouched

— turn to page 124







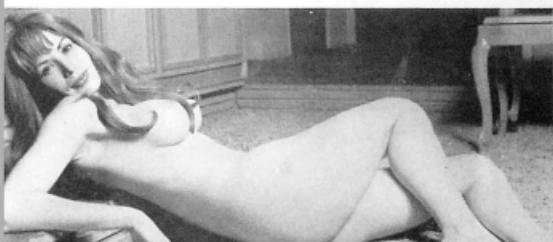
But as lovely as is the lingerie-clad Miss Bernard, the unadorned girl is even more delightful. Not anywhere on her softly rounded 5'5" body is there flaw, mark, spot, or blemish. Taping in at 36.22½, 35½, Dorinda is understandably in great demand as a model . . . not only for the camera, but for art students. Her eyes are a gentle brown, her hair a blend of auburn and chestnut, and her voice is a softly seductive sort of whisper. All in all, a girl for all seasons, but especially for winter. "I love a soft rug in front of an open fire, with the wind whistling cold outside, and me lying there getting all toasty warm." Hurry up, December!

Dorinda



yearns for those chilly winter nights and a roaring fire





Sing a spring song of Dorinda, w



But Dorinda is no mere thing of beauty. On the information sheet that all models fill out after posing, she wrote that her favorite authors are Margaret Mitchell, Dostoevsky, and William L. Shirer . . . quite a parlay! Add other items: Her biggest embarrassment was when she first danced topless. She's appeared on-stage in "Kismet." She's superstitious about walking under a ladder. And she feels that love is more an emotional than a physical thing. This lovely Irish lass admits to wishing for a screen career. And we can only admit to wishing we were talent scouts. 

Today's wife-swapping bashes are pretty lukewarm compared to the gangbangs of yore!

# Orgies Aren't What They Used To Be

by Devon Craig

**I**N A RECENT RAID ON an upper-middle-class suburban home, law enforcement officers in one of our major cities carted off to the pokey a round dozen intwined couples who had been participating in a "meeting" of their local wife-swapping club.

In a quoted statement regarding the scandal, the officer in charge of the arresting detail asserted that he and his men had caught several couples in the act of engaging in "every kind of depraved perversion" (sic). A detailed listing of the activities included fellatio, cunnilingus and various cluster formations of heterosexual, homosexual and assorted sexual character.

"It was a regular *orgy*!" concluded the horrified minion of the law.

Perhaps so, but in terms of a more sophisticated definition of the word it was kid stuff indeed.

Webster defines the primary meaning of "orgy" as follows: *secret ceremonial rites in honor of various deities, especially those of the worship of Dionysus, or Bacchus, characterized by ecstatic or frenzied singing and dancing, and often by revelry.*

It is odd that the lexicographer omits any reference to sexual activity in his definition of orgy, because from the very earliest historical accounts continuing up until modern times, any orgy worthy of the name has not only been suffused with strongly erotic undercurrents, but, in most cases, has also included detailed references to some pretty far out "revelry" of a

—turn the page





sexual nature.

This is not surprising if one considers that among the earliest cultures of the Mediterranean area, the "cradle of civilization," concepts of religion, pleasure and sensuality were homogenized into a single hedonistic entity providing for a way of life uninhibited by awareness of "sin" — a limiting factor which evolved much later. The gods were characterized as amoral in their sexual relations, both with their own and the opposite sex, and there was no prohibition against humans behaving according to their "godlike" example.

The primary festivals of ancient Greece — particularly the Aphrodisia, the Dionysia and the Eleusian mysteries — all included ritual copulation as an important element of their ceremonies. One of these, the Attic Thesmophoria, required that sexual abstinence precede the erotic orgies which climaxed the festival. The very practical reason for this temporary restraint is explained by Aristophanes in his *Thesmophoriazusae*:

"All the women who desired to take part in the festival were obliged to abstain from sexual intercourse for nine days before. The cleverness of the priests demanded this as an act of piety, the real reason of course being that the women, whipped up by their long abstinence, might be able to take part in erotic orgies with less restraint."

It is remarkable that the word "restraint" is mentioned at all, since the Greeks regarded their sexual urges as

a gift from the gods which brought them into more direct, if mystical, contact with these deities. In their zeal to do honor to their gods and goddesses in the most thoroughgoing manner possible, they often called in *hetairai*, the elite "intellectual" prostitutes of the day. Even Phryne, the most beautiful and celebrated of these ladies, joined in the festivities during the Aphrodisia.

Describing her performance, Altheneus wrote: "But it was really Phryne who was more beautiful in her private parts, wherefore it was not easy to get a sight of her naked, for she wore round her body a tight-fitting chiton, and did not make use of the public baths. But at the festival of the Eleusinia and the Poseidonia, in the sight of all the Hellenes, she used to put off her himiton, let down her hair, and go into the sea . . ."

Other *hetairai* were even more obliging than the ladylike Phryne. They took part in the festival of Aphrodite Anosia, which was of a totally (female) homosexual character and was highlighted by energetic sexual activity as well as ritual flagellation. During various other festivals, these usually high-priced "foals of Aphrodite," "almost naked in fine-spun clothes . . . sold their favours for a small fee which everyone might enjoy" — thus establishing a kind of "bargain day" for relatively impecunious lechers.

Taking on the character of an orgy was the "kissing contest" of beautiful boys held during the Diocleian games at Megara, as well as the Gymno-

paedia, or naked boys' dance, staged annually by the Spartans as a war memorial to their heroes who had been slain at Thryce. Since the Greeks, and especially the Spartans, looked upon the male body as the most magnificent of instruments, it is not surprising that they regarded sexual activity between their proudest specimens as being especially pleasing to the gods.

EVENTUALLY THE GREEKS began to have such fun at their orgies that they no longer coupled the sensual exclusively with the ritual — an orgy simply for the sake of an orgy could be reason enough. One of the devotees of this theory who carried it too far for his own good was Dionysius the Younger, Tyrant of Syracuse. Of his erotic performances and eventual fate Clearchus wrote: "When Dionysius reached his mother-city Locris, he had the largest house in the city filled with wild thyme and roses, then sent for the young women of Locris one after the other, stripped himself and them naked, and rolled on the bed with them, practicing every kind of obscenity imaginable."

"Shortly afterwards, when the insulted husbands and fathers had got the wife and children of Dionysius into their power, they forced them to commit indecencies before the eyes of all, and abandoned themselves to every conceivable debauchery. After they had satisfied their desire they drove needles under their fingernails and put them to death."

Doubling in brass, so to speak, at most of the Greek non-ritual orgies were flute girls, harp girls and dancing girls who were paid to render personal sexual service to the guests. For the Cardians, however, this type of entertainment wasn't quite piquant enough. They "had schooled their horses to dance at their drinking-parties to the accompaniment of the pipes, and rising on their hind legs, and, as it were, gesticulating with their front feet, they would dance, being thoroughly accustomed to the pipe melodies."

Meanwhile, the dancing girls would engage in a bit of horizontal terpsichore with the honored guests. Which was all very well until the enemies of the Cardians hired one of the Cardian flute girls to teach the familiar horse dancing melodies to a group of their own pipers. During the battle that followed, these worthies sounded off with their piping and the Cardian cavalry horses began to dance, leaving their masters open to a rather melodious slaughter.

Alexander the Great, who was apparently great, also, in ways having



nothing to do with warfare, was a man who relished a spirited orgy. He always took into battle with him a huge retinue of young "flute players," both male and female, whose comely forms were at his disposal.

By way of celebrating his defeat of Darius he concluded marriages for himself and a large number of his friends, consummating these unions by means of a huge nuptial gangbang. The locale for his orgasmic triumph was a vast room with a hundred lush couches in tiers about the walls. In addition to the newlyweds, Alexander invited others of his personal friends and ensconced them in couches opposite his. There followed a five day orgy of banqueting intermingled with marathon demonstrations of sexual athletics that left the guests "bloody" and exhausted." According to Chares, the historian, there was a good deal of swapping about of mates back and forth across the room, which included husband ending up with husband, wife with wife, etc. - just like in Suburbia, U.S.A.

Group sexual workouts characterized by a heavy emphasis on exhibitionism and voyeurism were common in the Mediterranean area. In his *Deipnosophistae*, Athenaeus of Naucratis asserts that Etruscan men passed their women around and at bedtime, "the lamps being still lighted, servants bring in to them sometimes female prostitutes, sometimes very beautiful boys, sometimes also their wives; and when they have enjoyed these the servants then introduce lusty young men, who in turn consort with them."

Sometimes one culture would borrow an orgy format from another. For example, the Egyptian cult of Isis engaged in wildly erotic rituals led by priestesses from Juvenal described as "bawds." The Romans adopted the pattern in paying homage to Bona Dea, the good goddess. "The rites of the Great Goddess!" reported Juvenal:

"Shrieking flutes excite the women's loins, wine and the trumpet madden them, whirling and shrieking, rapt by Priapus. Then their hearts are blazing with lust, their voices stammer with it, their wine gushes in torrents down their soaking thighs . . . Their itching cannot bear delay: this is sheer Woman, shrieking and crying everywhere in the hall. 'It is time, let in the men!' The lover sleeps . . . then let him snatch a greatcoat, hurry here. No? Then they rush upon the slaves. Not even slaves? Then a scavenger comes off the streets." Juvenal goes on to say that if no men at all are available these women, in their frenzy, will then embrace donkeys as sex partners.

enhanced by the addition of sadistic cruelties, an element alien to the Greeks. The cheering crowds in the arena were whipped to heights of sexual frenzy by the barbarities transpiring below. It was quite usual for both emperors and commoners to engage in frantic sexual excesses while watching Christians and other folk being torn apart by wild beasts.

Rosenbaum, in his *History of Syphilis*, reports that special brothels were set up near the Circus Maximus where prostitutes could solicit and service men stimulated to a peak of towering sexual excitement by the bloody spectacles they had just witnessed in the arena.

The rulers of Rome - such weird types as Nero, Caligula and Heliogabalus - perpetuated orgies of sex and sadism that stagger the imagination. It was the female of the species, however, that really cut a swath.

Julia, the wife of Tiberius, and Messalina, the wife of Claudius, were two raging nymphomaniacs whose insatiable lusts led to orgies almost beyond description. Messalina, when her husband Claudius was visiting in Ostia, had herself married to a stallion named Silius. By way of nuptial celebration she staged an orgy that went on and on for days, during which she and several debauched female friends vied with each other to see which of them could sexually demolish the most men. Her long suffering husband put a stop to such nonsense when he arrived home, learned what had happened and had the lady executed.

The ultimate orgy of Rome was the Bacchanalia, which began as a harmless vineyard ritual but evolved into just about the most bizarre demonstration of organized group sexual activity in history. What finally brought it to a screeching halt was a scandal arising from the goings on at one particular shrine noted for its wildly orgiastic "initiations" of novices into the Bacchi rites.

Of this establishment Burgo Partidge writes: "Whenever a man was introduced he was handed over to the priests like a beast for the slaughter. They took him to a place which resounded with cries, hymns and the beating of drums and cymbals . . . so that no one could hear the victim's cries for help while he was being violated . . . The Shrine had at first been reserved for women, and no men had been admitted . . . Then a Campanian woman had changed the whole ritual, ostensibly at the command of the gods. She had begun by initiating two men, her sons.

"After the rites had become open to everybody, so that men attended as well as women, and their licentiousness increased with the darkness of night, there was no shameful or criminal deed from which they shrank. The men were guilty of more immoral acts among themselves than the women. Those who struggled against dis honour or were slow to inflict it on others were slaughtered in sacrifice like brute beasts. The men prophesied like madmen with their bodies distorted by frenzy."

- turn to page 34





A TALL, COOL,



# COLLINS

**S**HE'S 5' 7", and she never blows her cool. That's Lisa Collins, anybody's choice for one on the house. "I give way to laughter, or to emotion, but I always try to stay in command. That's what I call keeping my cool. But I am not a hippy. They're old-fashioned and not with it."



**How about a peek at Lisa  
Collin's views . . . and at Lisa?**

"To be with it today," Lisa continued, "you can't run with the pack. You've got to be an individualist. All these kids you see dressed alike, all the guys with beards and long hair, they're in a tighter bag than their parents. I know. I've been there and back, and I'm glad to be out of that scene." She's quite a scene herself. Taping out in the more delightful places, Lisa measures a stunning 39.22.36, and she's obviously an individualist. She has several minor screen roles to her credit, but isn't in any particular hurry to crash Hollywood. "That's another bag; you know, the panting starlet bit. Nowheresville!" Be that as it may, we must admit we are totally in Lisa's bag. Somewheresville! 



**E**VERYBODY'S FAVORITE commercial technique, last season, was the "hidden camera." (Everyone's, that is, except my Aunt Hermetica's. Her favorite commercial technique was to rise, march across the living room and kick the screen in. She hates commercials.)

You remember the kind I mean. Some half-witted housewife would pour out her soul—in her own halting, sloppy, ungrammatical, wonderful folksy American way—regarding armpits, bad breath, dandruff or detergents. And later when she discovered that her privacy had been invaded and her feelings on these intimate subjects recorded on tape, she would register surprise. But outrage? Not on your life. Not our beamish little birdbrain. She was overjoyed.

Apparently it had never occurred to her that to have one's private conversation randomly recorded by strangers might prove incriminating. It did to me.

And to prove the point I whipped out my tape recorder (a 240-pound pocket-model designed by a Japanese idiot) and re-recorded *their* tape of *her*. "She," in this case, was a Mrs. Vioma Flugish of Armonk, in a commercial for Zetz Miracle Detergent, and before I explain my purpose let me play it back for you. Verbatim, it went like this:

MRS. FLUGISH: "... People with washday problems have nothing on me... You see, my husband is a skilled mechanic... He comes home looking as if he'd been bathing in a puddle of grease... Then he'll go bowling with his buddies... the usual gang — mechanics, truck drivers — men who like real action... So I take the soiled shirt... shove it in the washer... Nine or ten of 'em a week—that's just an average load around our house... and I've never gotten it completely clean... about all it's good for is crumpling up in a ball and hiding in a closet... But I always just—you know — shrug it off... after all, no one's perfect. (PAUSE) One day some of the girls were at the house... We have an occasional get-together — to lower hems or bake brownies... And I had to go and open the washing machine!... The girls saw them — those darn stains all over his shirt! Oh gosh, everybody giggled and made snide remarks... but it taught me a lesson... Because the next time my husband needed a shirt, I gave him the worst one of all... after, well, try-

ing a little 'beauty treatment' my neighbors had suggested... washing it in Zetz... and... he was tickled to see how soft and white it had turned!"

No Phi Beta Kappa, Mrs. Flugish, as you can see, but that's not my point. What keeps fascinating me is the thought of that tape falling into the hands of Perry Mason or some crusading D.A. With the sophisticated techniques available today for tape editing, that poor lady would be on her way to the grand jury in twenty minutes.

As proof—and as an aid to the indefatigable Mr. M., if he's interested—I have taken a preliminary dekko at framing Mrs. Flugish's *husband* for an imaginary murder, on the basis of the above transcript. My finished tape, with my questions (incriminating) spliced between her "answers" (halting, sloppy, ungrammatical, wonderful, folksy and American) follows. Me first:

*Mrs. Flugish, where were you at the time of the shooting?*

"—Bathing in a puddle of grease—"

*Affairs with other men?*

"—Nine or ten of 'em a week—"  
*How did you answer his accusations?*

"—Shove it—"

*Hmmm. Think back: The day you discovered the body, had you noticed any suspicious behavior by your husband?*

"—Crumpling up in a ball and hiding in a closet—"  
*Would you say he was excessively intoxicated?*

"—That's just an average load around our house—"  
*What did he say when you asked him to come out?*

"—Shove it—"

*Hmmm. Yes. Well. How did you come to discover the body?*

"—I had to go and open the washing machine!—"  
*What was the reaction when you found it?*

"—Oh gosh, everybody giggled and made snide remarks—"  
*No, I mean your reaction. How did you feel, finding your lover murdered?*

"—It taught me a lesson—"  
*And what did your husband say when you confronted him with the body?*

"—He was tickled to see how soft

## TELL US IN YOUR OWN WORDS, STUPID!

by D. G. LLOYD

*Why? What were you doing?*

"—Trying a little beauty treatment my neighbors had suggested—"

*How were you dressed?*

"—Nothing on me—"

*Did anyone see you there?*

"—The usual gang — mechanics, truck drivers — men who like real action—"

*Tell me, what was the relationship between your husband and the dead man?*

"—An occasional afternoon get-together — to lower hems or bake brownies—"

*Had your husband any reason to be jealous of you?*

"—I gave him the worst one of all—"

and white it had turned—"  
*No, no. The victims' body, simp!*

"—Oh—"

*Never mind. But tell us: How could he get it in a washing machine?*

"—My husband is a skilled me-

*chanic—"*

*Then what evidence led you to link him with the murder?*

"—Those darn stains all over his shirt—"

*I see. And if your husband is found guilty of first degree murder, what action do you feel the state should take against him?*

"—Shrug it off — after all, no one's perfect—"

*Thank you, Mrs. Flugish.*

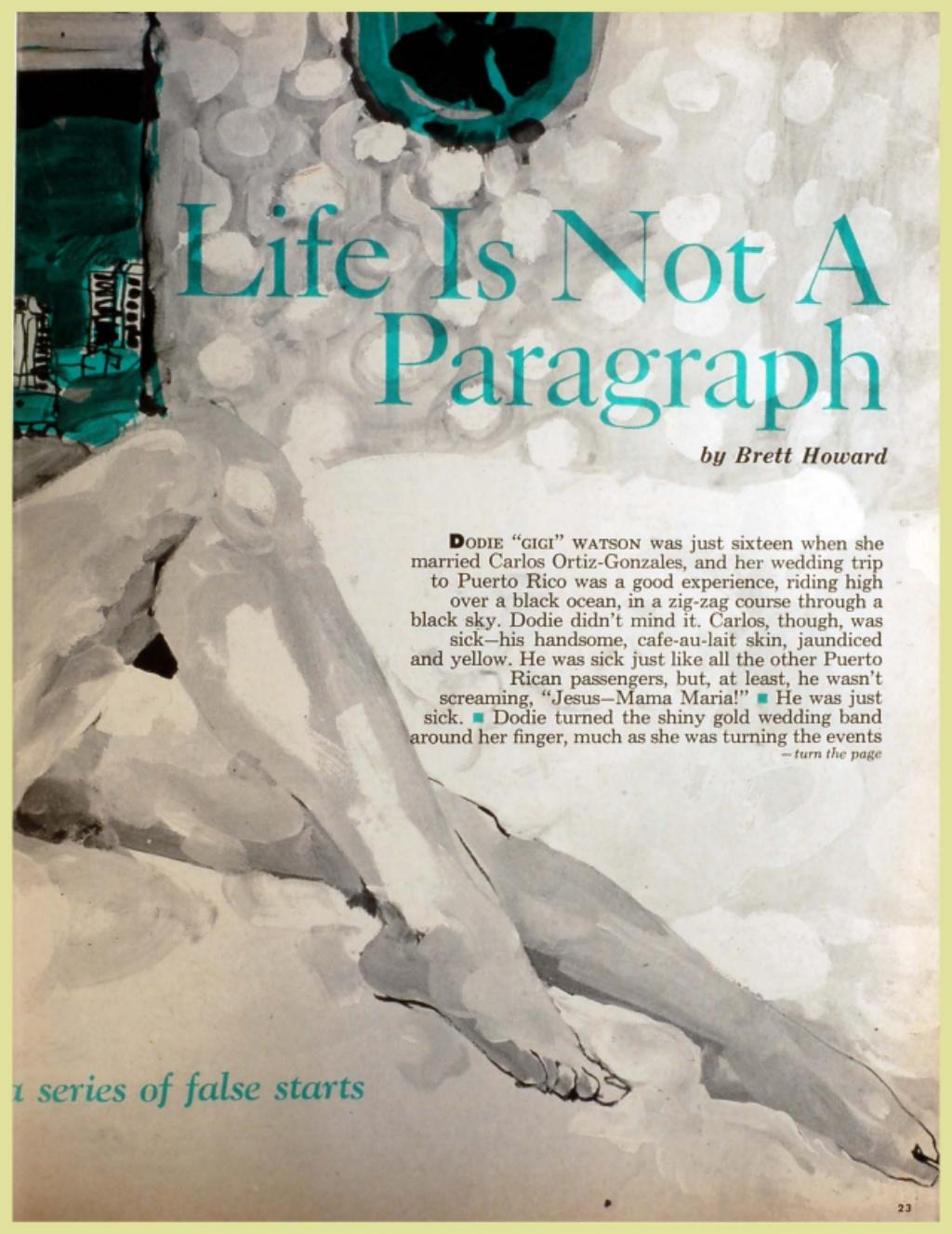
"—Shove it—"

Shove it...





*From Texas to Manhattan to Puerto Rico—  
from pot to heroin to whoredom—her life was ju-*



# Life Is Not A Paragraph

by Brett Howard

DODIE "GIGI" WATSON was just sixteen when she married Carlos Ortiz-Gonzales, and her wedding trip to Puerto Rico was a good experience, riding high over a black ocean, in a zig-zag course through a black sky. Dodie didn't mind it. Carlos, though, was sick—his handsome, cafe-au-lait skin, jaundiced and yellow. He was sick just like all the other Puerto

Rican passengers, but, at least, he wasn't screaming, "Jesus—Mama Maria!" ■ He was just sick. ■ Dodie turned the shiny gold wedding band around her finger, much as she was turning the events

*—turn the page*

*a series of false starts*

around her in mind, the events that had led up to her marrying Carlos that very afternoon and flying away with him to meet his rich relatives in Puerto Rico.

Where had it begun? In her befuddled brain that would clear again in a moment and then travel at a speed faster than the plane's, she tried to pin-point the exact moment of beginning.

In the beginning . . .

There was Monte's (her hairdresser) party, where she met Carlos . . . Or, she shook her head in recall, was the beginning when she had first seen Carlos at the Palladium?

She had a crush on him from the first moment she saw him beating the drums. He looked so very young, with his big brown eyes and his soft brown face with the pink highlights on his elongated cheekbones. And when he played the drums, it was with a sort of abandon that struck an immediate response in Dodie. She was seated at a table with Gracie, Johnny, Tony, she'd forgotten who else. Earlier, they had all been in Gracie's suite in the Essex House, "turning on."

Gracie was a funny little old dame to be so hung up on pot—but, she was, and when she came to town she had great connections. She got the good stuff, and she was generous. She dug fags and spades. She used the fags to procure the spades for her and she gave them and everyone else around her whatever they wanted—expensive booze, Mary Janes—horse, even, if anyone dug the hard stuff.

Nobody but Johnnie knew much about Gracie. She was a woman of mystery, although not looking the slightest bit mysterious, but rather like Mae West, with the same sort of sex scene going. Not even Johnnie knew her real name, nor where she came from. She only hit New York about once a year, but when she did, it was just like Johnnie said:

"She's a swinger—a real swinger!"

Dodie was new to Johnnie's crowd. She had been introduced to him but a few weeks before, when Leo was through shooting some pictures of her. Johnnie was in the studio and he became intrigued by her long, silver-gold hair that hung to her hips. He asked for a brush and kept brushing it and murmuring, "Like my Mom's . . . used to brush her hair, hair after hour, right up until she died."

Later, the three of them went to Johnnie's apartment which was filled with statues made of chicken wire and nudes carved out of big hunks of rock and paintings that looked like somebody had gone mad and splashed all different colors of paint

on a canvas—but Dodie knew it was the apartment of a rich man. He tuned in the hi-fi, and then brought out a Chinese vase filled with a few sticks. He casually offered one to Dodie, after he asked, "How old are you, Beautiful?"

She lied: "Nineteen."

"Ever smoked before?"

She looked at him, her wide grey eyes opening wider than he'd ever seen them open before, "You better believe me, Mister."

Leo gave the nod. "The kid's okay

. . . Texas . . . a little rough around the

edges, but okay."

of cut-steel shoe buckles, and some antique cameo brooch—and with her in his apartment, squealing like a delighted kid, stringing the shells and the beads together and making a clasp out of the tired old cameo and sewing the buckles on her brand new shoes, he'd tell her she was the greatest. He wouldn't let her wear any makeup—not even lipstick. She thought she looked Godawful, but when Johnnie took her out, everybody paid attention to her. Photographers other than Leo began to call, and since she wasn't posing nude for



edges, but okay."

Johnnie was cool, real cool. He didn't ask any questions. He began taking Dodie around to a lot of the real swell places, and he saw that she had some new clothes to wear. He knew everybody. He'd just pick up the telephone and say, "The chick's size seven or eight. She'll do right by your dress."

And pretty soon, some kooky thing would arrive by special messenger for her to wear. Then he'd do crazy things—like buy a sack of sea shells at a fish store, a couple of strings of beads in a thrift shop, maybe an old pair

them, but "high-fashion," they didn't complain that she was *really* too skinny.

She knew Johnnie was a fag, but he was kind of weird, even for a fag. He didn't cruise, and he didn't use her for cruising bait. He was odd-like the Chinaman.

When Johnnie saw her staring at Carlos, he whispered, "Like him, Beautiful?"

She liked him. She sat drinking her long glass of ginger ale, looking cool and calm, while beneath her skin her nerve ends tingled with excitement, watching him beat the drums. He beat

them like a man might beat an unruly horse, or a difficult woman. With such a sweet face, she thought, how come he beats those drums so violently, like something inside him was trying to jump out?

"Ummh! Like choclate ice cream," she replied, knowing Johnnie knew very well how hung up she was on chocolate ice cream, and wondering all the while if the body of Carlos was the same color—all over—as his face.

It was at Monte's party that she finally met Carlos. He had very polite manners, a bashful way about him, and a low voice that pleased her because it was so unlike the strident voices that had commanded her most of her life.

He was even more handsome than she thought. His eyelashes were unbelievable, black and curling, fringing his deep brown eyes. His lashes were the way she broke through to him in conversation, even though she could tell he had already flipped over her. (Johnie had dressed her in white, and highlighted the white of her dress and makeup with phony pearls, hanging to her knees, and pearl earrings that showed only when she tossed her head.) Her dress was as white as the winter snow falling in Manhattan, and she looked as cold as the icy world outside Monte's brownstone apartment which was crowded with people whose profiles were silhouetted in the light from the open fire.

She asked Carlos, jokingly, where he bought his eyelashes, and he blushed, making the shrimp pink of his cheekbones almost rose colored. She was both surprised and delighted with the way he spoke, once he had, with embarrassment, assured her that they were his own. He had only the slightest trace of an accent that made his speech distinguished. He could not remove his eyes from her whiteness, and he seemed entranced with her long hair. Before she could stop him, he began telling her of the loneliness eating out his heart. He had come to New York to study, but he had become discouraged. He wanted to return to Puerto Rico, his home. There his family had wealth and he had position and many rich friends.

In the blue-black of the night, Dodie went with him to his "pad." Together, they smoked marijuana as they lay on his narrow bed, her white body next to his brown, and he told her about the warm sun of Puerto Rico, the cool breezes of the ocean, the hacienda in which his parents lived, where orchids and camellias grew in wild abandon. He talked about his "Grand-Mama," the old lady with her parrots, her minah birds,

and her cages filled with squeaking island birds. Once, he said, Puerto Rico and the Puerto Riquenos—the trash one met in New York—had been very poor. But not today. Today the Yankee dollar had come to Puerto Rico and there was more money for him, as a musician, in Puerto Rico than in New York. In the light of the dawn, they began to fondle each other's body, sensually and teasingly, and the idea of marriage came to Carlos. Falling asleep, he mumbled, "In Puerto Rico, the wife belongs to the man—there, it is as it should be."

Hours later, the ringing of a doorbell awakened Dodie, and she sat up on her elbow staring at Carlos, who was laughing gaily and pouring champagne.

He said, "I have decided! It is our wedding day, *bella amiga*."

He had money in his wallet, and love in his being, so they were married that afternoon in New Jersey, and after a sumptuous hotel dinner, they boarded the plane. Senor and Senora Carlos Ortiz-Gonzales.

WAS THAT THE beginning, or had the beginning been back in Texas?

Where, when she was a very little girl, small even for her age, she used to go tagging along beside Mollie (her mother's sister who had claimed her upon her mother's death) to meet Ernie, who had just pulled his big truck into town after four days and nights of driving across the state of Texas, a state that Mollie and Ernie reckoned was as big as the whole rest of the world. There were two reasons Dodie was along. One, she was so little that she looked too young to leave alone for the snoopy neighbors to get inquisitive about and set up a howl to the authorities (they might find out about Ernie not being Mollie's husband, and that Ernie even had a wife and some kids in another state). And two, Dodie was the only way Mollie could drag Ernie out of the local Bar and Grill before he was too drunk to stand up.

As long as Dodie was in Ernie's sight and he could fondle her silken silver-gold hair, he didn't talk the dirty talk that even made men say, "Knock it off, Ernie," and he didn't haul off and knock Mollie around. He would kiss Dodie, his tobacco-juiced mouth smelling of stale beer and whiskey and say, happy-like, "How's Ernie's little darlin'?"

That is—until just after Dodie had started school, and Ernie wrecked the truck and got fired. There wasn't much work in the little town of Griswold, Texas, a town too little even to be on the map. Ernie tried being a handyman, but he wasn't very handy,

and not much of a man, now—just a big body sprawled across the grey sheets of the unmade bed that smelt of vomit. Even Mollie didn't look the same. Most of the time, her eyes were encircled by purple bruises where Ernie had struck her—and she, too, was drunk, wailing, "You wouldn't believe, Dodie, what a handsome, wonderful man Ernie was when he used to be himself—when I first met him. And me, I was a good looker, too—like your Ma."

Half-starved and filthy (even though she tried to clean herself properly) Dodie used to run and hide herself in the closet, holding her hands over her ears so as not to hear any more of the glories of Mollie's past.

Eventually, the school authorities took notice and stepped in. Following a brief stay at an ugly, crowded orphanage and almost a year spent in sundry homes, the authorities placed her to their satisfaction in distant Abilene, Texas, with a Mrs. Jasper, who housed many girls such as Dodie, children of broken homes. It was Mrs. Jasper's voice ordering Dodie to her many chores that always sounded the loudest in Dodie's nightmares.

It was then that Dodie began to think of running away—far away from Mrs. Jasper and all of the other voices of authority that Mrs. Jasper symbolized. She would run away from Abilene, from Texas, in fact. She would run to the end of the world, if necessary, to find a new beginning.

During her school hours, Dodie paid little attention to most of her classes, allowing her bright mind to wander into the world of fantasy. Through the radio, TV and an occasional movie, and through an awareness that older men gave her of her special beauty, the world of the theatre seemed one into which she could escape. She studied hard for one teacher, whom she adored, and who was little better than a frustrated actress, herself. In Dodie, she had a captive audience, and from Miss Goodwin, Dodie gathered that most great actresses had come to their fame and wealth from just such a background as Dodie's.

She knew that if she could only escape, she, too, could be a great actress. After all, as Miss Goodwin kept reassuring her, catching poses of herself in mirrors, "Just remember, Dodie, Mary Martin, the real Mary Martin, came from Fort Worth, Texas!"

It was in this period of her life that the miracle happened. One day Mollie—a new Mollie, well dressed and sober—appeared at Mrs. Jasper's with one of the authorities. Following the first emotional scene, Dodie learned—turn to page 58

HE WAS NOT exceptionally handsome. There was a bald patch on his pate and he was not very tall. He was extremely restless with women and often quite bored. He treated them like playthings and could drop them as indifferently as he had picked them up.

Nonetheless the waiting line began at his door and extended around the waists of several continents. He could pick up a phone at any time of night or day and get a girl started breathlessly on a 5,000 mile air trip that would end in his bedroom.

How did Aly Khan do it? Was it because he was rich? Perhaps, but he knew millionaires with tons of gold who envied him his harem. Was it because he was famous? Perhaps, but movie stars who were far better known could never make love to the same women.

Perhaps the secret was his *Imsak*, a unique method of self-control during sexual intercourse that made lovemaking with the romantic prince a rather unusual experience for women.

A woman, who for obvious reasons chooses not to identify herself, not only agrees with this notion, but she knows from experience that Aly's control was discussed with awe in powder rooms throughout Europe and the United States. A woman who went to bed with Aly never forgot it for the rest of her life, and after the experience every man she loved was compared, usually to his disadvantage, to Aly.

"He rarely went to the end," the same woman noted. "He could stay for five or seven hours with a woman in his arms." His specialty was making love to women, she added, and it was why he always had so many. He seldom reached a sexual climax himself, and perhaps, adds the same informant, this was just as well. Aly liked making love and he thought of it day and night. Had he expended his energies in the usual climactic fashion, he could not have done all the other things he did.

Another friend, a man, estimated that Aly would reach a climax perhaps about twice a week. He loved to get his sexual partners out of control. The effect on women who never expected such iron control delighted him, and he would sacrifice his own pleasure to achieve and retain mastery.

There are no exact figures on his love life, but one confidant revealed that Aly could make love to as many as six women per day. Another informant put it at three. Either number would be a stunning one for any average busy man who had as much going in other departments as did this active diplomat, sportsman and traveler.

— turn the page

# Aly Khan

## man with perfect sex control

by Jack Match

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**Millionaire, playboy and great lover,  
he was also master of a unique lovemakin  
technique that drove women wild!**



Nonetheless the story of his prowess persists, and he has been compared many times to Jacques Casanova. The comparison is not really fair, however. Casanova achieved most of his feminine conquests in the relatively small arena of Europe in a circle that was much smaller. Aly Khan, with jet planes at his disposal, could find his mistresses around the world.

Aly himself never announced any total figure for his bedroom conquests, but people who knew him say it was far beyond the figure of 1003 attributed to the famous Don Juan of Spain.

One of the great magnets for women was the fact that his conquests, unlike those of other men, were frequently so proud of having had sexual intercourse with a real live prince and a front-page celebrity, that they went out of their way to "sell" Aly to their friends.

It became a mark of status to have had Aly Khan as a lover, and it was the sort of thing you didn't keep to yourself. Aly was very discreet about pointing to individual girls who had given themselves. Nevertheless, on one rare occasion, he revealed the scope of his operations in the bedroom.

One day while he attended the races with a girlfriend, he smiled and whispered to her that he had had a certain beautiful woman sitting in a box near them. Then he nodded to her neighbor. He had made love to her, too. He moved his chin to the next and the one after her. It was soon obvious to his companion that he had gone to bed with nearly every woman in the grandstand.

Other things that worked in Aly's favor were the legends that sprang up about the rituals he followed to keep in high sexual trim or the rumors of the food he ate. It was bandied about for years in European capitals, for instance, that he plunged his elbows in cold water during a night of lovemaking and before even meeting the woman. The cold plunge was supposed to spark up his sexual virility. One man even swore that he had seen Aly dip the royal elbow into a champagne bucket to keep in shape while he was at a nightclub.

Another legend was that he ate huge gobls of ice cream for the added protein that would keep him strong and virile. It was true that Aly loved ice cream. He would go out of his way to seek out choice flavors, and his favorite dessert was to spoon into several dishes of assorted flavors. But the connection with his obsession and his amorous activity is probably apocryphal and the sort of thing that

makes cocktail party chatter.

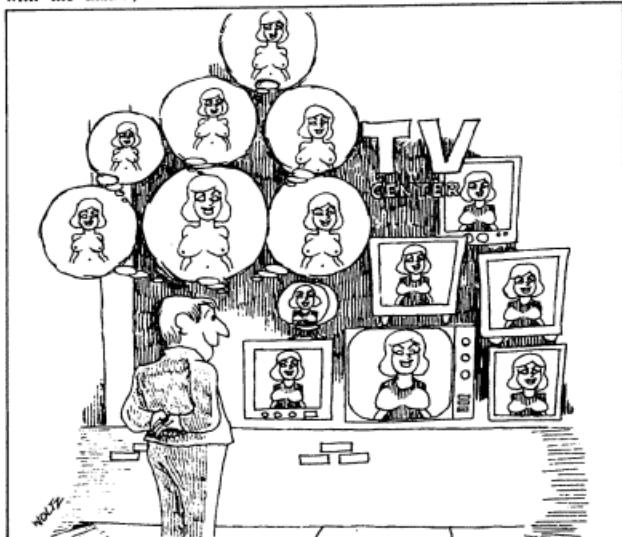
**THE TRUTH** WAS neither glamorous nor so simple. Aly came by his fantastic prowess because of his training. Moslems have always thought of sexual prowess as a strong indication of leadership and manliness and go out of their way to build themselves up to a certain level of control. Significantly, the Aga Khan, Aly's father, was no slouch at sexual self-control himself and was famous for his own retinue of mistresses. The Aga once told his secret of sexual mastery to an English friend.

When the Aga was a youth, he had gone to Cairo to visit an old Arab doctor there. He had spent six weeks with the hukim, as he was known,

his sexual escapades. Up to a point, that is. In due time Aly's tremendous successes, his ability to get beautiful younger women with magic shapes and faces, began to rile the older man.

But this was in the future. When Aly was just edging into manhood, the Aga sent him to the same doctor in Cairo where he was taught the same self-control. Put succinctly, the control was due to nothing that was directly physical. It was a form of psychological and philosophical self-discipline that was more of a technique than a science.

The Moslems used Imsak to train themselves in dominating the act of sexual love because they felt that no man learned this control automatically and without instruction. It has re-



hardening himself for arduous encounters with women.

It stood the Aga well. He became one of the most ardent lovers in Europe, with a reputation in the bedroom that matched the conventional image in the world press: the Indian potentate who annually won from his followers his weight in gold or diamonds.

Elsa Maxwell, who knew him well along with many of his more glamorous and seductive bedfellows, once described the Aga as the greatest chaser of them all — a man with thousands of mistresses, many of them important women of high social standing. When his powers in the bedroom began to fail, the Aga turned to his son's exploits and reveled in

remained an underground art, and its real core is the art of disciplining oneself by a combination of mental and physical withdrawals to the point where one can continue to have sexual intercourse without ejaculating.

The essence of the training is learning to manage your muscles during the act of love. The Arab doctor would give his pupil numerous and exacting tests of their physical endurance, tests that would torment the boy until his strength of will could keep him from ejaculating. By the same token his mind was forced to pre-occupy itself with matters other than the sexual act so that it would not concentrate on the thing happening to him.

Aly Khan was one of the doctor's

best pupils and could control himself indefinitely when he was with a woman. When he was at the peak of his sexual powers no one could touch Aly in this department. Although he was interested in many things — the arts, society, politics, sports, horses — only one thing could drive everything else out of his mind: women.

His FRIENDS remember that when Aly came to town — London or Paris, for instance — for no matter what reason, his hunt for women soon took precedence over everything else. Sometimes he would not leave his hotel suite for days. Ostensibly he was there to talk to horse dealers about his millionaire's stable of racing horses.

In actual practice, he was busy maneuvering a large number of women into his bedroom. He would be so engrossed in planning his love affairs that he would have many meals sent to his room. Waiters would wheel in lovely dinners for his intimate tête-à-têtes complete with vintage champagne. The telephone rang incessantly. If a friend were in the suite he was asked to answer it, and often it was a woman waiting to come up from the lobby. Aly might have to keep her down there for several moments until he could decide what to do with the girl who was due any moment for lunch or drinks.

Nothing, of course, delighted Aly more than to have women running in and out of his rooms. It became a kind of delightful game that he could keep going for days on end when he visited a new city. A telephone girl at the posh Ritz hotel in London acted as a kind of worldwide answering service for him in this regard. A woman might call up from New York or San Francisco or Istanbul and say she had to meet Aly as soon as she arrived. If the girl was one of Aly's favorites, the Ritz switchboard girl might track him down around Europe and switch the call to him directly. Otherwise she would see that Aly got the call as soon as possible. Aly let her know where he could be reached.

If Aly could not make the date personally in London or wherever the anxious young lady was waiting, he would send his own plane and pilot to pick her up. The swift plane made it possible for him to meet a girl for lunch in London, have dinner with another in Paris or Brussels and fly down to the Riviera for a midnight tryst with a third beauty. The two-engined plane, named the Avenger, was a godsend to a man whose love affairs were as complicated as Aly's. On a typical day, he might use it to scoop up a New York chorus girl, who had come to London armed with his

his name and number, and fly her down to spend the weekend with him at his swank Riviera home.

On another day he would use the plane to pick up a bored diplomat's wife who was languishing in the country north of London, while her husband was on a tiresome overseas mission. This woman, who was a member of the British royal circle, was invited regularly down to the Riviera or Aly's Paris apartment as soon as the prince learned that her husband had been sped overseas. The Avenger would fly directly to a field near her home, pick her up and deposit her a few hours later on Aly's sunswept terrace overlooking the Mediterranean. She would be back in time to greet her husband on his return.

Aly was tireless and kept going from dawn till dark, often with just three or four hours of sleep daily. In order to keep his dates with women, he could and often did sleep on airplanes, in theaters, at the movies and on the back seats of cars in which he was a passenger. He lived out of a suitcase and often, when two dates were too close in time to one another, he would change in an elevator, stopping it between floors while he rushed into his new clothes.

Aly kept a lavish supply of women handy by inviting scores of house guests wherever he went, and if the guest brought along a beautiful girl he was raised a notch in the prince's esteem. To keep the supply going strong, he would invite an army of girls to the annual ball he gave in honor of the Grand Prix at Paris' famous Longchamps course. The girls would include actresses, the wives of friends, international beauties and, to keep things moving at a lively pace, a number of ladies who were on the level of call girls. Aly would go to endless efforts to make these affairs smash — after all they were recruiting parties, too — and would arrange to give each girl a silk scarf decorated with the name of his top race horse or an expensive flask of perfume.

At all costs the pot had to be kept boiling and this meant that friends kept up a steady hunt for new blood.

If Aly saw a woman he wanted to meet anywhere, married or single, he would order the headwaiter to introduce him at once. Or else he would go over and introduce himself. He hated to break with any of his girlfriends and was always calling up old flames to get them back. Nor was he above playing practical jokes if a friend was making out better than he on a double date. He hated to be bested in love.

On one occasion, a friend recalled, he was on a date with Aly and two

pretty girls. Aly's girl was friendly but aloof. His own was obviously quite amorously inclined and eager to be kissed. Aly stared at her and gave his friend urgent signals to take the girl away. As it happened the friend was staying in Aly's Ritz suite. The friend took his date to his bedroom and made ready for an evening of pleasure.

The moment they entered the door of his room, however, the stench was overpowering. The girl looked as if the ceiling fell in and they tried to pretend that nothing was wrong. But no one can make love in a glue factory, and they finally had to flee down the hall. The man finally took the girl home disgustedly. When he returned to his room he found Aly sitting there smiling. When he mentioned the horrible, ghastly odor, Aly roared with laughter. He had arranged to have someone put an entire limburger cheese under his bed.

As he grew older, Aly tried to be more serious. He married and had children, and he undertook to be Pakistan's ambassador to the United Nations. It was a good try, and Aly was a good diplomat. He was well liked, knew an enormous number of influential people and worked tirelessly. But women still came first and there were many mornings when his assistants, anxious to give him urgent documents to read and sign, would have to wait while he made important phone calls to women or lined up his meetings with them.

And one could hardly blame him when one considers the women. In addition to some of the most beautiful girls in the world who were unknown in the public prints, he squired such well-known beauties as Rita Hayworth, whom he married, Kim Novak, Gene Tierney, Juliette Greco, Irene Papas, the gorgeous Greek star of *Zorba the Greek*, and the top French cover girl, Bettina.

When he was not chasing beautiful girls, he was chasing the wind. He was famous for his sleek sports cars and the way he drove them at a break-neck pace. When a friend begged him, on the day after the French Nobel Prize winner Albert Camus had been killed in a car crash, to slow down, Aly smiled.

"Why do you drive so fast? You've had several accidents," the man asked him.

The prince shrugged. "I don't know. Life is so short. If I kill myself it's not very important. All the things I had in life, I have had. Now I'm getting older and I can only get less out of life."

Not long afterwards he was killed at the wheel of his racing Lancia in Paris. 



# NEW GIRL IN TOWN

**M**UMMY! Come quick and look at the nice neighbor lady, Miss Francene Judkins, what just moved in next door last week. She is waiting on her front steps for the milkman. Hurry! Wake up Daddy so he can see how she dresses for the milkman. Hurry, milkman, hurry, before the stone step gets too cold on the back of her lap. Oop! Too late! She rushes inside. She rushes outside, sort of dressed. And now she's sucking on her milk. Has she given up on the milkman, Mummy? Oh! lookie. The milk is gone and so are her clothes! Now she is pounding on the gate what leads to the patio where Daddy is napping. Why are you mad, Mummy? It won't make Daddy unhappy. Gee, I wish Miss Judkins was my home room teacher!



Junior reporter is astounded  
by pretty new neighbor

Daddy runs into house . . . but only to pack his bag

I wish she was my teacher because it would be really keen to look at a lady in school who was 36-22-35 like Miss Judkins is. Let us look in the patio, Mummy. Oh! Daddy has fled and the lady is hugging the little brass boy. Is she lonely, huh? See her suck her thumb. See her curl up like a kitty. See me running away with her. Goodbye, Mummy. Goodbye, Daddy. Oh? You're coming too, Daddy? Swell? 





Livy, a contemporary witness, commented: "A great number of adherents are women, which is the origin of the whole trouble. But there are also men like women, who have joined in each other's defilement, fanatics maddened by night-watching, by wine, by nightly shrieking and uproar . . . Every offence prompted by lust, deceit or violence which has been committed in these last years originated in that shrine. The evil grows every day. It effects the whole Commonwealth of Rome."

Prompted by such hue and cry, the Senate began an investigation — not on moral grounds, but because the shrine represented organized power which was a threat to their own. The prosecution of several thousand persons followed and many were executed, while the Bacchanalia was banned for all time throughout Italy.

SEVERAL CENTURIES later, when the Italian peninsula came under the domination of the papacy, a less violent but equally sensual type of orgy came into vogue. Following one such monumental debauch, John XII was tried and deposed, having pleaded guilty to charges of incest, adultery, murder and atheism. Alexander VI, urged on by his offspring, Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia, staged an orgy in which fifty prostitutes stripped naked and copulated with a group of well-endowed servants. The eminent spectators, acting as judges, awarded a prize of clothes to the stud who made it through the greatest number of prostitutes.

During the mid seventeenth century in Europe orgies became rites of devil worship as "witches" and "warlocks" formed into covens throughout England and the Continent. These debauches took place in remote glades by moonlight with the leader of the coven tricked out to represent the Horned God. Witches participating in the orgy were required to give him the "obscene kiss" on the buttocks, after which all hands fell to in a frenzy of copulation.

Each witch was required to first be ravaged by the devil-diety. For such bouts of heavy sex duty he would reinforce his all-too-human plumbing with an artificial phallus. The witches usually while confessing at their trials variously described this formidable equipment as being "like that of a mule," "half as long as a violin," "boiling hot, 'ice cold'" and "covered with scales like a fish." They claimed that it was always dangling from his trousers and was made of horn — "that is why he makes the women scream so." All agreed that being

skewered by this awesome engine produced extreme pain and the constant complaints of the devil's organ being cold were probably due to the fact that the artificial phallus was made of metal.

After a sterile spell of Puritanism which ended in the Restoration, Charles II gave the orgy new status by turning his court into one huge teeming debauch. The trend was abetted by a group of colorful sex-trotters who worked their new-found freedom to its very limits.

There was, for example, Lord Castlehaven who was tried and ultimately decapitated "for abetting a Rape upon his Countess, Committing Sodomy with his servants, and Commanding and Countenancing the Debauching of his Daughter."

There was the prankish Sir Charles Sedley who was fond of getting drunk and appearing nude on a balcony, from which he waved at the populace below the unmistakable signs of his gender.

And there was winsome Mary, Countess of Pembroke, of whom John Aubrey says: "She was very salacious, and she had a contrivance that in the spring of the year, when the stallions were to leap the mares, they were to be brought before such a part of the house where she had a *vidette* to look on them and please herself with their sport: and then she would act the like sport herself with her stallions. One of her great gallants was crooked-back Cecil earl of Salisbury."

While this lady was horsing around and the Court was playing musical bed, the King himself was merrily ploughing his way through a regiment of royal and not-so-royal mistresses — setting a staunch example for his subjects.

A century later the Art of the Orgy became localized in English clubs, the most renowned of which was the infamous Hell Fire Club. This organization, which numbered a gaggle of peers among its membership, took over an abandoned country abbey where orgies that strain the imagination were carried on at full tilt. The abbey had its own resident brewer of aphrodisiacs, plus a whip collection and a doctor to treat poxes and perform abortions.

There were also in London several lavish brothels that staged elaborate orgies for the titillation of their jaded clientele. One of these was operated by Mrs. Charlotte Hayes, who had a bizarre flair for showmanship. She had read an account by one of Captain Cook's men which recounted how in Tahiti "young men and girls often copulate publicly before the people, receiving good advice from the by-

standers."

She promptly decided to duplicate this spectacle for an audience of twenty-three hand-picked guests. Of this happening Bloch, in his *Sexual Life in England*, writes: "Punctually at 7 o'clock the feast began, for which, for the men's part, Mrs. Hayes had engaged twelve athletic youths. These youths, with the nymphs, now celebrated the Tahiti Venus Feast before the eyes of the entranced audience; after which a sumptuous meal was taken."

There also, during the same period, came into vogue several establishments dedicated to satisfying the specialized tastes of sadists and masochists. One such service center was operated by the very refined Mrs. Theresa Berkeley, who provided something for everybody. According to Bloch, "Her arsenal of implements was immensely more complete than that of any other governess . . . in her establishment anyone with reasonable means could have himself beaten with canes, scourges, whips and straps; pricked with needles, held strangled, scrubbed with many kinds of harsh brushes, scourged with nettles, cury-combed, bled and tortured until he had had enough of it."

At the same time there was rampaging on the Continent the notorious Marquis de Sade, whose very name has become a definitive term in psycho-sexual pathology. He not only engaged in every imaginable perversion, but wrote what might be considered an exhaustive textbook on orgies, *120 Days in Sodom*. This recounts the tale of a group of nobles who hole up in a castle to escape the plague, taking with them a regiment of lusty youths and comely nymphs. Each day a different sort of orgy is featured, including such exotica as "inserting live snakes into the orifices of the body."

During the next century, Queen Victoria cast her prudish shadow over the scene to the extent that even undraped piano legs became regarded as indecent. Needless to say, most of the orgies went underground, except for those promulgated by Aleister Crowley, "The Great Beast" whose catalogue of debauches reads like something out of a nightmare.

Which brings us up to the present, wherein an "orgy" seems to be a gathering of bigdilded housewives and their tired businessmen husbands, all eager to become real go-to-hells by swapping mates for a night of ungirdled lust. It's a pretty pallid scene compared to the colorful orgies of days gone by.

But, then again — perhaps it's just as well! 

Some rueful rhymes about a purple past

# VERSE OF EXPERIENCE

by GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



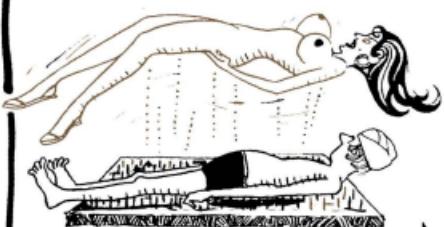
## HAPPY LANDINGS

Under his stiff white collar  
The puritan must grow hot  
On noting how many a fallen woman  
Lands in a nice soft spot.



## SERENADE

Oh, dear as a zipper  
Is to a stripper,  
As dear to my heart  
Are you, my own.  
I'm crazy about you,  
And without you  
I'm lost as a call girl  
Without a phone!



## SPIKED ROMANCE

Oh, have you heard of the Hindu fakir,  
The saddest of disappointed males?  
He fell for a girl but couldn't make her.  
She balked at love on a bed of nails.



## ACQUIRED KNACK

The good die young, so I've often heard.  
My guess has always been  
That maybe they aren't here long enough  
To get the hang of sin.



## A MATTER OF TIMING

The observation is not abstruse,  
But nevertheless it is fairly right:  
When a man is playing fast and loose,  
He likes a girl who is fast and tight.



## TO A VERY, VERY, VERY RICH MAN

I don't want to be your wife, but kiddo,  
How I would love to be your widow!



## RACING FORM

With women one fact has got to be faced,  
And it's true from coast to coast:  
The tempting babes who appear least chaste  
Are those who are chased the most!

What do you do when you find a girl in the gutter, belly slashed and bleeding to death? You get tweezers, pliers, and needle and thread—and go to work

HE HAD NEVER held a girl before. He was not terrified; he had used that up earlier when he had carried her in and kicked the door shut behind him and had heard the steady drip of blood from her soaked skirt, and before that when he had thought her dead there on the curb, and again when she made that sound, that sigh or whispered moan. He had brought her in and when he saw all that blood he had turned left, turned right, put her down on the floor, his brains all clabbered and churned and his temples athump with the unaccustomed exercise. All he could act on was *Don't get blood on the bedspread*. He turned on the overhead light and stood for a moment blinking and breathing hard; suddenly he leaped for the window to lower the blind against the street light staring in and all other eyes. He saw his hands reach for the blind and checked himself; they were red and ready to paint anything he touched. He made a sound, a detached part of his mind recognizing it as the exact duplicate of that agonized whisper she had uttered out there on the dark, wet street, and leapt to the light switch, seeing the one red smudge already there, knowing as he swept his hand over it he was leaving another. He stumbled to the sink in the corner and washed his hands, washed them again every few seconds

—turn the page

# BRIGHT SEGMENT

by THEODORE STURGEON



**SEGMENT, from page 36**

looking over his shoulder at the girl's body and the thick flat finger of blood which crept curling toward him over the linoleum.

He had his breath now, and moved more carefully to the window. He drew down the blind and pulled the curtains and looked at the sides and the bottom to see that there were no crevices. In pitch blackness he felt his way back to the opposite wall, going around the edges of the linoleum, and turned on the light again. The finger of blood was a tentacle now, fumbling toward the soft, stain-starved floorboards. From the enamel table beside the stove he snatched a plastic sponge and dropped it on the tentacle's seeking tip and was pleased, it was a reaching thing no more, it was only something spilled that could be mopped up.

He took off the bedspread and hung it over the brass headrail. From the china closet and from the gateleg table he took his two plastic tablecloths. He covered the bed with them, leaving plenty of overlap, then stood a moment rocking with worry and pulling out his lower lip with a thumb and forefinger. *Fix it right*, he told himself firmly. So she'll die before you fix it, never mind, fix it, right.

He expelled air from his nostrils and got books from the shelf in the china closet — a six-year-old *World Almanac*, a half-dozen paperbacked novels, a heavy catalog of jewelry findings. He pulled the bed away from the wall and set the legs so that the bed was tilted slightly down to the foot and slightly to one side. He got a blanket and rolled it and slipped it under the plastic so that it formed a sort of fence down the high side. He got a six-quart aluminum pot from under the sink and set it on the floor by the lowest corner of the bed and pushed the trailing end of plastic down into it. *So bleed now*, he told the girl silently, with satisfaction.

He bent over her and grunted, lifting her by the armpits. Her head fell back as if she had no bones in her neck and he almost dropped her. He dragged her to the bed, leaving a wide red swath as her skirt trailed through the scarlet puddle she had lain in. He lifted her clear off the floor, settled his feet, and leaned over the bed with her in his arms. It took an unexpected effort to do it. He realized only then how drained, how tired he was, how old. He put her down clumsily, almost dropping her in an effort to leave the carefully arranged tablecloths undisturbed, and he very nearly fell into the bed with her. He levered himself away

with rubbery arms and stood panting. Around the soggy hem of her skirt blood began to gather, and as he watched, began to find its way lazily to the low corner. *So much, so much blood in a person*, he marveled, and *stop it, how to make it stop if it won't stop?*

He glanced at the locked door, the blinded window, the clock. He listened. It was raining harder now, drumming and hissing in the darkest hours. Otherwise nothing; the house was asleep and the street, dead. He was alone with his problem.

believe me? *Stupid*. What's the matter with you, mind your own business why don't you.

He thought he would pick her up now and put her back in the rain. Yes and somebody sees you, *stupid*.

He saw that the wide, streaked patch of blood on the linoleum was losing gloss where it lay thin, drying and soaking in. He picked up the sponge, two-thirds red now and the rest its original baby-blue except at one end where it looked like bread drawn with a sharp red pencil. He turned it over so it wouldn't drip



"According to the map, we should be entering lower Egypt by now."

He pulled at his lip, then snatched his hand away as he tasted her blood. He coughed and ran to the sink and spat, and washed his mouth and then his hands.

*So all right, go call up...*

Call up? Call what the hospital they should call the cops? Might as well call the cops altogether. *Stupid*. What could I tell them, she's my sister, she's hit by a car, they going to believe me? Tell them the truth, a block away I see somebody push her out of a car, drive off, no lights, I bring her in out of the rain, only inside I find she is bleeding like this, they

while he carried it and took it to the sink and rinsed it, wringing it over and over in the running water. *Stupid*, call up somebody and get help.

Call who?

He thought of the department store where for eighteen years he had waxed floors and vacuumed rugs at night. The neighborhood, where he knew the grocery and the butcher. Closed up, asleep, everybody gone; names, numbers he didn't know and anyway, who to trust? *My God in fifty-three years you haven't got a friend?*

He took the clean sponge and sank

to his knees on the linoleum, and just then the band of blood creeping down the bed reached the corner and turned to a sharp streak; *ponk* it went into the pan, and *pitti-pittipitti* in a rush, then drip-drip-drip-drip, three to the second and not stopping. He knew them with absolute and belated certainty that this bleeding was not going to stop by itself. He whimpered softly and then got up and went to the bed. "*Don't be dead*," he said aloud, and the way his voice sounded, it frightened him. He put out his hand to her chest, but drew it back when he saw her blouse was torn and blood came from there too.

He swallowed hard and then began fumbling with her clothes. Flat ballet slippers, worn soggy, thin like paper and little silken things he had never seen before, like just the foot of a stocking. More blood on — but no, that was peeled and chipped enamel on her cold white toes. The skirt had a button at the side and a zipper which baffled him for a moment, but he got it down and tugged the skirt off in an interminable series of jerks from the hem, one side and the other, while she rolled slightly and limply to the motion. Small silken pants, completely soaked and so badly cut on the left side that he snapped them apart easily between his fingers; but the other side was surprisingly strong and he had to get his scissors to cut them away. The blouse buttoned up the front and was no problem; under it was a brassiere which was cut right in two near the front. He lifted it away but had to cut one of the straps with his scissors to free it altogether.

He ran to the sink with his sponge, washed it and wrung it out, filled a saucepan with warm water and ran back. He sponged the body down; it looked firm but too thin, with its shadow-ladder of ribs down each side and the sharp protrusion of the hip-bones. Under the left breast was a long cut, starting on the rips in front and curving upward almost to the nipple. It seemed deep, but the blood merely welled out. The other cut, though, in her groin, released blood brightly in regular gouts, one after the other, eager but weakly. He had seen the like before, the time Garber pinched his arm off in the elevator cable-room, but then the blood squirted a foot away. Maybe this did, too, he thought suddenly, but now it's slowing up, now it's going to stop, yes, and you, stupid, you have a dead body you can tell stories to the police.

He wrung out the sponge in the water and mopped the wound. Before it could fill up again he spread the sides of the cut and looked into it: He could clearly see the femoral artery,

looking like an end of spaghetti and cut almost through; and then there was nothing but blood again.

He squatted back on his heels, pulling heedlessly at his lip with his bloody hand and trying to think. *Pinch, shut, squeeze. Squeezers. Tweezers!* He ran to his toolbox and clawed it open. Years ago he had learned to make fine chains out of square silver wire, and he used to pass the time away by making link after tiny link, soldering each one closed with an alcohol torch and a needle-tipped iron. He picked up the tweezers and dropped them in favor of the small spring clamp which he used for holding the link while he worked on it. He ran to the sink and washed the clamp and came back to the bed. Again he sponged away the little lake of blood, and quickly reached down and got the fine jaws of the clamp on the artery near its cut. Immediately there was another gush of blood. Again he sponged it away, and in a blaze of inspiration, released the clamp, moved it to the other side of the cut, and clamped it again.

Blood still oozed from the inside of the wound, but that terrible pulsing gush was gone. He sat back on his heels and painfully released a breath he must have held for two minutes. His eyes ached from the strain, and his brain was still whirling, but with these was a feeling, a new feeling almost like an ache or a pain, but it was nowhere and everywhere inside him; it wanted him to laugh but at the same time his eyes stung and hot salt squeezed out through holes too small for it.

After a time he recovered, blinking away his exhaustion, and sprang up, overwhelmed by urgency. *Got to fix everything.* He went to the medicine cabinet over the sink. Adhesive tape, pack of gauze pads. Maybe not big enough; okay tape together, fix right. New tube this sulfa-thia-dia-what-chamacall-um, fix anything, time I got vacuum-cleaner grit in cut hand, infection. Fixed boils too.

He filled a kettle and put them on the stove. Sew up, yes. He found needles, white thread, dumped them into the water. He went back to the bed and stood musing for a long time, looking at the oozing gash under the girl's breast. He sponged out the femoral wound again and stared persistently at it until the blood slowly covered the clamped artery. He could not be positive, but he had a vague recollection of something about tourniquets, they should be opened up every once in a while or there is trouble; same for an artery, maybe? Better he should sew up the artery; it was only opened, not

cut through. If he could find out how to do it and still let it be like a pipe, not like a darned sock.

So into the pot went the tweezers, a small pair of needle-nose pliers, and, after some more thought, a dozen silver broach-pins out of his jewelry kit. Waiting for the water to boil, he inspected the wounds again. He pulled on his lip, frowning, then got another fine needle, held it with pliers in the gas flame until it was red, and with another of his set of pliers bent it around in a small semi-circle and dropped it into the water. From the sponge he cut a number of small flat slabs and dropped them in too.

He glanced at the clock, and then for ten minutes he scrubbed the white enamel table-top with cleanser. He tipped it into the sink, rinsed it at the faucet, and then slowly poured the contents of the kettle over it. He took it to the stove, held it with one hand while he fished in the boiling saucepan with a silver knife until he had the pliers resting with a clean wash-cloth and carefully, one by one, transferred everything from saucepan to table. By the time he had found the last of the needles and the elusive silver pins, sweat was running into his eyes and the arm that held the table-top threatened to drop right off. But he set his stumpy teeth and kept at it.

Carrying the table-top, he kicked a wooden chair bit by bit across the room until it rested by the bed, and set his burden down on its seat. *This is no hospital*, he thought, *but I fix everything.*

Hospital! Yes, in the movies — He went to a drawer and got a clean white handkerchief and tried to tie it over his mouth and nose like in the movies. His knobby face and square head were too much for one handkerchief; it took three before he got it right, with a great white tassel hanging down the back like in an airplane picture.

He looked helplessly at his hands, then shugged; so no rubber gloves, what the hell. I wash good. His hands were already pink and wrinkled from his labors, but he went back to the sink and scratched a bar of soap until his horny nails were packed with it, then cleaned them with a file until they hurt, and washed and cleaned them again. And at last he knelt by the bed, holding his shriven hands up in a careful salama. Almost, he reached for his lip to pull it, but not quite.

He squeezed out two globs of the sulfa ointment onto the table top and, with the pliers, squashed two slabs of sponge until the creamy stuff was through them. He mopped out the

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femoral wound and placed a medicated sponge on each side of the wound, leaving the artery exposed at the bottom. Using tweezers and pliers, he laboriously threaded the curved needle while quelling the urge to stick the end of the thread into his mouth.

He managed to get four tiny stitches into the artery below the break, out of it above the break. Each one he knotted with exquisite care so that the thread would not cut the tissue but still would draw the severed edges together. Then he squatted back on his heels to rest, his shoulders afire with tension, his eyes misted. Then, taking a deep breath, he removed the clamp.

Blood filled the wound and soaked the sponges. But it came slowly, without spouting. He shrugged grimly. So what's to do, use a tire patch? He mopped the blood out once more, and quickly filled the incision with ointment, slapping a piece of gauze over it more to hide it than to help it.

He wiped his eyebrows first with one shoulder, then the other, and fixed his eyes on the opposite wall the way he used to do when he worked on his little silver chains. When the mist went away he turned his attention to the long cut on the underside of the breast. He didn't know how to stitch one this size, but he could cook and he knew how to skewer up a chicken. Biting his tongue, he stuck the first of his silver pins into the flesh at right angles to the cut, pressing it across the wound and out the other side. He started the next pin not quite an inch away, and the same with the third. The fourth grated on something in the wound; it startled him like a door slamming and he bit his tongue painfully. He backed the pin out and probed carefully with his tweezers. Yes, something hard in there. He probed deeper with both points of the tweezers, feeling them enter uncut tissue with a soft crunching that only a fearful finger tip could hear. He conquered a shudder and glanced up at the girl's face. He resolved not to look up there again. It was a very dead face.

*Stupid!* But the self-insult was lost in concentration even as it was born. The tweezers closed on something hard, slippery and stubborn. He worked it gently back and forth, feeling a puzzled annoyance at this unfamiliar flesh that yielded as he moved. Gradually, a sharp angular corner of something appeared. He kept at it until there was enough to grasp with his fingers; then he set his tweezers aside and gently worked it loose. Blood began to flow freely before it was half out, but he did not stop until he could draw it free. The

light glinted on the strip of hollow-ground steel and its shattered margins; he turned it over twice before it came to him it was a piece of straight razor. He set it down on his enamel table, thinking of what the police might have said to him if he had turned her over to them with that story about a car accident.

He stanched the blood, pulled the wound as wide apart as he could. The nipple writhed under his fingers, its pink halo shrunken and wrinkled; he grunted, thinking that a bug had crawled under his hand, and then aware that whatever the thing meant, it couldn't mean death, not yet anyway. He had to go back and start over, stanching the cut and spreading it, and quickly squeezing in as much ointment as it would hold. Then he went on with his insertion of the silver pins, until there was a little ladder of twelve of them from one end of the wound to the other. He took his thread, doubled it, put the loop around the topmost pin and drew the two parts of the thread underneath. Holding them both in one hand, he gently pinched the edges of the wound together at the pin. Then he drew the loop tight without cutting, crossed the threads and put them under the next pin, and again closed the wound. He continued this all the way down, lacing the cut closed around the ladder of pins. At the bottom he tied the thread off and cut it. There was blood and ointment all over his handiwork, but when he mopped it up it looked good to him.

He stood up and let sensation flow agonizingly into his numb feet. He was soaking wet; he could feel perspiration searching its way down through the hairs of his legs; like a migration of bedbugs. He looked down at himself; wrinkles and water and blood. He looked across at the wavering mirror, and saw a bandaged goblin with brow-ridges like a shelf and sunken eyes with a cast to them, with grizzled hair which could be scrubbed only to the color of grime, and with a great gout of blood where the mouth hid behind the bandage. He snatched it down and looked again. *More better you cover your face, no matter what.* He turned away, not from his face, but with it, in the pained patience of a burro with saddle sores.

Wearily he carried his enameled table-top to the sink. He washed his hands and forearms and took off the handkerchiefs from around his neck and washed his face. Then he got what was left of his sponge and a pan of warm soapy water and came back to the bed.

It took him hours. He sponged the

tablecloths on which she lay, shifted her gently so as to put no strain on the wounds, and washed and dried where she had lain. He washed her from head to toe, going back for clean water, and then had to dry the bed again afterward. When he lifted her head he found her hair matted and tacky with rain and drying blood, and fresh blood with it, so he propped up her shoulders with a big pillow under the plastic and tipped her head back and washed and dried her hair, and found an ugly lump and a bleeding contusion on the back of her head. He combed the hair away from it on each side and put cold water on it, and it stopped bleeding, but there was a lump the size of a plum. He separated half a dozen of the gauze pads and packed them around the lump so that it need not take the pressure off her head; he dared not turn her over.

When her hair was wet and fouled it was only a dark mat, but cleaned and combed, it was the darkest of auburns, perfectly straight. There was a broad lustrous band of it on the bed on each side of her face, which was radiant with pallor, cold as a moon. He covered her with the bedspread, and for a long while stood over her, full of that strange nowhere-everywhere almost-pain, not liking it but afraid to turn away from it . . . maybe he would never have it again.

He sighed, a thing that came from his marrow and his years, and doggedly set to work scrubbing the floor. When he had finished, and the needles and thread were put away, the bit of tape which he had not used, the wrappers of the gauze pads and the pan of blood from the end of the bed disposed of, and all the tools cleaned and back in their box, the night was over and daylight pressed weakly against the drawn blind. He turned out the light and stood without breathing, listening with all his mind, wanting to know from where he stood if she still lived. To bend close and find out she was gone—oh no. He wanted to know from here.

But a truck went by, and a woman called a child, and someone laughed; so he went and knelt by the bed and closed his eyes and slowly put his hand on her throat. It was cool—please, not cold—and quiet as a lost glove.

Then the hairs on the back of his hand stirred to her breath, and again, the faintest of motions. The stinging came to his eyes and through and through him came the fiery urge to do: make some soup, buy some medicine, maybe, for her, a ribbon or a watch; clean the house, run to the store . . . and while doing all these things, all at once, to shout and shout great shak-

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ing wordless bellows to tell himself over and over again, so he could hear for sure, that she was alive. At the very peak of this explosion of urges, there was a funny little side-slip and he was fast asleep.

HE DREAMED SOMEONE was sewing his legs together with a big curved sail needle, and at the same time drawing the thread from his belly; he could feel the spool inside spinning and emptying. He groaned and opened his eyes, and knew instantly where he was and what had happened, and hated himself for the noise he made. He lifted his hand and churned his fingers to be sure they could feel, and lowered them gently to her throat. It was warm—no, hot, too hot. He pushed back from the bed and scurried half-across the floor on his knuckles and his numb, rubbery legs. Cursing silently he made a long lunge and caught the wooden chair to him, and used it to climb to his feet. He dared not let it go, so clumped softly with it over to the corner, where he twisted and hung gasping to the edge of the sink, while boiling acid ate downward through his legs. When he could, he splashed cold water on his face and neck and, still drying himself on a towel, stumbled across to the bed. He flung the bed-spread off and *stupid!* he almost screamed as it plucked at his fingers on the way; it had adhered to the wound in her groin and he was sure he had ripped it to shreds, torn a whole section out of the clumsily patched artery. And he couldn't see; it must be getting dark outside; how long had he crouched there? He ran to the light switch, leaped back. Yes, bleeding, it was bleeding again—

But a little, only a very little. The gauze was turned up perhaps halfway, and though the exposed wound was wet with blood, blood was not running. It had, while he was asleep, but hardly enough to find its way to the mattress. He lifted the loose corner of the gauze very gently, and found it stuck fast. But the sponges, the little sponges to put on the sulfa-whatchama, they were still in the wound. He'd meant to take them out after a couple of hours, not let the whole clot form around them!

He ran for warm water, his big sponge. Soap in it, yes. He squatted beside the bed, though his legs still protested noisily, and began to bathe the gauze with tiny, gentle touches.

Something made him look up. She had her eyes open, and was looking down at him. Her face and her eyes were utterly without expression. He watched them close slowly and slowly open again, lackluster and uninter-

ested. "All right, all right," he said harshly, "I fix everything." She just kept on looking. He nodded violently, it was all that soothes, all that encourages, hope for her and a total promise for her, but it was only a rapid bobbing of his big ugly head. Annoyed as he always was at his own speechlessness, he went back to work. He got the gauze off and began soaking the edge of one of the sponges. When he thought it was ready to come, he tugged gently at it.

In a high, whispery soprano, "Ho-o-o-o?" She turned her head again and slipped back to unconsciousness.

"I—" he said loudly, excitedly, and "I—" and that was all; she wouldn't hear him anyway. He held still until his hands stopped trembling, and went on with the job.

The wound looked wonderfully clean, though the skin all around it was dry and hot.

Down inside the cut he could see the artery in a nest of wet jelly; that was probably right—he didn't know, but it looked all right, he wouldn't disturb it. He packed the opening full of ointment, pressed the edge gently together, and put on a piece of tape. It promptly came unstuck, so he discarded it and dried the flesh all around the wound, put on gauze first, then the tape, and this time it held.

The other cut was quite closed, though more so where the pins were than between them. It too was surrounded by hot, dry, red flesh.

The scrape on the back of her head had not bled, but the lump was bigger than ever. Her face and neck were dry and very warm, though the rest of her body seemed cool. He went for a cold cloth and put it across her eyes and pressed it down on her cheeks, and she sighed. When he took it away she was looking at him again.

"You all right?" he asked her, and inanely, "You all right," he told her. A small frown flickered for a moment and then her eyes closed. He knew somehow that she was asleep. He touched her cheeks with the backs of his fingers. "Very hot," he muttered.

He turned out the light and in the dimness changed his clothes. From the bottom of a drawer he took a child's exercise book, and from it a piece of paper with a telephone number in large black penciled script. "I come back," he said to the darkness. She didn't say anything. He went out, locking the door behind him.

LABORIOUSLY HE CALLED the office from the big drugstore, referring to his paper for each digit and for each, holding the dial against the stop for a full three or four seconds as if to be sure the number would stick. He got

the big boss Mr. Laddie first of all, which was acutely embarrassing; he had not spoken to him in a dozen years. At the top of his bull voice he collided with Laddie's third impatient "Hello?" with "Sick! I—uh, sick!" He heard the phone say "—in God's name . . .?" and Mr. Wismer's laughter, and "Gimme the phone, that's got to be that orangutan of mine," "Hello?"

"What's the matter with you?"

He swallowed. "I can't," he yelled.

"That's just old age," said Mr. Wismer. He heard Mr. Laddie laughing too. Mr. Wismer said, "How many years you had off in the last fifteen years?"

He thought about it. "No!" he roared. Anyway, it was eighteen years.

"You know, that's right," said Mr. Wismer, speaking to Mr. Laddie without trying to cover his phone, "Fifteen years and never asked for a night off before."

"So who needs him? Give him all his nights off."

"Not at those prices," said Mr. Wismer, and to his phone, "Sure, dummy, take off. Don't work no con games." The phone clicked off on laughter, and he waited there in the booth until he was sure nothing else would be said. Then he hung up his receiver and emerged into the big drugstore where everyone all over was looking at him. Well, they always did. That didn't bother him. Only one thing bothered him, and that was Mr. Laddie's voice saying over and over in his head, "So who needs him?" He knew he would have to stop and face those words and let them and all that went with them go through his mind. But not now, please not now.

He kept them away by being busy; he bought tape and gauze and ointment and a canvas cot and three ice-bags and, after some thought, aspirin, because someone had told him once . . . and then to the supermarket where he bought enough to feed a family of nine for nine days. And for all his bundles, he still had a thick arm and a wide shoulder for a twenty-five-pound cake of ice.

He got the door open and the ice in the box, and went out in the hall and picked up the bundles and brought those in, and then went to her. She was burning up, and her breathing was like the way seabirds fly into the wind, a small beat, a small beat, and a long wait, balancing. He cracked a corner off the ice-cake, wrapped it in a dishtowel and whacked it angrily against the sink. He crowded the crushed ice into one of the bags and put it on her head. She sighed but did not open her eyes. He filled

—turn to page 48

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**GIVE ME** a pretty day, an empty highway, and me sitting behind a guy on a good bike, and I'm happier than any debutante in the social register." Thus speaks Connie (she wouldn't tell us her last name). This voluptuous Miss has been riding tandem for most of her teen years, and there's not much she doesn't know about two-wheelers. "Did you know they make a bike with a shaft drive? It's a Zundapp. Then there's BSA, Norton, Rudge, Ariel, Triumph, Suzuki . . . there must be scores of them. My ambition is to ride them each and

*-turn the page*

# BIKE HAPPY



*'reamy Connie digs the tough motorbike scene*



every brand, with a different boy ahead of me each time. Groovy!" But there's a serious side to Connie, too. She's in her second year as a philosophy major at USC. "And the third thing I love is lounging around my apartment just as comfortable as I can get... that's luxury." Believe us, fellow, the sight of 39.24.36 Connie, comfortable, is ultra luxurious! Warm up my Harley! ☺



*Even though she makes a clean breast of things, there's somethin'*



*f a mystery about Connie*

## SEGMENT, from page 42

the other bags and put one on her breast and one on her groin. He wrung his hands uselessly over her until it came to him *she has to eat, losing blood like that.*

So he cooked, tremendously, watching her every second minute. He made minestrone and baked cabbage and mashed potatoes and veal cutlets. He cut a pie and warmed cinnamon buns, and he had hot coffee with ice cream ready to spoon into it. She didn't eat it, any of it, nor did she drink a drop. She lay there and occasionally let her head fall to the side, so he had to run and pick up the icebox and replace it. Once again she sighed, and once he thought she opened her eyes, but couldn't be sure.

On the second day she ate nothing and drank nothing, and her fever was unbelievable. During the night, crouched on the floor beside her, he awoke once with the echoes of weeping still in the room, but he may have dreamed it.

Once he cut the tenderest, juiciest piece of veal he could find on a cutlet, and put it between her lips. Three hours later he pressed them apart to put in another piece, but the first one was still there. The same thing happened with aspirin, little white crumbs on a dry tongue.

And the time soon came when he had busied himself out of things to do, and fretted himself into a worry-reflex that operated by itself, and the very act of thinking new thoughts trapped him into facing the old ones, and then of course there was nothing to do but let them run on through, with all the ache and humiliation they carried with them. He was trying to think a new thing about what would happen if he called a doctor, and the doctor would want to take her to a hospital; he would say, "She needs treatment, old man, she doesn't need you," and there it was in his mind, ready to run, so:

BE ELEVEN YEARS OLD, bulky and strong and shy, standing in the kitchen doorway, holding your wooden box by its string and trying to shape your mouth so that the reluctant words can press out properly; and there's Mama hunched over a gin bottle like a cat over a half-eaten bird, peering; watch her lipless wide mouth twitch and say, "Don't stand there clackin' and slurpin'! Speak up, boy! What are you tryin' to say, you're leaving?"

So nod, it's easier, and she'll say "Leave, then, leave, who needs you?" and you go:

And be a squat, powerful sixteen and go to the recruiting station and watch the sergeant with the presses and creases asking "Whadda you

want?" and you try, you try and you can't say it so you nod your head at the poster with the pointing finger, UNCLE SAM NEEDS YOU; and the sergeant glances at it and at you, and suddenly his pointing finger is half an inch away from your nose; crosseyed you watch it while he barks, "Well, Uncle don't need you!" and you wait, watching the finger that way, not moving until you understand; you understand things real good, it's just that you hear slowly. So there you hang crooked and they all laugh.

Or 'way back, you're eight years old and in school, that Phyllis with the row of springy brown sausage-curls flying when she tosses her head, pink and clean and so pretty; you have the chocolates wrapped in gold paper tied in gold-string mesh; you go up the aisle to her desk and put the chocolates down and run back; she comes down the aisle and throws them so hard the mesh breaks on your desk and she says, loud, "I don't need these and I don't need you, and you know what, you got snot on your face," and you put up your hand and sure enough you have.

That's all. Only every time anyone says "Who needs him?" or the like, you have to go through all of them, every one. Sooner or later, however much you put it off, you've got to do it all.

I get doctor, you don't need me.  
You die, you don't need me.  
Please . . .

FAR BACK IN HER throat, a scraping hiss, and her lips moved. She held his eyes with hers, and her lips moved silently, and a little late for the lips, the hiss came again. He didn't know how he guessed right, but he did and brought water, dribbling it slowly on her mouth. She licked at it greedily, lifting her head up. He put a hand under it, being careful of the lump, and helped her. After a while she slumped back and smiled weakly at the cup. Then she looked up into his face and though the smile disappeared, he felt much better. He ran to the icebox and the stove, and got glasses and straws—one each of orange juice, chocolate milk, plain milk, consomme from a can, and ice water. He lined them up on the chair-seat by the bed and watched them and her eagerly, like a circus seal waiting to play "America" on the bulb-horns. She did smile this time, briefly, but right at him, and he tried the consomme. She drank almost half of it through the straw without stopping and fell asleep.

Later, when he checked to see if there was any bleeding, the plastic sheet was wet, but not with blood. *Stupid!* he raged at himself, and

stampeded out and bought a bedpan. She slept a lot now, and ate often but lightly. She began to watch him as he moved about; sometimes when he thought she was asleep, he would turn and meet her eyes. Mostly, it was his hands she watched, those next two days. He washed and ironed her clothes, and sat and mended them with straight small stitches; he hung by his elbows to the edge of the enameled table and worked his silver wire, making her a broach like a flower on a fan, and a pendant on a silver chain, and a bracelet to match them. She watched his hands while he cooked; he made his own spaghetti—tagliatelli, really—rolling and rolling the dough until it was a huge tough sheet, winding it up like a jelly-roll only tight, slicing it in quick, accurate flat shoelaces. He had hands which had never learned their limitations, because he had never thought to limit them. Nothing else in life cared for this man but his hands, and since they did everything, they could do anything.

But when he changed her dressings or washed her, or helped with the bedpan, she never looked at his hands. She would lie perfectly still and watch his face.

She was very weak at first and could move nothing but her head. He was glad because her stitches were healing nicely. When he withdrew the pins it must have hurt, but she made not a sound; twelve flickers of her smooth brow, one for each pin as it came out.

"Hurts," he rumbled.

Faintly, she nodded. It was the first communication between them, except for those mute, crowded eyes following him about. She smiled too, as she nodded, and he turned his back and ground his knuckles into his eyes and felt wonderful.

HE WENT BACK TO WORK on the sixth night, having pattered and fussed over her all day to keep her from sleeping until he was ready to leave, then not leaving until he was sure she was fast asleep. He would lock her in and hurry to work, warm inside and ready to do three men's work; and home again in the dark early hours as fast as his bandy legs would carry him, bringing her a present—a little radio, a scarf, something special to eat—every single day. He would lock the door firmly and then hurry to her, touching her forehead and cheek to see what her temperature was, straightening the bed gently so she wouldn't wake. Then he would go out of her sight, away back by the sink, and undress and change to the long drawers he slept in, and come back and curl up

on the camp cot. For perhaps an hour and a half he would sleep like a stone, but after that the slightest rustle of her sheet, the smallest catch of breath, would bring him to her in a bound, croaking, "You all right?" and hanging over her tensely, frantically trying to divine what she might need, what he might do or get for her.

And when the daylight came he would give her warm milk with an egg beaten in it, and then he would bathe her and change her dressings and comb her hair, and when there was nothing left to do for her he would clean the room, scrub the floor, wash clothes and dishes and, interminably, cook. In the afternoon he shopped, moving everywhere at a half-trot, running home again as soon as he could to show her what he had bought, what he had planned for her dinner. All these days, and then these weeks, he glowed inwardly, hugging the glow while he was away from her, fainting it with her presence when they were together.

He found her crying one afternoon late in the second week, staring at the little radio with the tears streaking her face. He made a harsh cooing syllable and wiped her cheeks with a dry washcloth and stood back with torture on his animal face. She patted his hand weakly, and made a series of faint gestures which utterly baffled him. He sat on the bedside chair and put his face close to hers as if he could tear the meaning out of her with his eyes. There was something different about her; she had watched him, up to now, with the fascinated, uncomprehending attention of a kitten watching a tankful of tropical fish; but now there was something more in her gaze, in the way she moved and in what she did.

"You hurt?" he rasped.

She shook her head. Her mouth moved, and she pointed to it and began to cry again.

"Oh, you hungry. I fix, fix good." He rose but she caught his wrist, shaking her head and crying, but smiling too. He sat down, torn apart by his perplexity. Again she moved her mouth, pointing to it, shaking her head.

"No talk," he said. She was breathing so hard it frightened him, but when he said that she gasped and half sat up; he caught her shoulders and put her down, but she was nodding urgently. "You can't talk!" he said.

Yes, yes! she nodded.

He looked at her for a long time. The music on the radio stopped and someone began to sell used cars in a crackling baritone. She glanced at it and her eyes filled with tears again.

—turn the page

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He leaned across her and shut the set off. After a profound effort he formed his mouth in the right shape and released a disdainful snort: "Hah! What you want talk? Don't talk. I fix everything, no talk. I—" He ran out of words, so instead slapped himself powerfully on the chest and nodded at her, the stove, the bedpan, the tray of bandages. He said again, "What you want talk?"

She looked up at him, overwhelmed by his violence, and shrank down. He tenderly wiped her cheeks again, mumbling, "I fix everything."

HE CAME HOME in the dark one morning, and after seeing that she was comfortable according to his iron standards, went to bed. The smell of bacon and fresh coffee was, of course, part of a dream; what else could it be? And the faint sounds of movement around the room had to be his weary imagination.

He opened his eyes on the dream and closed them again, laughing at himself for a crazy stupid. Then he went still inside, and slowly opened his eyes again.

Beside his cot was the bedside chair, and on it was a plate of fried eggs and crisp bacon, a cup of strong black coffee, toast with the gold of butter disappearing into its older gold. He stared at these things in total disbelief, and then he looked up.

She was sitting on the end of the bed, where it formed an eight-inch corridor between itself and the cot. She wore her pressed and mended blouse and her skirt. Her shoulders sagged with weariness and she seemed to have some difficulty in holding her head up; her hands hung limply between her knees. But her face was suffused with delight and anticipation as she watched him waking up to his breakfast.

His mouth writhed and he bared his blunt yellow teeth, and ground them together while he uttered a howl of fury. It was a strangled, rasping sound and she scuttled away from it as if it had burned her, and crouched in the middle of the bed with her eyes huge and her mouth slack. He advanced on her with his arms raised and his big fist clenched; she dropped her face on the bed and covered the back of her neck with both hands and lay there trembling. For a long moment he hung over her, then slowly dropped his arms. He tugged at her skirt. "Take off," he grated. He tugged it again, harder.

She peeped up at him and then slowly turned over. She fumbled weakly at the button. He helped her. He pulled the skirt away and tossed

it on the cot, and gestured sternly at the blouse. She unbuttoned it and he lifted it from her shoulders. He pulled down the sheet, taking it right out from under her. He took her ankles gently in his powerful hands and pulled them down until she was straightened out on the bed, and then covered her carefully. He was breathing hard. She watched him in terror.

In a frightening quiet he turned back to his cot and the laden chair beside it. Slowly he picked up the cup of coffee and smashed it on the floor. Steadily as the beat of a woodman's axe the saucer followed, the plate of toast, the plate of eggs. China and yolk squirted and sprayed over the floor and the walls. When he had finished he turned back to her. "I fix everything," he said hoarsely. He emphasized each syllable with a thick forefinger as he said again, "I fix everything."

She whipped over on her stomach and buried her face in the pillow, and began to sob so hard he could feel the bed shaking the floor through the soles of his feet. He turned angrily from her and got a pan and a scrubbrush and a broom and dustpan, and laboriously, methodically, cleaned up the mess.

Two hours later he approached her where she lay, still on her stomach, stiff and motionless. He had had a long time to think of what to say: "Look, you see, you sick . . . you see?" He said it, as gently as he could. He put his hands on her shoulder but she twitched violently, flinging it away. Hurt and baffled, he backed away and sat down on the couch, watching her miserably.

She wouldn't eat any lunch.  
She wouldn't eat any dinner.

As the time approached for him to go to work, she turned over. He still sat on the cot in his long johns, utter misery on his face and in every line of his ugly body. She looked at him and her eyes filled with tears. He met her gaze but did not move. She sighed suddenly and held out her hand. He leaped to it and pulled it to his forehead, knelt, bowed over it and began to cry. She patted his wiry hair until the storm passed, which it did abruptly, at its height. He sprang away from her and clattered pans on the stove, and in a few minutes brought her some bread and gravy and a parboiled artichoke, rich with olive oil and basil. She smiled wanly and took the plate, and slowly ate while he watched each mouthful and radiated what could only be gratitude. Then he changed his clothes and went to work.

HE BROUGHT HER a red housecoat when she began to sit up, though he

would not let her out of bed. He brought her a glass globe in which a flower would keep, submerged in water, for a week, and two live turtles in a plastic bowl and a pale blue toy rabbit with a music box in it that played "Rock-a-bye Baby" and a blinding vermillion lipstick. She remained obedient and more watchful than ever; when his fussing and puttering were over and he took up his crouch on the cot, waiting for whatever need in her he could divine next, their eyes would meet, and, increasingly, his would drop. She would hold the blue rabbit tight to her and watch him unblinkingly, or smile suddenly, parting her lips as if something vitally important and deeply happy was about to escape them. Sometimes she seemed inexpressibly sad, and sometimes she was so restless that he would go to her and stroke her hair until she fell asleep, or seemed to. It occurred to him that he had not seen her wounds for almost two days, and perhaps they were bothering her during one of these restless spells, and so he pressed her gently down and uncovered her. He touched the scar carefully and she suddenly thrust his hand away and grasped her own flesh firmly, kneading it, slapping it stinging. Shocked, he looked at her face and saw she was smiling, nodding. "Hurt?" She shook her head. He said, proudly, as he covered her. "I fix. I fix good." She nodded and caught his hand briefly between her chin and her shoulder.

It was that night, after he had fallen into that heavy first sleep on his return from the store, that he felt the warm firm length of her tight up against him on the cot. He lay still for a moment, somnolent, uncomprehending, while quick fingers plucked at the buttons of his long johns. He brought his hands up and trapped her wrists. She was immediately still, though her breath came swiftly and her heart pounded his chest like an angry little knuckle. He made a labored, inquisitive syllable, "Wh-what . . . ?" and she moved against him and then stopped, trembling. He held her wrist for more than a minute, trying to think this out, and at last sat up. He put one arm around her shoulders and the other under her knees. He stood up. She clung to him and the breath hissed in her nostrils. He moved to the side of her bed and bent slowly and put her down. He had to reach back and detach her arms from around his neck before he could straighten up. "You sleep," he said. He fumbled for the sheet and pulled it over her and tucked it around her. She lay absolutely motionless, and he touched her hair and went back to his cot. He lay down and after a long time fell into a troubled sleep. But

something woke him; he lay and listened, hearing nothing. He remembered suddenly and vividly the night she had balanced between life and death, and he had awakened to the echo of a sob which was not repeated; in sudden fright he jumped up and went to her, bent down and touched her head. She was lying face down. "You cry?" he whispered, and she shook her head rapidly. He grunted and went back to bed.

IT WAS THE NINTH week and it was raining; he plodded homeward through the black, shining streets, and when he turned into his own block and saw the dead, slick river stretching between him and the streetlight in front of his house, he experienced a moment of fantasy, of dreamlike disorientation; it seemed to him for a second that none of this had happened, that in a moment the car would flash by him and dip toward the curb momentarily while a limp body tumbled out, and he must run to it and take it indoors, and it would bleed, it would bleed, it might die . . . He shook himself like a big dog and put his head down against the rain, saying *Stupid!* to his inner self. Nothing could be wrong, now. He had found a way to live, and live that way he would, and he would abide no change in it.

But there was a change, and he knew it before he entered the house; his window, facing the street, had a dull orange glow which could not have been given it by the street light alone. But maybe she was reading one of those paperback novels he had inherited with the apartment; maybe she had to use the bedpan or was just looking at the clock . . . but the thoughts did not comfort him; he was sick with an unaccountable fear as he unlocked the hall door. His own entrance showed light through the crack at the bottom; he dropped his keys as he fumbled with them, and at last opened the door.

He gasped as if he had been struck in the solar plexus. The bed was made, flat, neat, and she was not in it. He spun around; his frantic gaze saw her and passed her before he could believe his eyes. Tall, queenly in her red housecoat, she stood at the other end of the room, by the sink.

He stared at her in amazement. She came to him, and as he filled his lungs for one of his grating yells, she put a finger on her lips and, lightly, her other hand across his mouth. Neither of these gestures, both even, would have been enough to quiet him ordinarily, but there was something else about her, something which did

— turn to page 56

# HELLO DOLLY...

## *you've been away too long!*

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# SEX INSIDE OUT

BY WILLIAM ROTSLER

oh, my  
YES, INDEED  
!!

HEY, HOW COME WE  
SPEND ALL OUR TIME  
LYING DOWN?

JUST  
LUCKY,  
I  
GUESS

NOW COME ON -  
LET'S HAVE A LITTLE  
INTELLECTUAL  
INTERCOURSE!

OKAY, I'LL TRY  
ANYTHING ONCE.  
WHAT POSITION  
DO I GET INTO?

YOU CAN  
START BY  
GETTING  
UP!



OKAY, THAT'S  
CERTAINLY /  
DIFFERENT!

NOW WHAT DO I  
DO? NOW WHAT?  
INTELLECTUAL,  
HUUH?

DOES THAT MEAN  
WE TALK OR  
READ DURING?



NEITHER ONE,  
IDIOT - IT'S  
INSTEAD OF!



YOU MUST BE  
PERVERTED!



**INSTEAD  
OF?**



I KNEW YOU  
WERE A KOOK-  
BUT **INSTEAD**  
OF?



YOU

POOR  
DARLING!

KISS  
KISS  
KISS



ARE



SICK

WATCH  
IT!



SICK? ME, SICK?  
WHEN ALL **YOU**  
WANT TO DO IS  
FORNIMATE!

THAT'S NOT TRUE.  
YOU WRONG ME,  
MY DEAR.

SOME TIMES I  
WANT TO COP-  
ULATE, THEN AT  
OTHER TIMES,  
MAYBE

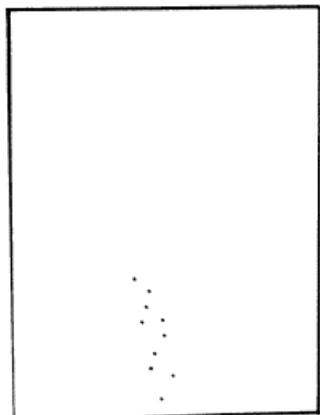
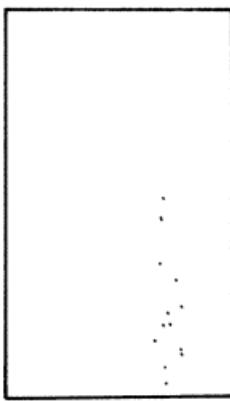
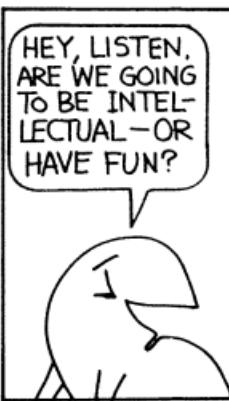
**STOP!**

YOU DON'T DIG  
SEMANTICS?  
THAT'S INTEL-  
LECTUAL...

I GIVE UP! I JUST GIVE UP!  
I TRY TO RAISE THE TONE  
OF THIS LOUSY STRIP AND  
THAT'S THE THANKS I GET!

O-KAY.  
WHERE WERE  
WE?

NOT  
SO  
HARD



not wait for what he might do and would not quail before him if he did it. He was instantly confused, and silent. He stared after her as, without breaking stride, she passed him and gently closed the door. She took his hand, but the keys were in the way, she drew them from his fingers and tossed them on the table and then took his hand again, firmly. She was sure, decisive; she was one who had thought things out and weighed and discarded, and now knew what to do. But she was triumphant in some way, too; she had the poise of a victor and the radiance of the witness to a miracle. He could cope with her helplessness, of any kind, to any degree, but this—he had to think, and she gave him no time to think.

She led him to the bed and put her hands on his shoulders, turning him and making him sit down. She sat close to him, her face alight, and when again he filled his lung, "Shh!" she hissed, sharply, and smilingly covered his mouth with her hand. She took his shoulders again and looked straight into his eyes, and said clearly, "I can talk now, I can talk!"

Numbly, he gaped at her.

"Three days already, it was a secret, it was a surprise." Her voice was husky, hoarse even, but very clear and deeper than her slight body indicated. "I been practicing, to be sure. I'm all right again, I'm all right. You fix everything!" she said, and laughed.

Hearing that laugh, seeing the pride and joy in her face, he could take nothing away from her. "Ah . . ." he said, wonderingly.

She laughed again. "I can go, I can go!" she sang. She leapt up suddenly and pirouetted, and leaned over him laughing. He gazed up at her and her flying hair, and squinted his eyes as he would looking into the sun. "Go?" he blared, the pressure of his confusion forcing the syllable out as an explosive shout.

She sobered immediately, and sat down again close to him. "Oh, honey, don't, don't look as if you was knifed or something. You know I can't camp on you, live off you, just *forever!*"

"No, no you stay," he blurted, anguish in his face.

"Now look," she said, speaking simply and slowly as to a child. "I'm all well again, I can talk now. It wouldn't be right, me staying, locked up here, that bedpan and all. Now wait, wait," she said quickly before he could form a word, "I don't mean I'm not grateful, you been . . . you been, well, I just can't tell you. Look, nobody in my life ever did anything like this, I mean, I had to run away when I was thirteen, I done all sorts of bad

things. And I got treated . . . I mean, nobody else . . . look, here's what I mean, up to now I'd steal, I'd rob anybody, what the hell. What I mean, why not, you see?" She shook him gently to make him see; then, recognizing the blankness and misery of his expression, she wet her lips and started over. "What I'm trying to say is, you been so kind, all this—" She waved her hand at the blue rabbit, the turtle tank, everything in the room — "I can't take any more. I mean, not a thing, not breakfast. If I could pay you back some way, no matter what, I would, you know I would." There was a tinge of bitterness in her husky voice. "Nobody can pay you anything. You don't need anything or anybody. I can't give you anything you need, or do anything for you that needs doing, you do it all yourself. If there was something you wanted from me—" She curled her hands inward and placed her fingertips between her breasts, inclining her head with a strange submissiveness that made him ache. "But no, you fix everything," she mimicked. There was no mockery in it.

"No, no, you don't go," he whispered harshly.

She patted his cheek, and her eyes loved him. "I do go," she said, smiling. Then the smile disappeared. "I got to explain to you, those hoods who cut me, I asked for that. I goofed. I was doing something real bad—well, I'll tell you. I was a runner, know what I mean? I mean dope, I was selling it."

He looked at her blankly. He was not catching one word in ten; he was biting and biting only on emptiness and uselessness, aloneness, and the terrible truth of his room without her or the blue rabbit or anything else but what it had contained all these years—linoleum with the design scrubbed off, six novels he couldn't read, a stove waiting for someone to cook for, grime and regularity and who needs you?

She misunderstood his expression. "Honey, honey, don't look at me like that, I'll never do it again. I only did it because I didn't care, I used to get glad when people hurt themselves; yeah, I mean that, I never knew someone could be kind, like you; I always thought that was sort of a lie, like the movies. Nice but not real, not for me."

"But I have to tell you, I swiped a cache, My God, twenty, twenty-two G's worth. I had it all for forty minutes, they caught up with me." Her eyes widened and saw things not in the room. "With a razor, he went to hit me with it so hard he broke it on top of the car door. He hit me here *down* and here *up*, I guess he was going to gut me but the razor was busted." She expelled air from her nostrils, and her gaze came back into the room. "I

guess I got the lump on the head when they threw me out of the car. I guess that's why I couldn't talk, I heard of that. Oh *honey!* Don't look like that, you're tearing me apart!"

He looked at her dolefully and wagged his big head helplessly from side to side. She knelt before him suddenly and took both his hands. "Listen, you *got* to understand. I was going to slide out while you were working but I stayed just so I could make you understand. After all you done . . . See, I'm well, I can't stay cooped up in one room forever. If I could, I'd get some work someplace near here and see you all the time, honest I would. But my life isn't worth a rubber dime in this town. I got to leave here and that means I got to leave town. I'll be all right, honey. I'll write to you; I'll never forget you, how could I?"

She was far ahead of him. He had grasped that she wanted to leave him; the next thing he understood was that she wanted to leave town too.

"You don't go," he choked. "You need me."

"You don't need me," she said fondly, "and I don't need you. It comes to that, honey; it's the way you fixed it. It's the right way; can't you see that?"

Right in there was the third thing he understood.

He stood up slowly, feeling her hands slide from his, from his knees to the floor as he stepped away from her. "Oh God!" she cried from the floor where she knelt, "you're killing me, taking it this way! Can't you be happy for me?"

He stumbled across the room and caught himself on the lower shelf of the china closet. He looked back and forward along the dark, echoing corridor of his years, stretching so far and drearily, and he looked at this short bright segment slipping away from him . . . He heard her quick footsteps behind him and when he turned he had the flatiron in his hand. She never saw it. She came to him bright-faced, pleading, and he put out his arms and she ran inside, and the iron curved around and crashed into the back of her head.

He lowered her gently down on the linoleum and stood for a long time over her, crying quietly.

Then he put the iron away and filled the kettle and a saucepan with water, and in the saucepan he put needles and a clamp and thread and little slabs of sponge and a knife and pliers. From the gateleg table and from a drawer he got his two plastic tablecloths and began arranging them on the bed.

"I fix everything," he murmured as he worked. "Fix it right."

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ed that Mollie (Ernie was dead), through new-found friends in Alcoholics Anonymous, after a very bad time, had rehabilitated herself. She now had a responsible position (she had worked herself up from waitress to hostess) in the restaurant in the Baker Hotel in Dallas. Her employers were solidly behind her, and wanted to make it possible for Dodie to rejoin her. Only there was a snag. Dodie, in the beginning, had to be enrolled in a convent for her schooling and reside there, with weekend privileges only. After a trial period, if Dodie had good marks and the authorities were satisfied with Mollie's reformed way of life, she could live with her.

Mollie was happy, with tears in her eyes, and even though Dodie didn't really want to live with Mollie (who now spoke frequently of God, and God's way, and seemed too cheerful to be the real, mean, nagging Mollie), she represented a step in the runaway plot, a beginning.

The convent was formidable, and Dodie was scared from the very moment she stepped inside the door of the gray stone vestibule where a white statue of the Blessed Virgin stood smiling at her. The Sisters terrified her in their dripping, black habits with the stiffly starched, white collars and fluted wimples outlining their pasty white faces. In the morning, along with the rest of the sleepy-eyed girls, Dodie was lined up for Mass and Confession. The gloomy chapel was lighted with candles casting an amber glow, and when the priest mumbled in Latin, a little bell tinkled. From one of the girls, who intended to be a nun, Mollie learned that when the little bell rang the second and third time, it was the signal for Jesus the Saviour to become the Eucharist. At that moment, all eyes were closed, deep in prayer, except Dodie's — who kneeled, wide-eyed, awaiting the theatrical entrance of the Lord, with angels and doves encircling Him. Dodie watched, but the bleeding Christ on the altar never moved.

From Mollie she learned she had originally been baptised by a Catholic priest, and because it was but another step in her plan, she studied her catechism and prepared for her confirmation, much to the delight of the Head Sister and the attendant priest.

IT WAS ON HER second visit to Mollie's — after two months in the convent, that Dodie learned of Wally.

Wally Paxton looked like an old time movie actor, Wallace Reid, if

one had ever seen a picture of the movie idol in his heyday. Wally's real name was Francis Wilbur Paxton, but because of the early resemblance he bore to his mother's secret love, Wallace Reid, he had been called Wally for as long as he could remember. He was the night manager in the hotel where Mollie worked, and Mollie whispered in confidence that she had met him in A.A. and that it was he who had been responsible for her new sobriety, her good job and her getting Dodie.

"He saw a picture I had of you, and he couldn't bear the thought of our being separated. He insisted that you come and live with us —" she blushed and stammered, and then explained that she and Wally planned to be married, very shortly, and in time Dodie would have a *real* home.

When Dodie met Wally, she was very surprised. He was quite elegant, with his prematurely grey hair, his soft-spoken voice, and his limp, soft handshake — almost like a lady's — when he clasped her hand and said, "My, what a beauty! Mollie, you sly one, you didn't tell me our little girl was a true beauty — like a movie star!"

After her confirmation and Wally and Mollie's marriage, Dodie moved into the furnished apartment with them and no longer had to board at the convent. She had to help with the housework because both Mollie and Wally worked long hours. But she had lots of free time to plan and dream.

It was on one of the special Saint's Days that was not a regular holiday, when Dodie was at home, curled lazily in a chair, reading *Photoplay*, that Wally, unexpectedly, put his key into the door. She jumped up in surprise, but he laughed and said, "Caught you napping, eh? Take it easy, Dodie." He slumped like a fallen warrior on the over-stuffed sofa that at night turned into Dodie's bed, loosened his collar, removed his tie and said, "Whew, I'm beat. Another convention like this one, and you can bury your poor old Uncle Wally."

Wally was sweet to her, bringing her candy, and giving her little trinkets, and she supposed she loved him. She ran and got his bedroom slippers and, falling to her knees, fitted them tenderly on his feet. He reached down and touched her silver-gold hair, and she pulled herself up beside him on the sofa and began to gently rub his hot, sweaty, grey head.

Suddenly, fiercely, he pulled her to him. She felt dizzy, and knew there was an unfamiliar odor about him — a mixture of gin and cloves. He kissed her on the lips, and she struggled to pull away from him.

"Don't . . . don't, Wally," she begged.

He held her tightly. She could feel his hands trembling, his heart pounding, and he was pulling up the skirt of her cheap cotton house dress. His voice wasn't soft, like Wally's — it was husky, vibrating, terrifying.

"It won't hurt . . . I won't hurt . . . I can't stand not having you any longer. From the first day I saw you, I've been in agony . . ."

His words were muffled by his hot kisses, and his legs were pushing hers apart. She felt faint, weak, but when it was over, there were no tears in her eyes. Wally, instead, was crying like a baby and pacing the floor.

"God help me . . . I'll kill myself. I couldn't help it. So help me, Christ Jesus, I couldn't help it."

Dodie rose from the sofa, a woman.

He said, as she watched him empty a pint of gin he had hidden behind the bookcase, his voice piteous, his big eyes pleading, "Promise me you won't tell Mollie — you won't tell anyone. I'll do anything if you'll just promise . . ."

Dodie ran to the bathroom, locked the door and threw up. When she had calmed down, bathed and dressed herself and finished tidying up the apartment, she slipped out the front door, unnoticed by Wally, who had passed out on the sofa. She telephoned Mollie and asked permission to go to a neighborhood movie with one of her schoolmates.

When she came home, late that night, some of their A.A. friends were trying to persuade Wally, drunk beyond belief, to come to the A.A. ward in the hospital, for a cleanup.

"He's had a slip," cried Mollie, wringing her hands. "His very first in five years. But God will watch over him. Pray, Dodie, pray."

DODIE DIDN'T TALK and tell, but she got everything she wanted — to the degree that Mollie became jealous and accused Wally of pampering her.

She was allowed to enroll in the public high school, and in dancing classes after school. She had a weekly allowance from Wally that Mollie knew nothing about and she kept between Wally and herself a margin of space, but a space sufficiently confirming so that she could tease him provocatively, and at the same time threaten him into fulfilling her needs.

It was with the girls from the dancing school that Dodie met the Chinaman. They all went there after classes for his chop suey and chow mein which was "just great." The Chinaman, Wong, was from the first encounter fascinated with Dodie, eyeing her with his perceptive almond-

shaped eyes, and occasionally touching, as if accidentally, her long silver-gold hair.

With her new-found friends, Dodie was introduced to smoking weed, or pot, which she learned was supplied by the Chinaman. The first drag caused her to sputter and gag and make everyone laugh, but after the second and third, she felt, for the first time in her life, a self-importance. She realized that she was beautiful, admired by all the boys and envied by the girls. The music on the radio made her conscious of the fact that her dance class was teaching her a dance that was rigid, formal, limited in movement and expression. She leapt to her feet, an atom of creativity, twirling ecstatically, in the rhythm of a falling leaf. For a while, life was beautiful, as was she, Dodie. Mysteriously, her fantasies were actualities.

But the cold actuality was that in time, Wally, like Ernie, lost his job, became thoroughly depressed and began drinking. And Mollie, to offset the onslaught of his sudden repulsion for her, his accusations that she had hooked him into a marriage he did not want, also began to drink, readying herself, after a night of harrassment, with a quick shot to steady her nerves for work.

Dodie knew it was time to run away again. She was still under age and the authorities would, in a short time, impose their forces, and she knew if they found out about the parties at the Chinaman's, she might be sent to reform school.

She wept tragically, telling her plight to the Chinaman, who was lying on the couch in the room above his restaurant, smoking his pipe. She was not certain he had heard her until he rose, went to his desk, and gave her the most money she had ever seen, and a letter to a friend in New York who could help her.

Then, entwining his fingers in her hair, he kissed her. It was a strange, sweet, sickening smell that he left on her lips and in her memory.

ALL OF THAT HAD been less than a year ago. The letter had been addressed to Leo, a photographer who had grown up in Dallas. Leo took one look at her and told her he was interested. He got her a temporary room in a residential hotel on the West Side, with a switchboard. "Very important," he said, "for calls."

The day after she arrived she posed for him until she thought her body would fall apart with weariness. When the pictures were developed, he gave her finished copies of what he thought to be the best. As he talked, never looking up at her, he scribbled the

name and address of a model agency. He had made an appointment for her to see its director. Afterwards, she was to return to his studio. Even though she was a little underdeveloped for the nudes, he had a contract for with a leading "man's magazine," he had decided to use her for the job. It would give her enough money to get her career started. When she rose and tried to thank him, he said, "Cut it, I owe a lot to the Chinaman. This is a small token gesture."

The agency took her on, sent her to other photographers for different shots for her "book." The stylist at the agency had her brows slightly plucked, her bitten fingernails temporarily covered with claw-like false ones, renamed her "Gigi" and sent her forth, daily, with her patent leather hatbox and her portfolio of pictures, to be seen by editors and advertising agency art directors who were always in search of a fresh, new face. Was this the beginning . . . ?

THE PLANE LANDED in the sunburst of dawn. Dodie shook Carlos, his eyes still closed, his cheeks ashen and hollow. She had to help him to put his feet on the island he called home.

Soft breezes were blowing and palm trees waved a welcome, and at the airport gate, at six o'clock in the morning, they were greeted by a smiling, costumed girl who handed each of them a fruit-laden rum drink.

Dodie drank it thirstily, not realizing it was an alcoholic drink. She had a consummate fear of booze in any form — she loathed the smell, the taste, the sordid past it evoked. For kicks, she used pot — it neither hurt her complexion, put extra weight on her body, nor depressed her spirits. It lifted her magically into a private world of fantasy. But after the long flight, the sweet drink (she had never before tasted rum) was delicious and following two more, Carlos began to snap back to life.

After the routine of customs, they took a taxi to the Caribe Hilton. From the moment they stepped into the lobby, eyes were focused on them, and Puerto Rican men began greeting Carlos, speaking to him in his native language, while they eyed Dodie hungrily.

*"Buenos días, Carlos. Como está?"  
"Bien, gracias, y usted?"*

*"Cansado. Me acoto tarde, anoche."*

The two men would laugh heartily, and then the man would ask, *"Quién es la Señorita?"*

And Carlos would grow in stature before her eyes, and reply proudly, *"Ella es la Señora Carlos Ortiz-Gonzales."*

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and that in the morning she would rise and call the agency and ask if there were any "go-sees." And she would not see Carlos until Johnnie took her again to the Palladium. But this fragment of the dream, she knew, was a lie... she was already a part of Carlos.

The car came to a sudden halt, and Carlos stepped out, opened an old-fashioned cattle gate, and then drove slowly up a cobble road. When he stopped in front of a large, broken-down ranch house, nestled in a deep valley, she knew it was not a dream.

On the porch stood a gathering of beady-eyed people whose skin colors ranged from ochre to mahogany brown. The women all looked old, ancient, with their shawls clutched tightly around their shoulders. Only their multi-colored skirts gave a slight suggestion of gaiety. A stern-faced, coffee-colored man with a white mustache and flowing white hair, wearing a white suit, a white shirt with a narrow black string tie, and highly polished black boots, stepped forward. He kissed Carlos, much as Dodie had once seen a friend of Mollie's kiss a dead person lying in a casket. She sensed that the man was the father of Carlos.

They all began to talk, jabbering away in their native tongue, while Dodie stood lost in the midst of a collection of roosters, strutting and crowing; children with vampire shadows around their heavily lashed, limpid eyes, hugging, whenever possible, the skirts of the women; and several evil looking, rib-exposed dogs that slunk around her in circles, their long tails hanging between their legs. She thought she was going to faint, when she was almost bodily lifted through the doorway of the peeling, pink-stuccoed house—the "great hacienda" Carlos had talked of—into a dank, vine covered, philodendrum-planted patio. In one of the big chairs, made of native hemp, sat the oldest woman Dodie had ever seen. She was completely dressed in black and on one shoulder perched a screeching parrot. At one side, on a weathered, but once-handsome, gilt ottoman, squatted upon a tasseled, velvet cushion, was a small animal whose breed Dodie did not know—dog, or cat? She later learned it was a spider monkey. On the other side was a huge cage that housed the old woman's minah bird, who, upon Dodie's entrance into the patio, let forth the familiar whistle of sex-hungry males.

Dodie stood first on one foot and then the other while all of the people stared at her in wonderment. One of the children, curiously and innocently, tugged at her long, silver-gold hair,

startling her into a cry. She ran to Carlos.

"Carlos—where am I?"

Her wide eyes traveled around the group. "Is this—is this your family? Shouldn't you introduce me—your wife?"

Carlos smiled and with courtly dignity kissed her hand, and then presented his bride to his family, speaking only in Spanish. The old lady was his *abuela*, his grandmother, the white haired man his "Papa" and the other women were all cousins, neighbors who lived on the family land. All except one—a beautiful, tragic-faced woman with the eyes and eyelashes of Carlos. This was his—now her—"Mama." She alone, with tears in her eyes, kissed Dodie and muttered in her own language words that Dodie did not understand.

Carlos whispered, "They say they are very proud of you. I have made a good choice of a wife. Welcome, they say. This is your home. Say—*muchas gracias*."

She did, and the tension was broken. The young boys began to strum their guitars and sing, and a wedding supper was brought forth. Blood sausages, beans and *arroz con pollo*. Dodie went hungry, and sat drinking the rum drinks Carlos' father served her. Drunkenly, she asked Carlos to take her to their room. It was a big, deserted alcove, the windows hung ghoulishly with worn, yellow-aged, lace curtains, and upon the bed was a stained satin quilt. She fell asleep listening to the music of the guitar, Carlos thumping the native drums, and the loud, deafening voices of her new family. It was as her eyes almost closed that she saw the little crystal bowl of pink camellias on the night table with a decanter of water. Someone had cared.

IT WAS A beginning...

Carlos was from a wealthy Puerto Rico family, by old Puerto Rican standards, a good family that had once known great wealth—but now... maybe if the old grandmother died and Carlos' father could be persuaded to sell his land to the "continental" builders of factories, they would again be rich, but, *que sera, que sera!*

She gathered this from the women who sat, fanning themselves and embroidering, and for her benefit trying to speak in broken English.

She had thought they were all very old women, but she learned in a very short time that the youth of Puerto Rican woman ended when they married and had babies. Very soon after marriage, the husbands strayed.

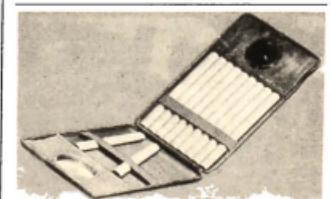
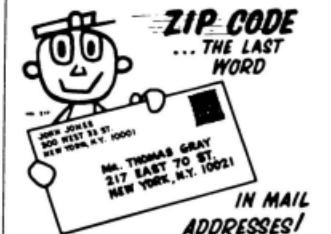
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When Carlos returned that night, after an exhausting day auditioning, he said, for a popular local band leader, and they were alone in their room, Dodie confronted him, "Is it true? Will I be like these women, your aunts and cousins—old before—?"

She started to cry hysterically, and Carlos said softly, "These women were not like you, my love."

She looked at him through tear-stained eyes. "Carlos, I want to be with you. When you play the drums, I want to dance . . ."

He laughed. "Silly girl! There is only one way a woman can be with Carlos—until death do us part."

He sounded like a priest when he said the last words.

"How? Tell me, whatever it is—I'll do it."

He kissed her, writhing his tongue around her hungry mouth, and with his hand he lifted her desires to a peak from which there was but one descent. At this moment, he ceased his love-making.

"It is no use." He lowered his voice until she could scarcely hear him. "For me—sex is not enough. A woman must share with a man his dreams, his agonies, his needs . . ."

"What do you want me to share with you, Carlos?"

She knew and he knew that she knew. In the moonlight, he opened the little black kit, and she heard the words, "It won't hurt . . . I won't hurt . . ."

And she felt the prick of the syringe needle. It was like Carlos himself again entering her being. He had avoided her for many nights, and she did not really blame him—he eyes were red from crying, and her hair matted and unwashed. But now, in the needle, there was another beginning . . .

THAT SHE WAS trapped, she knew. In a short time she knew also that the women surrounding her were bodyguards, protecting her from any contact with a stranger or a relative.

And soon she realized that Carlos was almost as trapped as she was. Shortly after they arrived, a man of authority came, and through the window, before Carlos had awakened, she saw his father open his wallet and pay the man what looked like a great amount of money; in exchange, he received some papers. Later, in his thunderous voice, she heard him yelling at Carlos. Although, she could not understand a word the old man said, she knew from his tone that little, if any, love existed between Senor Gonzales and his son. Alone in

their room, Carlos lay on the bed, tears flowing from his large brown eyes. He kept muttering, incoherent, "The son of a bitch—if he only knew what he has made of his son, his heir! Bastard—someday I will kill him!"

He was screaming and she was frightened. She went to the little black kit and took out the syringe and lay beside him as she gave him a fix . . . As he wandered nodding into sleep, he muttered, "I love you, Dodie my love . . ."

She spent the night staring out of the window. It was all right to "chip"—but she didn't want to get hung up. She was too hung up already by Carlos.

The next day, he left. He was going with an old, and very influential friend to San Juan to procure work. Four days passed and she almost went out of her mind. One day the old women, after exchanging known glances, took her with them into the nearest village. She asked to be allowed, after mass, to go to confession. In the church with its garish, tinsel-ornamented Virgins, and its altars covered with ugly, artificial flowers, she found, nevertheless, some happiness—a sense of belonging. In the confessional, opening up her heart, burdened with misgivings, confessing the worldly sins of herself and the man to whom she was married, she sought advice. What could she, what should she do for herself and her husband, whom she loved, but did not truly understand?

There was no answer, for the hearer of the confessional did not comprehend a single word of what the hysterical girl was saying.

After leaving the church, she walked aimlessly down the slate pavement of the little fishing community, neither offended by the smells coming from the slimy stalls of the fishermen, nor excited by the sight of the white sails of the fishing boats, patterned against a brilliant blue sky. Before her, she saw a shingle upon which were two words: ABOACDO, and in English, LATER.

Later, she trotted, beaten and bewildered, down the steps; she had learned that without a family of her own to interfere and set up a protest, she was as helpless as the women who were at that moment frantically running through the streets in search of her.

During Carlos' absence, it was his "Mama" (whom the other women indicated, was *loca*, pointing to their heads,) who seemed best to understand her, and would sometimes make a pathetic gesture to comfort her. She fluttered about Dodie, babying her,

until the old woman, the *abuela*, came onto the scene, then she wilted, flower-like, and sat doing her embroidery.

One day when Dodie was sick with the heat and the rancid smells coming from the earth, "Mama" presented her with a gift—a blouse she had embroidered for her, and a type of flamenco skirt with inserts of embroidery. Dodie almost broke into tears, but instead she kissed "Mama" and ran to her room to try it on.

A sponge bath, some perfume and the costume temporarily lifted her spirits. She almost danced down the stairs, picking en route a fresh gardenia for her hair. When she stepped upon the porch, she sensed that on this very day Carlos would return to make love to her, to rescue her. He would have found a job and they would move to San Juan and live near the Caribe Hilton, perhaps, where Carlos would excite the audience with his drum playing and she, Dodie, would sit watching, while people stared at her enviously.

Her beauty was breathtaking and inspiring to the older women, who began to sing, and one of the very young boys got his guitar and played for Dodie. She was dancing when Carlos and his friend, who had driven him on occasion to San Juan, drove up and stood watching her.

When she stopped and saw Carlos' friend, she was surprised. He was el Señor Pico, a fat, baby-faced old man with a huge gold watch chain that hung across his enormous paunch. He wore, like Carlos' father, the white suit, the black tie, the black boots. On his balding head was a large panama, and like most Puerto Rican men she had seen, across his top lip there was a single-lined moustache. Dodie knew he was a sugar broker, who, through his connections with the rum industry was trying to use influence to get Carlos a good job. She had never seen el Señor Pico before, because Carlos always met him in the nearby town, or upon returning home, arrived when everyone in the house was asleep.

But from the manners of the women, who crouched together like a Greek chorus, when he drove up, Dodie knew that *they* had seen him—and his large body cast a shadow of evil on the steps.

Dodie noticed, when Carlos introduced her to him, how el Señor Pico never took his eyes away from Carlos, handsome and, today, of radiant face—even though, in English, he was raving to Carlos about Dodie's beauty.

As she was watching the two men, Carlos' father, his face, purple with rage, appeared out of nowhere. The

women screamed, gathered their handiwork and fled into the house. Dodie saw Carlos' father, uttering words she did not know how to translate, raise his hand clutching his gold-headed cane and lunge toward el Señor Pico. Then she saw Carlos, lithe and fleet as a leopard, reach out and strike his father, whose blood, spurting from his nose, turned his mustache and shirt-front crimson, as he fell to the ground.

In fright, she ran to the alcove. When she entered she collapsed on the bed and began retching, without even caring.

In the late afternoon, a square of sunlight passed through the long windows, running along the edge of the bed and causing a glare. It was either this light, or the awareness of feeling a sharp prick in her arm, that brought Dodie to consciousness. Carlos was standing over her, smiling. He reached down and kissed her, but she pushed him away, knowing that her foul stench would offend him.

"No, baby, no," purred Carlos, cooling her brow with his damp, perfumed, linen handkerchief.

"Your father . . .?"

"It is all right," Carlos laughed, "everything is all right. It is an old feud between my father and el Señor Pico . . . about me. My father blames him for my leaving home, because he, too, was interested in music and urged me to study, instead of staying here like my father — rotting, dying, while the old woman lives on and on!"

There was agitation in his voice.

"My father resents that I left instead of staying and being like him — a tobacco planter — a big name with no money. Bah! It is a family situation I cannot easily explain. I know now that I have made a big, terrible mistake, bringing you here, leaving you alone here. But, I had to."

He kissed her, and while kissing, the words came forth incoherently.

"But, it was only because when I saw you, I wanted you so much. Perhaps I lied a little. Forgive. I love you and I know you love me. Tonight we are leaving — yes."

Beautiful rainbow colors were suddenly appearing out of the light, seeping through the crack in the plastered ceiling, and happiness began to filter through. Dodie listened . . . it was all very lovely . . .

"El Señor Pico is meeting us at midnight at the gate. He has a fine future planned for us — one we can share together."

As his talking ceased, he began the pounding of his passion again into her slender body, and she rose with the rhythm, and moaned with the overpowering rapture of the consummation — turn to page 66

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tion of their passions, which left her alive, but in a trance.

When he guided her into el Señor Pico's car, Dodie was happier than she had ever been in her life. She held Carlos' hand tightly, while he and el Señor Pico conversed in Spanish until they reached San Juan.

El Señor Pico had arranged an apartment for them in the Miramar section — in an apartment hotel which he owned. Into the little bar adjoining the building, they went, just at the closing hour. It made Dodie, tired as she was, feel strong and secure when she saw the honor paid to el Señor Pico, by all of the beautiful girls and the handsome Spanish-looking gentlemen in the bar — and the courtesies rendered to Carlos and herself.

FOR THE NEXT few days, she could not believe what was happening to her. First, she was sent to have her hair shampooed and rinsed in silver, highlighting her own colors, and left to hang, Codiva fashion, down her slender back. Her hands were manicured, her feet pedicured, and then she was taken to a shop that she knew was expensive, where she modeled exotic gowns, while el Señor Pico, still staring at Carlos, approved anything she wanted. With each selection, she kissed Carlos, who blushed furiously, and then kissed el Señor Pico, who pushed her aside, almost roughly, when one of the salesgirls giggled.

And following each shopping expedition, Carlos would give her a boost, and then spend the entire night enacting all of the beauties of lovemaking he had envisioned before he met her — and now, with her, could realize.

When she finally stepped forth, radiant in splendor, accompanied by Carlos and el Señor Pico, she was the epitome of the desire-object of the Latin male — beautiful, blonde, pale of skin but exuding sex from every pore in her tender, young body. As they clustered around her, she was surprised to hear Carlos and el Señor Pico, introducing her as the Senorita Gigi. To the glances and whispers of the admiring males, and the often asked question, "Cuanto cobra por hora?" she would see Carlos, after an approving nod from el Señor Pico, respond, and if the gentleman nodded, "Si, Señor," she saw Carlos make a notation in a little black book he now always carried with him.

After the most glamorous and exciting night of her life, she returned to their home, and fell into a deep sleep with Carlos nestled beside her,

whispering, "We shall be rich, my darling, very, very rich."

But when she awoke, the next day, she was alone. She waited nervously. She tried ordering some food over the house phone — but the language barrier made her efforts futile. All the stupid ass on the other end did was giggle, and say, "Caramba! Señorita Gigi no habla espanol. Juan no habla Americano. Que pase?"

She was tense, apprehensive, and her tremendous energy and joy of life seemed suddenly to have vanished overnight. She was depressed and had aches in her legs like she had climbed a mountain. Finally, when Carlos appeared, calm and poised, she flung herself at him.

"Where have you been?"

With his back turned on her he said, "With el Señor Pico — shopping for me."

She threw her body upon him like an angry tiger, but to no avail. He pinned her against the wall, pushed his body against hers and said, "You better calm down, baby. You have an engagement."

"Where are we going tonight?" she asked petulantly.

"You are going out with a very important figure of authority. The most important in the Caribbean. Señor Jiminez."

Dodie was bewildered. "I don't understand . . ."

Carlos kissed her and said, reassuringly, "It's all right, baby. You'll be properly introduced by el Señor Pico and me, Carlos. Nothing will happen to you, but I suspect, with my training, something might happen to Señor Jiminez."

What the words foretold were as lucid to her young mind as the tea leaves in a cup are to a gypsy . . . but she did not want to know the future. She released herself and sat down weakly in a chair.

"I won't," she sobbed. "You can't — you can't do this to me — not after what we've meant to each other."

He took her, like a child, in his arms, and laid her on the bed, saying "It will mean nothing to you and me, baby — nothing. Who knows? The old goat may have some new tricks."

She was ice cold. He went to his suitcase and filled the syringe, while he kept talking. "We can really score here, baby. I knew we would from the moment we met. You just turn a few tricks here and then we take the bread and scam — go to South America, Europe, the Orient. We're young, baby, and we've got lots of living to do."

She knew he was high, she could tell by the braggadocio in his voice.

She let him put the needle into her jugular vein.

SHE DROVE, STILL somewhat dazed, with Señor Jiminez, who was tall, dark-skinned and balding. In a Latin way, he was not unattractive, she supposed, realizing that all Puerto Rican men were beginning to look alike to her. He had an odor about him like manure. He understood English and laughed heartily, "That is a good one. I am the Ambassador of Agriculture."

They drove several miles beyond San Juan to a place enclosed from the view of traffic with tall trees and shrubs. When his Cadillac approached the iron gates, they opened, and without a single attendant observing them, they drove into a garage and stepped into an air-conditioned room, furnished with a king-size bed, a chest, a table and chair, and an adjoining bath, luxuriously tiled and, like all Puerto Rican bathrooms, with a bidet. There were no windows in the room, but through a sliding opening in the wall, she watched Señor Jiminez, standing on a feeble looking stool designed for disaster, take from a bodyless, faceless, armless hand, a tray loaded with two huge club sandwiches, two champagne glasses, and a bottle of Mumms, tilting in the ice bucket, where it was swimming in vanishing cubes of ice.

She began to laugh.

For a brief moment, when she discovered he spoke some English, she had thought of telling him her story, the whole truth — but she was already too familiar with the power of authority, and she knew from his face that he would never believe her. He would return her to Carlos and el Señor Pico, who might beat her, return her to the tobacco farm to wither and rot.

She began to laugh hysterically, and the expression on the Señor's face was one of consternation. She could not be heard — the walls were soundproof — but was she going to be one of the difficult young Americans?

But as she was laughing, Dodie also, enticingly, began removing her clothes, and by the time Señor Jiminez, now assured, had opened the champagne — *Pop!* — he began to laugh, too.

Taking the glass in her hand and inviting him to remove the rest of her clothing, Dodie thought, *it isn't much different from posing in the nude the first time.*

As Señor Jiminez, admiring her tight body, lifted his glass to her in a toast, Dodie "Gigi" Watson wondered:

Was this, finally, the beginning . . . ?

# ADAM'S TALES



## DIET CONSCIOUS

Curiosity finally got the better of the local butcher who had sold Mrs. Ames five pounds of dog food for years when he discovered the Ames didn't have a dog.

"I feed it to my husband," Mrs. Ames explained.

"But ma'am, don't you know that will kill him?" asked the surprised butcher.

"Don't be silly," replied Mrs. Ames. "He thrives on it."

Several months passed, and one day Mrs. Ames failed to order her regular five pounds of dog food.

"Did you forget something?" the butcher called after her.

"Oh, no, my husband died the other day."

"See," pounced the butcher. "I told you it would kill him!"

"But it didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Ames. "A truck ran him down when he was sitting in the middle of the street licking himself."



## UGLY AMERICANS

A New Yorker was standing in Piccadilly Circus absorbing local English culture on a windy fall day, when a shapely cockney lass stopped next to him, trying to hold her windblown skirts down. "A bit airy," he commented.

"Ell yes," she answered. "Didya expect feathers?"

## MEDICARE

An eighteen-year-old boy strode into the drugstore and up to the prescription counter. "Ma'am," he asked, "is the druggist in?"

"I'm the pharmacist," said the lady. "My sister and I own and operate this drugstore."

"You mean there isn't a male druggist?" the boy asked, blushing.

"No, young man, there isn't. But believe me, nothing you could ask for could possibly shock me and I would be glad to help you. What's the problem?"

"Well," the boy stammered. "I have this problem . . . and I can't seem to get rid of it. I . . . I always seem to be erect. Can you give me something for it?"

The lady druggist looked at him briefly and then disappeared into the back room where the boy could hear a noisy discussion between the two sisters. At last she came back and told him, "\$5000 and a half interest in the store. And that's our final offer."

## SOCIAL WORKERS

"Oh yes," added the social worker interviewing a brassy grass widow. "I'll need the name of your minister. What denomination do you prefer?"

"Fifty or a hundred," replied the gum-chewing blonde, "But I'll take twenties."



## EXTRASENSORY PERCEPTION

"And so you think you can read my mind?" whispered the Delta Chi to the coed snuggled up against him on the front seat.

"Uummm," she mumbled.

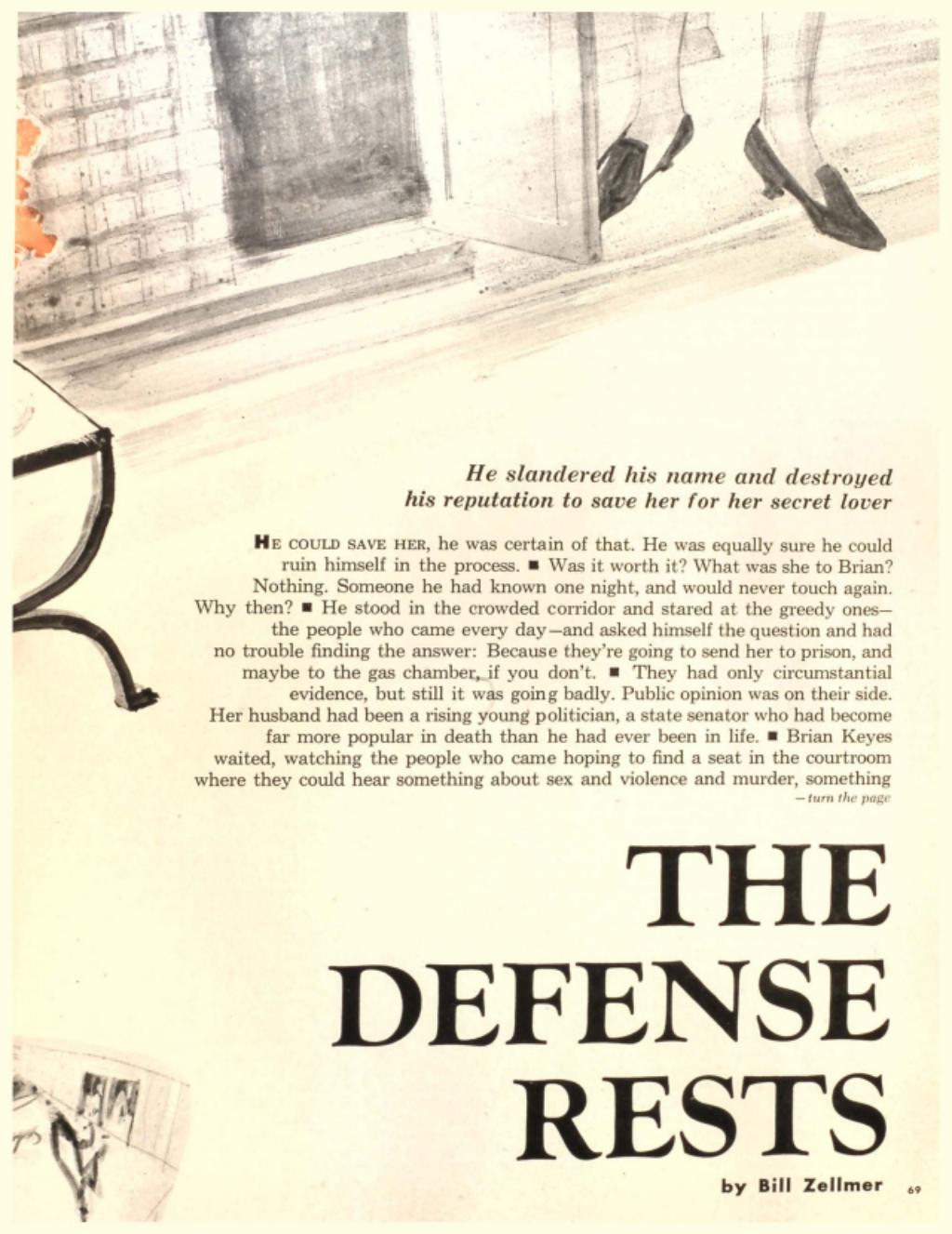
"Then, go ahead," he dared.

"No," she breathed, "You go ahead."



"You can't blame a guy for looking."





*He slandered his name and destroyed  
his reputation to save her for her secret lover*

HE COULD SAVE HER, he was certain of that. He was equally sure he could ruin himself in the process. ■ Was it worth it? What was she to Brian? Nothing. Someone he had known one night, and would never touch again. Why then? ■ He stood in the crowded corridor and stared at the greedy ones—the people who came every day—and asked himself the question and had no trouble finding the answer: Because they're going to send her to prison, and maybe to the gas chamber, if you don't. ■ They had only circumstantial evidence, but still it was going badly. Public opinion was on their side. Her husband had been a rising young politician, a state senator who had become far more popular in death than he had ever been in life. ■ Brian Keyes waited, watching the people who came hoping to find a seat in the courtroom where they could hear something about sex and violence and murder, something

*—turn the page*

# THE DEFENSE RESTS

by Bill Zellmer

to enliven their dull little lives, getting some secret, perverse thrill from it. And the ones who didn't come searched the newspapers daily, looking for the same thing and complaining when the stories only hinted at the dirt.

"Stick around folks," he said to himself. "Maybe you'll get your money's worth today." They disgusted him, these public vultures. And he was disgusted with himself. Of course he would have come earlier. He had sent a message, offering to help, and she had sent back an emphatic no. And he had been relieved.

That's what was bothering him.

He thought about Pamela Savage. His fellow reporters had been reasonably conservative with that name, but the head writers were having fun. Pamela Savage, on trial for the murder of her husband. Pamela, with the dark hair carelessly swept up on top of her head, a curling strand falling down here and there. Pamela, with the vibrant dark eyes, utterly friendly and unquestioning.

He could see the lines of her body which he had known so briefly, the gentle curve of the belly, the breasts just slightly too small, the hips a bit too full, both accented by the small waist. The trial had changed her. He remembered her picture in the morning paper, her hair drawn back, dressed in a simple black dress, the lines of shock, fear and sudden age etched into her pale face.

Not like that night...

INSTINCTIVELY HE tightened his buttocks and stomach muscles as the plane began to drop for the landing at Tampa International. He took a quick breath and felt the nervousness as he always did, no matter how much he flew. On his right he saw through the window the bright glint of the March sun off the metallic gray of the Gulf.

He would have liked to have gone to the beach and let the sun and surf beat it out of him. But that would have to wait. There was a better, faster remedy and the desire for it was sharper, more piercing.

An image of a soft white body came to mind, making him almost dizzy, nearly oblivious of the other passengers and where he was. Six months. Well, almost. There had been those nights in Saigon in the early weeks. But only the field in the latter months. Weary and dirty, disgusted and sick. He nearly forgot it then. But it always came back in the mornings, just briefly, and then sometimes at night, even if he was tired and sick and scared. Yes, scared. War

correspondents get killed too. Three last year.

Now it surged back, throbbing in his belly, making his heart pound, leaving his palms damp and his legs slightly weak. You should have spent one night in Saigon, he told himself. It will be harder here. But it'll be here. It probably would take money, and he didn't want to use money. But there wasn't time for the way he would have liked it. Speed was essential.

The jet sat down and rolled to a halt. He was off quickly, finding his luggage and grabbing a taxi. A long hot shower and a change to casual clothes left him feeling better. To his relief his gray hardtop started after a few tries. Then he was heading for the office.

motioned to him, and Brian Keyes, ex-war correspondent, went in and gave his report.

Coogan's initial friendliness faded rapidly. Brian had detected disappointment in the message which ordered him stateside, and he wasn't surprised. He was disappointed in himself. He had expected it to be tough. But he hadn't been fully prepared for what he found. It wasn't just the endless tramping, the heat, the food or the short-tempered officers and military red tape and censors. He had found a lot of correspondents in Vietnam, all covering a dirty little war which offered few places or events for an army to distinguish itself, much less a correspondent. Brian had tried. In the end he resigned himself to doing what he



He pushed aside the nostalgia and the feeling of distaste he held for the cool, indifferent building, hopelessly barren compared with the smaller papers for which he had worked a few years before, and walked into the quiet newsroom. The morning people were gone and the night reporters, the fresh-faced young men with the button-down collars and neat suits, were still out on beats. Brian acknowledged the greetings of a couple desk men and the three gray-haired women on the society desk. Dave Farrell, behind the city desk, peeked from around the telephone he held cradled between his ear and shoulder and grinned. Brian paced restlessly while Coogan, the executive editor, talked through a long cigar to an advertising man in his glass-walled office. Then Farrell was off the phone and leaning back.

"I'll be damned, Keyes," he said. "We didn't know whether the Viet Cong got you or the Geisha girls, or whatever they've got over there."

"It was more like the dysentery," Brian replied. They chatted for a few moments. Then the advertising man left, and Coogan spotted him and

could and taking what the briefing officers offered, and he had been glad when he was ordered home, glad to be out of it.

Finally the publisher came in and they poured suggestions and ideas and criticism at him. He knew they could never understand. They were disturbed because he hadn't become internationally famous, and he knew also it wasn't for his sake they were disappointed, but for the newspaper.

He agreed to write a comprehensive roundup or series, and they gave him the rest of the week off, with the understanding he would work on the story on his own. The writing would have to wait, however. He collected his checks and was heading for the parking lot when Farrell stopped him and asked what his plans were.

Brian hadn't wanted to go. It was a cocktail party for the press, given by U.S. Sen. Stephen Horner who was about to kick off his re-election campaign. "There'll be a lot of free booze and all the wheels will be there. Be a blast," said Farrell, squinting from behind his rust-rimmed glasses, his oversized Adam's apple bobbing over the ridiculous bow tie.

Brian decided the party might not be a bad place to start his evening. It would be nice to exchange small talk again with pleasant, intelligent people. Besides, Horner usually had a few young things in his crowd. He would have preferred it that way; the casual pickup, a few drinks, perhaps dinner, then up to his apartment. He doubted he would have the patience. But it wouldn't hurt to take a look.

He was immediately bored with the party. They all were there, the ever thirsty newsmen, including Farrell trying to look and sound impressive, the omniscient editors, the mayor and commissioners, the politicians and hangers-on. Restless and edgy, Brian wandered to the terrace and watched the lights of the city come on, smoking too much and nibbling at a drink which hit hard and acted cranky.

He turned and saw Pamela Savage the instant she saw him.

She came to him, a drink in one hand, smiling, brown eyes shining. A white shift bunched loosely at the waist made her look radiant and, at the same time, extremely vulnerable. Pamela was about twenty-five, a couple of years younger than Brian. She was the wife of State Senator Matthew Savage.

Brian had done some work for Savage in his last campaign, often working with Pamela, rooting out insights into the vain, ambitious man that Savage himself was unable to reveal. Brian had made it sound good in feature stories, and Pamela had recognized the difficulty in doing this. In some small way Brian's stories had contributed to Savage's re-election, narrow as it was. Savage had forgotten him immediately. His wife had not. Brian had seen her a few times since, mostly at political functions, and they remained friends.

Still, he was surprised at her apparent eagerness to see him. Later he was to understand. She was as much out of place here, with the other politicians' wives, as he was with the gray-haired editors. Flattered, he welcomed her attention. They stayed on the terrace too long, running over a number of subjects, quickly dispensing with the war when he smiled and said his tour hadn't gone too well, and her husband who she said was working at his campaign headquarters.

"I'm supposed to be meeting people for him," she laughed, a bit nervously, he thought. Sometime later an older woman found them and said she had some people for Pamela to meet. Pamela assured her she'd be along. "God, I don't want to meet them," she confided when the woman left.

He told himself he should break away, but he found himself talking

on, the words tumbling out too fast and her replies coming too easily. He nursed his drink and got her fresh ones several times. They circulated because they both knew she should and twice he left her talking with persons she was to meet, and each time he found her coming after him.

"Oh, no you don't," she said the last time, looking like a high school girl at her first prom. "You're not running off and leaving me with these monsters!"

Don't be a sap, Keyes, he told himself. You can't get anywhere with her, even if you wanted to. No matter that her husband is a bastard like Savage, you've got no business messing with a senator's wife. But she was too damned refreshing, warm and relaxed when away from the crowd.

They discovered they both were hungry. He hadn't eaten in hours; she hadn't found time to eat before the party. She suggested they slip out for a quick sandwich. He knew better. He shouldn't leave with this woman; she had no business leaving with him. There were people she should talk to; she was eating up his valuable time. But they slipped out, laughing as they hurried down the stairs.

Then, in his car, he mentioned the K-rations he had been eating and she said, "My God! What you need is a home-cooked meal. We've got some T-bone in the deep freeze. You're coming out to our place!"

She laughed at his protests. He couldn't resist. He took her back to her car, and they drove individually to the Savage home, lost in suburban mediocrity. He tried to help in the kitchen; she ran him out. Ill at ease, he wandered through the rambling, ranch-style house. He found it depressing. There was no individuality to the rooms. He found a small room apparently planned as a den, partially paneled, a desk obviously unused, a black leather chair looking forlorn and formal in the unfinished room. It was not like Pamela, but like her husband.

They talked and drank. They ate. She chatted too much, too freely. Long after they finished eating they were sitting and smiling and talking in low, easy tones. He sensed her problem; restless and lonely, no children, husband gone much of the time, mixing in a world she did not like when he was home.

They took their after dinner drinks into the living room, and when the drinks were gone he knew he should go. He realized she was looking at him somberly, a hint of a mischievous little girl smile in her eyes.

"If you're worried about — awkward moments — if Matt should come home, you needn't," she said.

"I — I wasn't —"

"He stopped by his office to do some work before flying to Tallahassee. He's having breakfast with some friends there tomorrow."

They laughed at the innocent implication in her words. He said he had to be going. Her eyes, the expression on her face, stopped him. He knew she only wanted to talk. That would have been fine any other time. But he stayed. Twice again he told her he was leaving. The last time was when he was at the bar fixing her a drink. She leaned across the bar, resting her chin on her hand. "And just where do you want to go, young man?" she smiled.

He tried to keep it light. "I've been out in the woods for a long time, honey."

"You mean you didn't do the town before leaving?"

"Just had time to catch the plane," he said.

He continued to tease. He evaded her questions, but she knew. "You're a terribly attractive man, Brian," she said suddenly. "I'm surprised you're not married, or at least have a girl waiting."

"Yeah, me, too," he said.

But he put down his glass. She caught his arm. "Do you have to go, Brian? Can't you stay just a little longer? I haven't really talked to anyone for so long."

"Me either," he said and then, for the first time, he admitted to himself just how badly he wanted her. He fought it. She had leaned close. He could smell perfume, powder, lipstick. He hadn't known that fragrance for a long time. He searched her face, a few inches away, and said to himself: "I'm getting the hell out of here." Instead he tipped her chin and kissed her lightly on the mouth.

He started around the bar. "Pam," he said, "I shouldn't have done that. I think I had better go."

This time he wanted for her to agree. She said nothing. He stepped around the bar. There was no resistance in her eyes. She came into his arms then. Later he tried to think of a time when he had kissed more fiercely, or had been kissed more fiercely, but he found none.

"BRIAN KEYES! Is there a Brian Keyes out here?"

He gathered himself, aware of the looks in the corridor and even more conscious of the stares of his friends in the press corps. They had been told the defense had a surprise witness. They hadn't expected a colleague.

The defense attorney, Morgan Tarl, a tall, slender soft-spoken type, took

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## FALL GIRL

Lovely dancer doesn't dare read those "Get Rich Quick" ads

**V**IVACIOUS Terri Collins admits to being something of a sucker. "I fall for just about every scheme I see advertised," she states. Terri admits to having once tried growing mushrooms . . . "because the ad said they make big money and are quiet to raise."





Beautiful blonde Terri once sent  
for a lawn mower sharpening kit





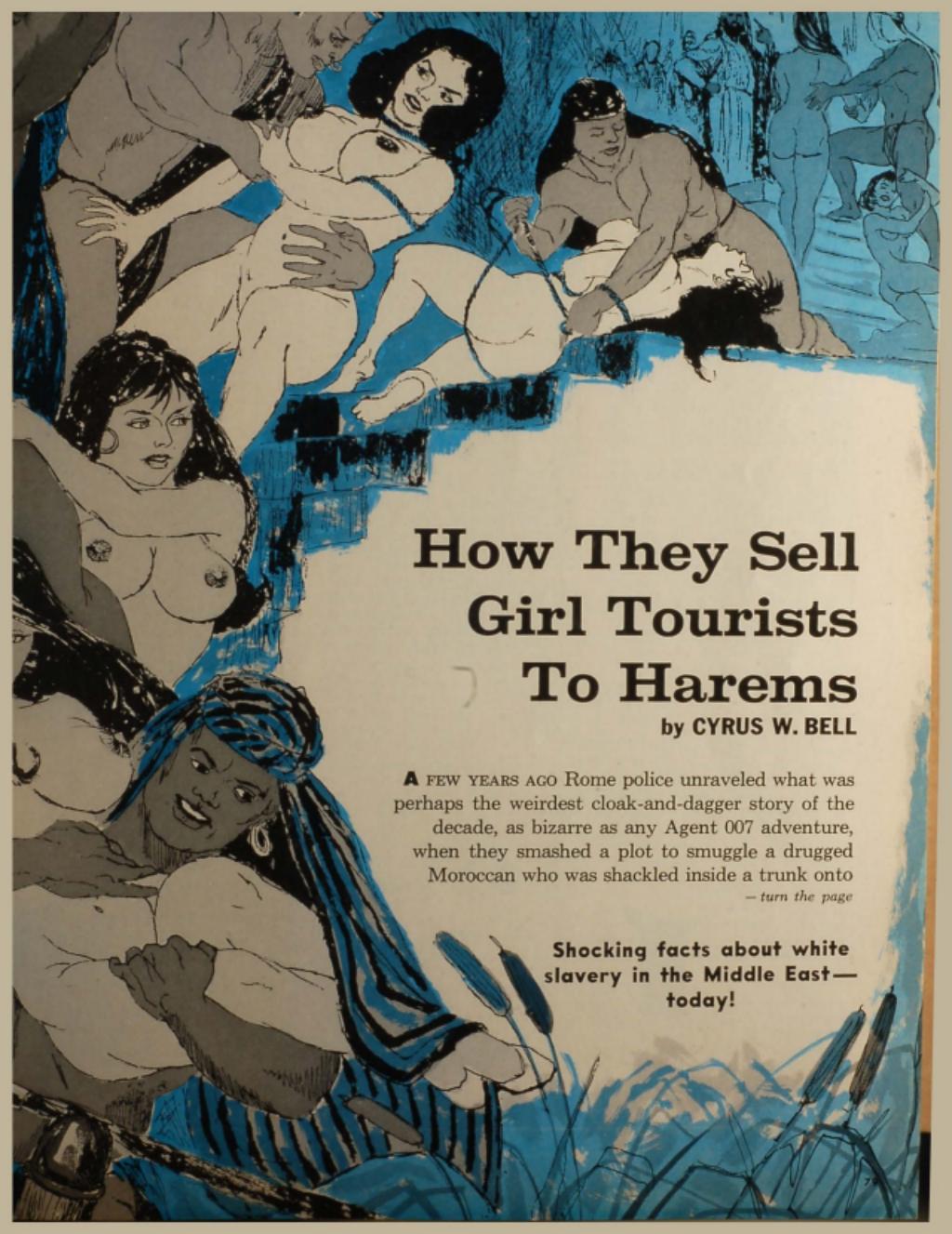
**Ever been on a sucker list? Then you can sympathize with Terri**

"Ever read those ads that promise riches if you learn to reweave? I went for that one, too, but I never learned to keep the funny little needle threaded." When not clipping ads and sending money, Terri dances at the better night spots in Hollywood. "My agent tells me all I need to get rich is me. Funny, huh?" Considering her delightful 38, her 24, and her 36, one is forced to agree with the agent. 









# How They Sell Girl Tourists To Harems

by CYRUS W. BELL

A FEW YEARS AGO Rome police unraveled what was perhaps the weirdest cloak-and-dagger story of the decade, as bizarre as any Agent 007 adventure, when they smashed a plot to smuggle a drugged Moroccan who was shackled inside a trunk onto

*— turn the page*

Shocking facts about white  
slavery in the Middle East—  
today!

a plane bound for Cairo.

Because of its wow aspects, the yarn made smoky black headlines all over the world. What should have made bigger headlines, however, was the untold story about that one-seater trunk itself. Therein lies a real story:

The trunk is back at work again, despite all the fuss that accrued in the Rome incident. It is being used by an ex-Nazi now on the payroll of the Egyptian Government. Inventor of the "human trunk," the former German SS officer is using it today for President Nasser's pet hush-hush project.

Helmut Herdinger is the name of the man who devised the smuggle trunk with its inside chair, ankle and arm straps and protective leather skullcap. He is also the man who heads Egypt's sex slave slave kidnap business—the slimy racket of smuggling streamlined maidens from the streets of Europe into the Middle East.

Herdinger is a good illustration of the fact that not all of the former Nazi biggies who have gone to work for the Nasser regime are engaged as rocket experts or are doing experimental atomic research in the Arab plot to erase Israel from the map of the Eastern Mediterranean. An estimated 2,000 of these ex-Hitlerites have become Nasserites. These "blond Arabs" were exposed by Israel's For-

ign Minister, Mrs. Golda Meir, when she addressed the United Nations and said that "the motives of this evil crew are a lust for gain and . . . an inclination to hatred of Israel and the destruction of the Jews."

Mrs. Meir is right on both counts—but wrong on one point. Some of the Arab Nazis are too busy making big money to think or worry about the eradication of Israel these days. One such man is Herr Herdinger, a former police expert from the Third Reich who is making *gold* hand over fist for himself and for the Cairo coffers in one of the oldest forms of international trade in existence—flesh herding.

Herdinger's diplomatic trunk has indeed been used by UAR agents to transport its captured enemies back to Cairo. For instance, Egypt's one-time intelligence chief and the former governor of the city of Alexandria, who both took part in an abortive attempt to liquidate Boss Nasser, were successfully spirited back to Cairo from Europe as prisoners of the Herdinger Trunk.

In August of 1966 Mustapha Amin, founder and editor of the mass circulation newspaper, *Al Akhbar*, was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor allegedly on the grounds of being a spy for the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington. However true or trumped up that might be, the fact is that the 53-year-old, prominent newspaper editor was

known to be antagonistic to Herdinger. And had more than once, among colleagues, threatened to fix his goose with a series of uncomplimentary articles—a fact that must have been taken into consideration by Nasser when he revised and approved the verdict against Amin.

Herdinger's strong position in Cairo is based on that human trunk of his. The key to this trunk is not political, nor mechanical—but sexual! Herdinger, according to the most reliable police sources in Europe, is engaged in the abduction, delivery and sale of teenage girls from Europe—many of them tourists traveling in other countries—to fill Moslem harems and brothels in the Arab World. No one is quite sure where Herdinger is sitting at the controls, but since all roads lead to Rome, all police indications also lead to the same *dolce vita* town. So Rome it is.

That Rome should be, logically, Herdinger's main base of operations is not surprising, for the Eternal City has become the seat of Europe's film industry. And as such draws hundreds of adventurous, ambitious and appetizing girls wanting to make film careers for themselves, not to mention the fact that last year Italy drew more than 20 million tourists and Rome the lion's share of this total. The Italian capital, therefore, has become a ready-made hunting ground for White Slave traffickers.

Herr Herdinger apparently got into the swing of this game shortly after the Rome police broke up the biggest vice gang in Italy—and left the field wide open for a procurer like Nasser's Teutonic henchman. With the Rome police chief personally directing the operation, the plainclothesmen of the city's vice squad frequented night-clubs and bars and kept tabs on dancing schools, show-biz agents and the Via Veneto wheeler-dealers who had would-be actresses on promissory strings.

Cracking down suddenly, the cops made six arrests and crumpled the slave trade ring being run by ex-state-side gangster Ralph Liguori, a 49-year-old deportee who had been Lucky Luciano's right-hand man when the latter ran New York's vice setup. Also arrested were his mistress, Eleonora Bottini, 34; Isola Robino, 35, a one-time chorus girl; Giulia Ceccherini, 42, the director of a dance school; Alessandro Gianni, 47, a nightclub entertainer; Virgilio Uberti, 47, a ballet master; and Basil Simos, 37, a Greek who served as a travel agent for the gang.

"Good news, dear. The doctor says I'm getting better."

ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL women victimized by the Liguori gang was a



movie actress who had worked in the motion picture *Trapeze* with Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. Her name was Colette Laurent. Unfortunately, she wound up in an Arab morgue after swallowing an overdose of barbiturates in Beirut when she found herself trapped by the slavers. Colette might have gone on to fame, fortune and fun, had she not fallen into Li-guori's hands.

Back in February of 1953 *Holiday Magazine* featured her in a spread in a series called "Youth and the World." Presenting her as the incomparable "Mademoiselle de Paris," *Holiday* described Colette as "a child of her time" and spelled out her future as being brilliant. The dream girl the *Holiday* editors held up as a shining example of French womanhood, then 22 years old, got the second female part in *Trapeze* (playing behind Gina Lollobrigida) on the basis of her glossy writeup.

Since all roads in Europe lead to Rome and Via Veneto, Miss Laurent hit The Boot capital and became friends with the notorious playboy Prince Dodo Ruspoli, a hopeless drug addict who was getting his supplies from Liguori. Riding the Rome merry-go-round, it didn't take the mademoiselle long to pick up the narcotics monkey and get mixed up with the Liguori clan. Through Liguori, Colette got an offer to warble in a Lebanese nightclub called "La Cave du Roi." Once on the premises, however, she found out that her job was not to sing but to serve as a glorified B-girl.

Trapped without any money and desperate for drugs, Colette was pushed into the morass of the old-fashioned white slavery that flourishes in the crummy night joints on the eastern banks of the Mediterranean. It was the last stop on the line for Colette. She ended it all by taking her life, and when she was found dead in her dingy Beirut hotel room, not a pang of conscience went through Liguori's mind. He was too busy working on a number of other victims destined to follow the same path to human bondage.

**SMASHING THE LIGUORI GANG** was a brilliant operation for Rome's gendarmes, but it did not wipe Rome off the map as a white-slave center. If anything, it gave life to the Herdinger setup of today—with Gamal Abdel Nasser as the silent backer. Omitting the mistakes that Liguori made, the Herdinger-Nasser combo avoids the rigors of the law by running the establishment on a more subtle basis, making it practically impossible for the law to frame a charge.

Herdinger's lovely recruits are sold

to oil-rich Arabs as brothel slaves or harem chattels for price tags which range up to \$3,000 and which depend on her vital statistics, her age, weight and color of hair. Since the petroleum boom in Arab has given rise to a privileged class of men preposterously wealthy, and since Nasser has none of this liquid gold on his terrain, his regime is getting its hands on some of the oil money in another way. Cairo is selling "certain commodities" to the affluent princes and monied merchants of Saudi Arabia and its desert neighbors by helping them stock their slave pens with the most desirable harem fodder from the Continent.

There was a time the Sheiks were satisfied with native girls from Africa who were smuggled into Arab villages and sold in the marketplace as concubines. But apparently the Allah-sent oil has refined the sex tastes of these desert bigshots, because they now want—and are eager to pay dearly for—lovely young things with light skins from Europe. The demand for Italian and French girls (thanks to movie films which are shown in the Middle East) is so great that the going COD price for a well-stacked Roman soubrette or a ripened Gallic cutie has made the procuring racket a big business—one that runs into several million dollars a year.

With demand greater than supply, the well-heeled Mohammedans are paying Nasser's agents to flood talent scouts all over the Mediterranean real estate from Palermo to Pisa to Paris. These sex emissaries use bribes, blackmail or brutality to get the girls across the balmy waters to Cairo where they are swiftly picked up and freighted deeper into the trackless and burning deserts of "Oildorado."

Herdinger's diplomatic trunk came into being when the clever Nazi discovered that reluctant females could be air freighted out of the country alive and healthy by using this ingeniously contrived, portable prison cell. It could be shipped out of Rome or Paris without going through customs, thanks to Egypt's privilege of diplomatic immunity.

As luck would have it, when a Rome airport customs officer in November of 1964 heard a muffled whimper coming out of the diplomatic baggage being hauled towards a United Arab Airlines plane, the imprisoned victim inside was not a female destined for slavery, but a male agent destined for execution. Otherwise, the sordid business of Herr Herdinger's sex slave recruiters would have come out into the open in all its disgusting detail.

This reporter's investigation, however, has led him onto the trail of Helmut Herdinger. My snooping led

to Vienna at one point where police officials admitted that though they knew what was happening to many unfortunate girls, they were powerless to do anything about the situation. They reported they have made official appeals to Interpol—the International Police Organization with headquarters in Paris—for help, but to no avail so far.

"A large number of young women have been abducted or tricked by the slavers," a captain of the Vienna Police Department said, "but we can not trace them beyond our own borders without the help of Interpol and other law enforcement agencies. We know for sure that the white slavers are getting as high as \$3,000 for females they deliver unharmed to agents in Beirut, Port Said or Cairo."

The officer told me that the trappers try to get as many girls as possible without resorting to force. European women of dubious morals are offered handsome sums of money to work as "entertainers" in the Middle East. So quite a number have left their native shores voluntarily, only to find that they have been lured into prostitution and ultimately into slavery, either in a brothel or in a harem.

**ONE WESTERN WOMAN** who had a taste of harem life is Elaine Dana, a French stripteaser and sometime belly-dancer who made a deal with a young sheik and lived with him in Saudi Arabia before going back home. She reported to this correspondent that she personally knew several European girls who were trapped in harems as involuntary prisoners.

"Every well-to-do Arab considers himself fortunate if he can possess the body of a light-skinned female or a blonde—the younger the better," Elaine said between shows at Vienna's posh Chez Nous nightclub. "A female bed partner from Europe is an important status symbol in Arabia. Therefore she is highly desirable. She's a novelty for which a rich Arab is willing to pay a very high price."

Miss Dana added that as far as she knew, most of the modern harems in vast Arabia are furnished with many luxuries. They are equipped with air conditioners and all the latest electrical appliances. Some harems even have television sets and tape recorders.

"Nearly all the girls wear daring Paris made toilettes with necklines plunging to the waist. Their robes are usually covered with precious stones and gold ornaments. Cleanliness is maintained in tiled shower rooms. As long as a harem prisoner caters to her provider whenever and however he decides, she lives a comparatively

—turn to page 104



von

Igor had to have the beautiful countess, but she was too prudish to even talk about sex.

# THE TACTFUL SERVANT

MANY YEARS AGO in Russia, there lived a young and beautiful Countess, who, having been brought up in a sheltered environment, blushed when she heard a peasant come forth with a cussword, and fainted away whenever she heard a vulgar expression. Because her servants were only too human and occasionally slipped out with an off-color remark or a naughty word, the Countess was continually dismissing them and hiring others to take their places, only to dismiss them in turn when they offended her.

Now, there happened to be a young fellow named Igor, who had fallen very much in love with the Countess and was eager to make love to her, but he was aware of the young lady's sheltered upbringing and he was afraid to approach her for fear she would be angry with him and send him out of her sight forever. Finally, he hit upon the following ruse. He managed to get himself hired as her servant. In this way, he could be close to her and eventually, perhaps, attain his desire.

It happened that one day, Igor accompanied his young mistress as she visited one of her estates. They came across a herd of pigs, and in their midst a large boar was satisfying himself with a sow.

"What are they doing?" the young Countess asked.

Igor stuttered for a moment, thinking all was lost. Then he grew cunning and tactfully replied, "Why I can tell you what it is, my lady. The one underneath must be some relative — a sister or an aunt — and the one on top is ill, so the other is carrying him up to the house where he can get medical attention."

"Yes, that must be what it is," said the Countess, and she smiled.

A little later, they came to a herd of cattle, and a bull was servicing a cow. "And what is that?" the Countess asked.

"Ah," replied Igor, "the cow is not very strong, and she hasn't been able to find anything to eat, having eaten all the grass around her. That's why the bull is pushing her toward some fresh grass, as you can see."

"Oh, yes. That's exactly it," replied the Countess, and she laughed.

Very soon thereafter they passed a drove of horses, and a stallion was serving a mare. "And what is that?" asked the Countess.

"Why," answered Igor, "you see there, beyond the woods, there is some smoke. No doubt there is a fire somewhere, and the horse has climbed up to get a better view of the fire."

"Of course. That must be what's happening," said the Countess, and she laughed very hard this time.

Shortly, they came to a brook, and the Countess decided to go for a swim. She undressed and entered the water while Igor stood on the shore and watched, hardly able to contain himself.

"What are you standing there for? Don't you want to go swimming, too?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "though, I'd rather go fishing." And he eagerly undressed and jumped in beside her.

They splashed around for a while, and finally, the Countess could contain her curiosity no longer, and, pointing to his manhood, she asked, "What is that?"

"Why, my lady, that is called a fish."

"Oh," she answered, and then added, "but, won't the fish swim away in the water?"

"Yes, my lady," replied Igor. "It is very liable to unless we can catch it in a net."

"But, where can we find a net?"

"Ah, my lady, it just so happens that you have one there," he said, pointing to her.

"Then let us act quickly before it swims away," urged the Countess, and suited her actions to her words.

Thus, Igor attained his goal through the use of tact, and, since the young Countess found it quite enjoyable, they went fishing many, many times thereafter.

retold from  
Russian *Ribald Tales*

by ROBERT BLAKE



**Girded with death, Germany's most skillful pilots boarded their volatile crafts to become human bombs**

TWENTY THOUSAND feet above the patchwork green of Germany, the B-17's loafed serenely on towards their target, the Leuna synthetic petroleum works at Leipzig. The American crews were alert but relaxed. In this, the middle of 1944, the Allies were masters of the skies, and almost daily the big "Forts" roved the enemy homeland nearly at will. ■ True, the missions were still anything but "milk runs"—German resistance was still fierce and murderous flak awaited over every target—but enemy fighters, the one real dread of any bomber crew, were no longer the deadly threat they had been. The great hordes of Me109s and FW190s, which had once nearly spelled the end of daylight bombing, had been slowly whittled down to a relative handful, and these few the Germans kept massed along

*—turn the page*

# **THIRTY BRAVE MEN AND**

by JAY SCHILLER



# THE "FABULOUS FLEA"

the channel coast. There, in concentration, they still could—and did—extract a stiff admission price to Inner Germany, but over-target fighters were now almost non-existent. A few American gunners, in fact, with typical G.I. irony, jokingly complained that, once the coast was behind them, they were more apt to be bored to death than killed by the enemy.

For the gunners of the Leipzig bound 17s, such boredom was about to end. And in a manner so fantastic, it was to seem like a page straight out of Jules Verne.

Some fifty miles from target, the top-turret gunner of the trailing "Fort" glanced up casually in his routine searching of empty sky—then braced stiffly at what he saw. *Fighters!* Coming in high. And faster than any fighters had a right to! Barking a warning over the intercom, he swiveled his guns, triggered them, and tried to fix a lead on the first of the onrushing "Jerrys." But before his tracers even came close, the German was in and gone, streaking skyward in an impudent roll. The American, his guns momentarily silent even as the other fighter swarmed in, stared dumbfoundedly after him. Aside from its incredible speed, the "Jerry" fighter was the weirdest thing he had ever seen. Short and squat, like a camouflaged egg glued to the apexed middle of a boomerang, it had flashed by without the sound of an engine—silent, in fact, except for the faint, distant pounding of its guns and the screeching wind of its passing...

...and the damned thing had had neither a tail nor a prop!!

"They're coming straight up from the ground!" The belly-gunner's voice rang in his headset. "Coming straight up! Like—like they're being shot at us!"

"Get on 'em, gunners!" The pilot's voice rang. "Get on 'em, Goddammit!"

The intercom was alive, now, with all their voices:

"Too fast! The bastards are too fast!"

"Track 'em, track 'em!"

"Can't! Too damned fast!"

"What the hell are they? Buzz-bombs?"

"Hell, no! They got pilots!"

"Get 'em! Get the lousy sons of—!"

"Rockets!" A voice crackled above the rest. "The damned things are rocketships!"

"Christ!" another voice intoned with better humor. "Buck Rogers is fighting for the Krauts!"

Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, the strange fighters were gone, hurtling like burned-out meteors

towards the mottled green below. The Americans, intact, they knew, only because the fighters had been so few, continued on to their target, but in their hearts a dread fear had taken root—as well it should have.

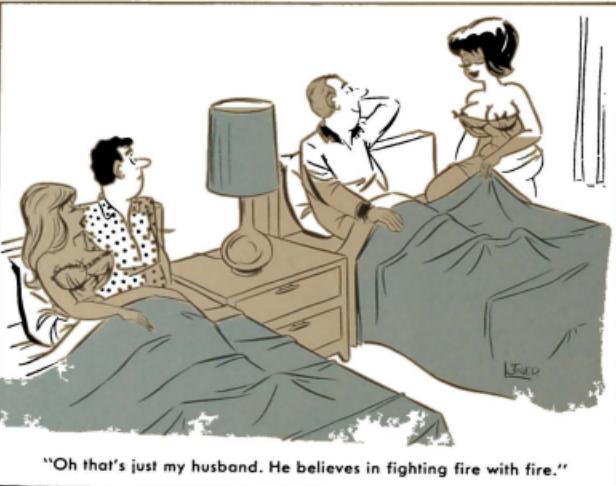
They had just encountered the fantastic super-weapon with which the Luftwaffe proposed to clear German skies of every last Allied bomber, with which the Third Reich could yet turn mounting defeat into final victory, and against which, as they had clearly seen, the world's most heavily armed bombers, massed in tight defensive formation, could do little or nothing.

They had just met the "Fabulous Flea."

OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED as the Messerschmidt Me163, Komet, the "Flea" (known also to the men who flew it as the "Powered Egg" and the "Devil's

epoch. For the knowledge they gained, often at the expense of their own lives, has contributed mightily to an era wherein hyper-sonic speeds are commonplace, wherein a sophisticated American rocket-plane, the X-15, has touched the edge of outer space at better than 4000 miles per hour, wherein Astronauts and Cosmonauts girdle the globe at six miles per second, and wherein men the world over aspire to reach the stars.

The Me163 was a full ten years, if not more, ahead of itself. At a time when most designers still scoffed at the idea of rocket propulsion for aircraft, it was already a reality, having made its first flight in April of 1939, months before Hitler marched on Poland. In early 1941, when the XP-80, our own first crude attempt at rocket flight, was scarcely off the drawing board, the German plane had



Sled"—and both with good reason!) was the world's first manned, fully controllable, rocket-plane. And the men who flew it—thirty volunteers assembled from every fighter group in the Luftwaffe into an unprecedented unit called "Test-Commando 16"—were the world's first rocket pilots. Together, they constituted what was perhaps the most serious threat to the Allies since Dunkirk, and a threat, many experts still believe, finally overcome not by Allied countermeasures, but by the chance vicissitudes of war alone.

Of greater importance today, however, is the fact that the "Flea" and its pioneers wrote one of the most remarkable chapters in aviation history, a chapter marking the birth of an

already secretly broken the world speed record of 475 miles per hour. On October second of that same year, better than two months before Pearl Harbor, in a level-flight speedrun at Peenemunde, it reached 623.85 miles per hour! The term had yet to be coined, but the ship which returned from that run bore ample proof along the air-dented leading edges of its wings that it had hit the "sonic barrier"—this at a time when even few scientists imagined that such a barrier might exist!

Time and technology may have since dimmed the luster of such fantastic achievements, but even today the "Flea" bears two outstanding distinctions. It is the only rocket-plane, still, ever to leave the ground *regular-*

ly under its own power, and it is still the only one ever to have seen combat. Indeed, the only one ever to have scored "kills" against enemy aircraft

IN A SENSE, the story of the "Flea" began in 1918 with the close of World War I. The Treaty of Versailles, among its other provisions, deprived Germany of powered aircraft. Characteristically resourceful, the Germans circumvented the treaty, until they were strong enough to defy it openly, with gliders and sailplanes. With such craft, they not only trained tens of thousands of future Luftwaffe pilots, but soon found themselves the world leader in powerless flight, pioneering the development of new and radical designs.

Out of this was born a tailless, high-speed glider, a direct ancestor of the "Fabulous Flea." Its designer was Dr. Alexander Lippisch, a staunch advocate of tailless aircraft, whose genius, following the close of the Second World War, was instrumental in the creation of several American delta-winged jets, among them the giant B-58 "Hustler."

In 1939, Lippisch, working for Messerschmidt, wedged a new design of his tailless craft to a rocket engine designed by the German naval engineering genius, Professor Hellmuth Walter. The Walter engine, combining hydrogen peroxide and calcium permanganate as fuels, produced steam, rather than the white hot flame now so familiar to followers of America's Gemini and missile programs. This "cold" rocket, delivering its 1650 pounds of thrust, drove the strange ship to a speed of 341.8 miles per hour! Thus the first prototype "Flea" was born.

Encouraged by this phenomenal success, Lippisch built two more improved versions, and it was one of these which, in the autumn of 1941, first encountered the compressibility effect of high-speed flight, the "sonic barrier," that was to baffle aircraft designers for nearly a decade and remain the "upper limit" for all aircraft until Chuck Yeager, piloting the American Bell X-1, battered his way through this invisible wall in the sky.

But the "Flea" was far from perfected, leaving much to be desired in fuel capacity, armament, and other flight equipment. And the "cold" rocket engine, troublesome from the start, was an off-on affair, the speed and power of which the pilot could not control. While Lippisch set about improving the airframe design, Walter went to work on a "hot" rocket, capable of much greater thrust, and subject to throttle control. This latter proved to be a chief stumbling block,

involving long months of maddening frustration, and, while an operational rocket was at last developed, it was to remain the "Flea's" most temperamental and dangerous component—as, much to their sorrow, the men of Test-Commando 16 would learn many times over.

The "hot" engine still used hydrogen peroxide as one of its fuels, but the other was hydrazine, a vile smelling, unstable and corrosive chemical which, when combined with any organic substance—such as, on too many occasions, the pilot's flesh—instantly dissolved it in a flaming explosion! Despite this and other less serious drawbacks, the "Flea," now known officially as the Me163B, was ready for limited production and operational testing. In mid-1943, under the strictest security measures, Test-Commando 16 ws formed. At a small, out-of-the-way airfield near Bad Zwischenahn, Oldenburg, a year long "honeymoon" of danger and death, a mating of brave men and unpredictable machines, was about to begin.

The "brides" awaiting the men of T-C 16 were at once both ugly, ungainly witches, and creatures of strange beauty. Hardly man-high, and with a wing-span scarcely greater than a Piper's Cub's, they sat propless, tailless and wheelless on their take-off dollies, their nose-mounted pilot canopies gleaming balefully like huge, evil, cyclopean eyes. Yet there was grace to the sweepback of their wings, and majesty to their preening rudders.

And the robust lines of their teardrop fuselages, less than twenty feet long, possessed the beauty of sheer muscle, trained, tensed and powerful. Despite the dangers which they knew lay ahead, the thirty volunteers "husbands" of T-C 16—whose tastes and characters were as varied and clashing as a crew of buccaneers—succumbed without exception to love at first sight.

COMBAT PILOTS all (some with "kill scores" of over 100), the men of the Commando had been accepted primarily for skill and experience. They had flown thousands of hours in every kind of fighter craft and, to a man, they were all that rare breed, the "natural pilot," the flyer who is instantly at home in any kind of plane, part of it by instinct.

Yet, while instinct and experience would serve them well at Bad Zwischenahn, they would have to learn a whole new flight technique, even as they created it. Each would be a living answer to the old conundrum: "Who taught the first teacher?" For the "Flea," unique in conception,

—turn to page 88

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could not be flown except uniquely. In theory, it was simple. The touch of a button, a whine, a thunderclap, and the Walter engine, staggering flame to the rear, would strain the ship against its dolly chocks. Second-stage throttle, and the ship would leap the chocks, lurching into take-off. Third-stage, and the staggering Walter would ram it through its ground run and into the air. Then, with its dolly jettisoned, the "Flea" would shoot, nearly vertically, skyward to its operational altitude, reaching 30,000 feet in less than four minutes!

Here, its fuel (five tons at take-off!) would be gone, completely exhausted, except for mere dregs sloshing about in its tanks. Its rocket now silent, the "Flea" would be no more than an armed glider. But what a glider! With its clean lines and 1-to-20 gliding ratio, it could stay aloft, if need be, for better than an hour, ranging nearly a hundred mile circle.

In actual combat, of course, time aloft would be measured in minutes; trading its altitude for momentum, it would slash not less than twice through a bomber formation, its machine-cannons pounding out death, diving in and zooming away at better than 600 miles per hour! Its task then completed, it would nose back to base, touching down on its steel belly-skid in a precise spot-landing.

Simple in theory, in practice the flight of the Me163B was too often fatally different, for the temperamental engine and the lethally corrosive hydrazine made death the invisible co-pilot on every trip, ready to seize control at any opportunity. In the year of testing before T-C 16 became a combat operational unit, nearly a third of the original volunteers died horribly in flaming explosions, and those who survived came perilously close to a similar fate on several occasions.

The "Flea," quite literally, was a bomb, ready to detonate at any moment from engine start to landing. Especially landing. Sudden, searing death was almost certain for any pilot who failed to put his belly-skid precisely on the big white cross centered on the first third of the runway.

**SERGEANT ALOIS WORNDL** was the first to meet such an end. After several weeks of unpowered spot-landing in a prototype version of the ship, Wondl was the "lucky" one chosen to try the first of the new Komets to arrive at the field. He overshot his landing, careened into the rough ground at the runway's end, and flipped over, bursting his tanks. Instantly, the remaining hydrazine, per-

haps combining suddenly with the residual hydrogen peroxide, erupted in a shattering explosion. Oddly, Wondl was thrown clear, but broke his neck as his hurtling body struck the earth.

**Wolfgang Spate**, Commander of T-C 16 and a man who had been part of the project almost from its conception, nearly met the same fate — *twice on the same day*. On his first flight, his engine quit at less than 600 feet. Too low to jump, he turned back into the field, but his downwind drift carried him well past the margin of safety and he, too, skidded off into the rough ground. Halfway over onto its back, the ship teetered on its nose. Then, miraculously, it settled back on its belly. By the time the crash truck reached the smoldering, still threatening plane, Spate was safely clear and intact.

On his second flight, he overshot an otherwise normal landing, this time hurtling toward dangerous ground at a speed certain to flip him several times over. With the ship still skidding along at better than 100 kilometers per hour, Spate blew his canopy, slapped open his seat belt, and jumped — suffering no more than a bad concussion!

His courageous action set the example for his men, and jumping from a runaway ship quickly became an unofficial operational procedure, despite the fact that few pilots thus escaped without injuries far more serious than their Commander's thumb on the head.

Lieutenant Joschi Pohs was yet another victim of the flying bomb, his death initiated by a stroke of that senseless irony which so often attends the life of the brave. On take-off, his jettisoned dolly rebounded freakishly back into the air, striking the ship itself. His engine trailing the violet-black smoke that meant an imminent explosion, he turned back into the field. But blinded by fumes in the cockpit, he banked too steeply, struck a flak tower at the edge of the field, and slewed-in to a fireball death.

But perhaps the most tragic death to visit the men of T-C 16 was that of Sergeant Walter Schubert. For him, there was no sudden flame-out, nor even the slightest miscalculation on his part. His was, almost literally, the "death of an innocent." He merely climbed into his cockpit, hit the starter-turbine button, and the ship blew up. In the hundred yard circle of debris that remained, they found only his leg.

DEATH WAS NOT always the end, however, when the "Flea" malfunctioned or a pilot made a bad judge-

ment. But for Rudolph Opitz and Franz Rosle it might have been more merciful. During a special demonstration flight at Berlin's Templehoff Field, held for the benefit of *Reichmarschall* Goring, himself, another plane cut Opitz out of his landing pattern, forcing him to touch down on rough ground.

Even as the "Flea" exploded, Opitz jumped clear, but the emergency crew found him rolling on the ground, screaming in anguish. The searing hydrazine, freed from its tank in the hard landing, had dissolved his flying suit and had eaten away the whole of his back and buttocks. Rosle, too, jumped from a crash-landing and lived, but the corrosive fuel literally dissolved his face.

Despite daily visitations of death and near death, the men of the Commando learned to master the treacherous "brides" they had taken. In mid-1944, they were re-designated *Jagdgeschwader* (Fighter-Group) 400 and were moved to the defense perimeter of Leipzig. It was here they inscribed their planes with the insignia of a rocket-propelled flea overlaid with the motto, "*Wie ein Floh — aber oh!*" ("Like a flea — but oh!").

A second fighter group was established at Stargard, and rings of rocket-fighter bases were planned for Berlin, the Ruhr, and other vital areas. Had these become a reality, the Luftwaffe might well have broken the back of Allied strategic bombing, for in the few weeks of its existence, Geschwader 400 alone scored nearly twenty "kills" amongst the big "Forts" which came against Leipzig.

Realizing this, the Allies began pounding the Messerschmidt plants and other works which built the ship on franchise, and began escorting their raids with P-51s. The Mustang was no match for the rocket-plane, simply because it could not catch it, but the American pilots were quick to find the "Flea's" Achilles heel — its uncertain take-off and its powerless landing. Before and after each raid, the Mustangs sought out and destroyed hundreds of Me163Bs on the ground.

But the one thing which truly doomed the tiny rocket-plane was the not uncommon human resistance to progress. Politicking and boondoggling had plagued it from its inception, military favoritism and envy had shunted it aside time and again, and skepticism had been its constant companion. Thus when it was most sorely needed, the Messerschmidt Me163B, Komet, was again the story of too little, too late. Had it been otherwise, thirty brave men and the "Fabulous Flea" might have changed the course of history.



**Mysterious Michelle**—exotic import from Paree





She speaks little English but has no trouble being understood

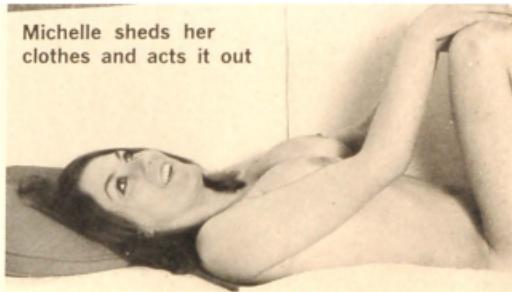
**L**USCIOUS Parisian pretty Michelle Frazier has finally given up her fast life in the City of Lights to pit her talents against challenging Hollywood filmdom. Her ability and desire to appear *au naturel* will definitely be no handicap in her conquest of the celluloid kingdom. "My dramatic instructor told me the quickest way to shed inhibitions was to take off my clothes. He was right." And the way Michelle exhibits her whopping 38-23-37 figure, we know she'll have no trouble with stage fright.

Michelle already has netted herself a bit part in one of the flicks to be





Michelle sheds her clothes and acts it out



filmed this summer. It's only a walk-on part but after the impulsive import appears they may not let her walk off. When she told us about herself she said, "I have animal instincts —oh! I mean I instinctively love animals." She didn't need to tell us that. Her feline feelings were fairly obvious by the purring pussy she kept as a companion. Mademoiselle Frazier, still a bit apprehensive from her recent arrival, hopes they like her, it's a long way home. ☺





to  
MO  
TEL





THIS HAPPENED years ago, during that all too brief period a decade back when the US Army had no wars to fight. We were stationed at Ft. Bliss, near El Paso, Texas, firing surface to air missiles that within a few years would be obsolete. We knew we were throwing our lives away down there—not to mention the taxpayers' money—and maybe that's why it happened.

It was a Saturday night. For others that year, it was bath night, date night, take the girl out night. But not for us. For us, it was go to a motel and play penny ante poker and get blotto night. Next Saturday, it would be go to Juarez and diddle the whores night. And then we would do it all over again. Once in a while, we would take a trip through the great American Southwest and play tourist. But not often.

There were three of us that night—Zerbe, Mullins and me. I'm Croft. James Robert Croft. I knew Zerbe and Mullins about as well as you get to know people in the Army. Zerbe was, hell, ape-like; there's no other way to describe him. One other thing about *turn the page*



She was a nice girl—too nice to be playing strip games in a sleazy motel

# CATEGORIES

by WAYNE C. ULSH

## CATEGORIES, from page 95

him should be mentioned. He was a dominant type. Know what I mean? Zerbe was a leader of men; he usually got his way.

So there he was, half tight on Jim Beam, smoking bad-smelling cigars, losing pennies heavily, and pacing. Back and forth at the window he went, pulling a Venetian blind slat aside every once in a while, looking outside. I'd seen him like that before, and it scared me a little.

"I told you we should have gone to Juarez," Mullins said.

Christ, I thought. He was doing most of the winning. There isn't much I can say about Mullins. There was nothing distinguishing about him. Just another guy, one of those ciphers you find so many of in the Army.

"Juarez," Zerbe snorted. "I'm up to here with those pigs in Juarez."

"At least we got air conditioning here," I said.

Nobody replied to that. Zerbe was at the window, looking out. Mullins was shuffling and re-shuffling the cards, waiting for Zerbe to re-join the game.

"Anybody for TV?" I said, getting up.

"Hold on," Zerbe said, pushing a hand out. "I got a feeling we're going to get a little poolside entertainment."

Mullins and I got to the window about the same time. Our motel was U-shaped, with a driveway, a grassy court and a lighted swimming pool inside the U. A girl in a swimming suit had walked out onto the strip of concrete around the pool and was standing there looking at the water. The suit was a bikini and the girl in it was well built.

"That's nice," Zerbe said.

"Jeez," Mullins said.

"She's going in," I said.

We watched, almost holding our breaths, as the girl put down the towel she was carrying, put on a white bathing cap, stepped to the edge of the pool and dove in.

"Nice form," Zerbe said.

"Barely a ripple," Mullins said.

Lapsing into silence again, we watched as the girl did an easy crawl up the pool and back and pulled herself from the water. She walked to the towel, her suit clinging to her skin, and began to dry herself.

"Gorgeous," Zerbe breathed.

"What a body," Mullins said.

"And what is she doing at a motel?" I said. "Alone?"

"That," Zerbe said, smiling, "is what I've been wondering." He took a long swig of Jim Beam and winked at me. "Maybe," he went on, "she'd like to be a fourth for poker."

"Sonofabitch," Mullins said, "do you think—?"

"I think it's worth a try," Zerbe said.

Mullins and I stepped back from the window and watched as Zerbe put his drink down, dropped his cigar in an ashtray and went to the door.

"Shape this place up, troops," he said. "We may be having a visitor." He grinned, smoothed his black hair and stepped outside. Through the window, we watched him cross the driveway and the grass to the pool.

"Go, man," Mullins said.

I went to one of the beds and sat down.

"He'll never pull it off," I said. "Don't get your hopes up."

"Why not?"



"Because he smells like a distillery. She'd have to be nuts to come in here."

"Or eager."

"She won't be *that* eager."

"He's talking to her," Mullins said from the window.

"So—?"

"She's smiling. I saw her smile."

"Big deal."

"Well . . . shit; he's coming back."

"I told you . . ."

Mullins sat down on the other bed and we waited. I was surprised when Zerbe came in. He was smiling and rubbing his hands together.

"Well," he said, "get ready, men. She's coming. As soon as she finishes her swim, she's coming over."

THE GIRL CAME after the longest half hour in history. She had changed into a rather simple white dress with blue buttons and a blue belt. Her legs were bare, and it was wonderfully obvious that she had no slip or girdle on. We all stood up, and Zerbe walked over to her and said, "Hi, Bonnie Sue. Nice of you to come."

"Hi," Bonnie Sue said. She gave Mullins and me a nervous once over. "I . . . I didn't know . . . You didn't tell me there were three of you," she said to Zerbe.

"Just a couple of buddies," Zerbe said. "This here's Ray Mullins, and the fellow with the glasses is Jim Croft."

Mullins and I muttered a greeting. An awkward moment followed during which you could damn near hear the wheels turning in Bonnie Sue's head. Should I or shouldn't I?

Zerbe started babbling about her having a drink and offering every reason he could think of for her to stay, and Mullins tried to help out by saying something about how we were just a couple of lonely soldiers who wanted to talk to a girl. It was pretty sickening.

I just dropped down on the bed again and looked at Bonnie Sue. She was a big girl; that was the first thing that hit you about her. Big, like Scandinavian girls are big, with an almost

boyish face and real short hair, like Olympic swimmers have. The next thing you noticed about her was that she was *young*. I mean, young enough to be dangerous.

My mind was working quite well. You know how it is just before you slide down into that state of alcoholic oblivion. I was thinking about what the legal age of consent was in Texas (I didn't know, but I was *sure* Bonnie Sue was under it) and what the Army would do to us if we were arrested for statutory rape. Things like that.

Zerbe and Mullins obviously weren't thinking about things like that. They simply overwhelmed Bonnie Sue. They got her to sit down at the dresser we'd been using as a card table and shoved a drink into her hand. I stopped thinking and started listening. What follows, the dialogue between Zerbe and Bonnie Sue, provides a pretty good insight of what kind of girl she was.

"We were playing poker," Zerbe said. "Do you play poker?"

"No."

"Uh huh. You wanna learn how?"

"No. I don't play card games too well. I like to swim."

"So we saw. Do you come out here often? To swim?"

"Oh, I come all the time. I like to swim."

"You always come alone?"

"Yeah. Well, the other girls, you know. They don't like to swim as much as me."

"Uh huh. I was thinking about the boys. You come with boys?"

"I don't come with boys much."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I mean, they're... you're all right and all..."

"Sure we are. How about us teaching you to play poker?"

"I can't learn. I mean, I'd like to..."

"Well, how about strip poker? You ever hear of that?"

"Oh, I heard of *that*." Bonnie Sue giggled. "Everybody's heard of *that*."

"Would you like to play strip poker?"

"But I can't play cards. I told you..."

Zerbe was getting nowhere. But nowhere. Everybody sat there, trying to think of something to say next, staring at the floor.

"I know a game," I said. They all turned and looked at me, and I considered not going on. "It's easy and fun. No cards. You want to hear about it, Bonnie Sue?"

"Sure."

"Well, it's called *categories*."

She gave me a blank look.

"It's simple," I went on. "You name a category, like *animals*. Then you clap your hands on the table three

times, like this,"—and I demonstrated—"and on the fourth clap you name an animal, like *cat*. Then you go around the table and everybody names an animal, like *cat*. Then you go around the table and everybody names an animal until someone can't think of one."

"Then what?" Zerbe said.

"Then the guy that missed has to drink up, chug-a-lug. Or..."

"Or what?"

"Or take some clothes off."

"I don't know," she said. "All you boys..."

"Oh, come on," Zerbe said. "It'll be fun."

"Yeah," Mullins said. "Heck, I'll probably lose."

But Bonnie Sue was looking at me. Old James Robert Croft. Okay, I thought. Sure, you've been getting plenty of action, Croft, but none of this clean, sweet, American stuff. It's a long haul. More than thirteen months to go in this stinking Army. If the lady's willing...

"It'll be fun," I said, smiling at her. "Really, Bonnie Sue, just a lot of fun. That's all."

"Well... If you're sure nothing will happen, nothing *bad*..."

"We'll just have a good time," I said.

"Well... Okay, I guess."

Bonnie Sue smiled. Zerbe let out a whoop, and Mullins cracked me on the back. We crowded around the dresser, Mullins and I at the sides, and Zerbe and Bonnie Sue at the front. Zerbe poured more Jim Beam into our glasses. Bonnie Sue tried some of hers and choked.

"Ooooh," she said, "that's too strong."

"Mullins," Zerbe said, "go down to the office and get some soft drinks from that machine."

Mullins left and returned a moment later with some Coke, 7-Up and root beer. Zerbe opened a Coke and flooded Bonnie Sue's glass.

"That'll cut it," he said, and Bonnie Sue drank again and seemed to like it.

They all looked at me, and I started the game. I picked an easy category—automobiles—and we went around three times before Bonnie Sue couldn't think of any.

"Drink up!" we all shouted and, obediently, she did, nearly emptying her glass. Zerbe tilted the whiskey bottle again and said, "Okay, Bonnie Sue, you gotta take something off."

Under the dresser, she kicked off a shoe, and Zerbe, Mullins and I moaned. She laughed, putting her glass to her lips again.

Mullins picked a category—dogs. This time, Bonnie drew a blank on the second trip around the dresser.

She drained her glass and dropped the other shoe.

Zerbe named baseball players, and Bonnie Sue missed on the first round. This time, she stood up and removed her blue belt. She sat down and finished off another glass of whiskey and Coke. Bonnie Sue selected movie stars and laughed when Mullins missed the third time around. Then it was back to me.

"Planets," I said. *Bam, bam, bam.* "Mars."

Mullins came up with Venus. Zerbe said Saturn, and Bonnie Sue opened her mouth and said nothing. This time, it was the dress. She took her fourth drink, stood up, and worked on the buttons slowly. She was enjoying it. Still scared underneath, but liking it.

The dress slithered away to her feet. Her panties and bra were about the size of the bikini she'd had on. There was a lot of girl showing in between. Bonnie Sue sat down again, and angled her glass at Zerbe. He complied, filling it half way up with whiskey. He put in less Coke this time.

The bra came off on *song titles*. Bonnie Sue put away her fifth glass of booze—or was it her sixth? Mullins said, "God!" and Zerbe licked his lips. I took another drink myself. I know I had to get drunk.

Zerbe picked a category, *Whiskeys*. Hell, appropriate, huh? I started to laugh. Zerbe said, "Jim Beam."

I said, "Calvert's," even though it wasn't my turn.

Mullins said, "Old Granddad."

Bonnie Sue said nothing at first. She was singing softly to herself, something nonsensical, and her head kept rolling forward. Zerbe put his cigar in an ashtray, and I watched it go out. Across from me, Mullins squirmed, his eyes on Bonnie Sue's breasts. She looked up, from Zerbe to me and said, "What's a category? Huh?"

"Whiskeys," I said.

"Whiskeys? Don't know about whiskeys." She looked at her glass. "Cep I know it tastes good. You know... I feel funny, but good. I feel happy. Do you all feel happy? You all look like you aren't enjoyin' yourselves. You all look all nervous like. You know? Why is that? Hmn?"

She drank. She got too much in her mouth and some of it ran down over her chin. She smiled at me, and I saw that her eyes were glassy. *God*, I thought, *come on, girl*. I looked at Bonnie Sue, wanting her a lot now, thinking that Zerbe and Mullins did too. If Bonnie Sue just went on sitting there, the three of us would explode.

"Hey, Bonnie Sue," I said. "Hey, —turn to page 118



*Here's how one woman gets rid of her  
"obsolete" lovers—listen, men, and beware!*

# THE PARTY'S OVER

by GILLIAN DOW

**W**HEN A LADY READS one of the currently popular bosomy books intended for male eyes, in particular, she sheds, somewhat in the manner of a lady werewolf in reverse, her feminine fangs, and with puppyish friendliness joins the boys in severe criticisms and condemnations of her own sex.

But there comes a moment of truth, such as leeches descending upon the hapless male like a severe attack of bubonic plague, creatures of such clinging vine proclivity that the vine reeks of poison ivy, an entwining obtrusion of which to be wary.

When this occurs, the lady writer must take issue. After reading an article in a recent issue of a men's magazine entitled, "How To End an Affair in any Language and Still Be Friends," it occurred to this author that men should be alerted to the other side of the equation. There is a formidable female problem that has to deal with the man who refuses to throw in the sponge when the party's over and just relax and let the memory linger on.

Instead of categorizing lovers by nationalities (for it is my well-traveled

experience that men apparently are more homogenous than women, and that language and cultural barriers offer fewer obstacles than they must do in women — men in love, men infatuated, whatever the word choice, are, regardless of the country in which one finds them, simply men in love, or men infatuated and their behaviour pattern is quite similar) I shall proceed to identify by types former lovers who were difficult to shed. Since all of the types involved are basically masochistic, I shall avoid any sort of psychiatric terminology and simply refer to each male as a typical case history of a familiar type.

#### CASE No. 1-Z.B\*

When Z—, after several years of a silly cat and mouse game of pursuit (mostly by very expensive long distance conversations which, incidentally, can be fatal if both parties possess sexy, provocative voices and a good line of chatter) decided to visit me in Long Island and to all intents and purposes "pop the question," I was ecstatic. Here at last was true love! Tall, handsome, a Harvard graduate with a background of solid American

Gothic to offset my decadent, flim-flammy ancestry, he seemed ideal. To a degree he was. I should have taken his words, "I pamper myself," more seriously for the truth therein.

Pamper himself he did. For a week I marketed, cooked, cleaned house while he lounged, his eyes glued to the television set and more often than not closed in sleep while the silly dialogue kept droning into my ears. I could not believe what was happening. I was being converted into a slave while he "rested."

In the middle of the second week of observing sleeping beauty, whose hulk of male flesh grew preposterously large and unattractive sprawled on my sofa, I knew I had to send him packing back to his flat in Manhattan, back to the security of eternal bachelorhood, and I had to do it without upsetting his ego or hurting his feelings.

My first attempt came one day when I neglected to shop and was hard at work at my typewriter (hidden away in my den, writing meaningless nothings, for I was too disturbed to really think and create),

—turn the page

when I noted the hour was seven p.m., I emerged and said, "Oh dear, I didn't go to the store today. I forgot. I'm really a lousy housekeeper. Forgive me, darling, I'm so stupid. There's nothing in the house and the nearest restaurant is in Easthampton, and I'm just too dead tired to drive that far."

"Why, forget all about it," he grined, noisily munching a piece of celery and lapping a huge glass of buttermilk and smacking his lips. "Why, with this good old country style fresh buttermilk, I can make myself real cozy, look at TV, and you just go back to your typewriter."

I suppose I should have thought him a sweetheart, an angel, a darling, understanding, unselfish man. But I didn't. I became more convinced that he had to go, before I went berserk. At the end of the second day of fresh buttermilk and celery, I got hungry and returned to the kitchen, I decided to prepare *tripe dc caen*, a French delicacy that can offend as well as pleasure. I set the meal before him, its pungent odors reeking through the house, and to my dismay he said: "Ah, tripe. My favorite dish. Why, when I was in Paris —"

As his occasional conversation was all built around our marriage plans, I grew weaker, but determined to find an escape — with honor. The chance came one night during a discussion of politics at a friend's house. When I became interested in listening I realized much to my horror dream boy was so conservative he made Barry Goldwater look like a Bolshevik. I was convinced that he was a member of the John Birch Society, and probably on his nights away from home after we were married he'd steal my sheets and make an appearance with the Ku Klux Klan. I was aghast, but I had discovered the avenue of escape.

The next day, he found me curled up in a chair, deep in reading. It was not easy to carelessly throw the book under his eyes — its title, *The Communist Manifesto*. He picked it up and said, archly, "And may I ask just what is this trash you're reading?"

"Oh," I replied, cutting the greens for my salad, "just a refresher course. You've read it before?"

"Of course. Why, I suppose I'd be a card-carrying Communist if anybody had ever thought to give me a card."

He paled, love draining from his veins, "Are you aware that this is — is very serious. Communism is the one thing I loathe."

"Come off it, buster. That kind of talk is old hat. Think of the teachings

of Jesus. He makes Karl Marx look tepid."

"That," he said firmly, pursing his thin lips, "is essentially what is wrong with the church today. Why, most of our ministers are out and out REDS!"

I kept on, bitchily, summing up all academic knowledge I could recall. I was not easy to create an image of me as a "red agent," for I could see his eyes wandering to the standard black book with the familiar orange words "New York Social Register" inscribed thereon. And then move about the gate house, where I now lived, the main house on the estate having been destroyed by fire many years before. On the walls were the trophies of a pure capitalistic past, and although the house had but eight rooms it was a house of luxury, filled with French Provincial furniture and fine antiques. And the land itself was rolling and rich by any standards, but my histrionic talents were sufficiently convincing to create doubt in his "rightist" mind.

Eventually there was a showdown, and he departed, despairing the state of the world today. I was relieved until the repercussions followed by mail and phone calls from my friends, concerned about my "radical" leanings. Obviously, I had been out of the swim of social events too long. The country life had taken its toll. I was now off my rocker. I was out of my everloving mind, and, in time, poor thing, would have to be committed! Alas!

#### CASE No. 2-H.B\*

The second case is the history of the self-made man, determined to have a mistress much in the manner of the old Kings of France. For another woman H's attention would have been a Bonanza, for me it was a Dante's Inferno.

H — came across me in Miami Beach, where I was trying to recover from a horrid season of "hay fever" (Miami being pollen-free). The pickings were lean at that time of the year, and as a consequence I looked especially delectable. He was there alone, tending to his business interests. Seeing me alone in the dining room, I became the target of the visit. Being a man who was used to getting what he wanted, any attempts to ward off his attentions were futile.

Eventually, invited by a mutual woman friend, I succumbed and agreed to go to her dinner party. All would probably have ended that evening, as our interests had no meeting ground — he was all business, I was froth bubbling over intellectual form, as a disguise — except for the

dance. He had just completed a course at Arthur Murray's, and I was dedicated to the art of terpsichore. The result was a mating of the four soles of our feet. We became partners in the dance of life.

In truth, in the beginning I felt sorry for him. His entire life had been dedicated to but a single purpose — the making of millions of dollars. My idealistic self rationalized that I could bring the better things of life to a fine, deserving man. But he did not want the finer things of life. He only wanted the possessions that money could buy. He wanted me swathed in furs, and thinking I could discourage this expenditure, I informed him I had my furs — all, except a chinchilla. Lo, the next day I had the chinchilla with the following note: "Until I met you, I thought chinchilla was a rabbit."

This was a good omen. At least he appreciated my sense of values! If a girl is to be lost on the path of perdition, let her be wearing the best of furs and the finest of jewels. But he was so generous the game soon became a bore. I had only to look, admire, and it was mine. I was soon ladden with trinkets I didn't want, and I realized I was the owner because they enhanced his image among his roué friends.

Since I saw no end in sight to his extravagances, I decided to put his money to such good or such bad use, he would panic and leave me to my previous state of gentle but proud poverty. In short, I did not want to be "kept," nor was I a very satisfactory mistress — I was too gregarious, too filled with other interests.

We only survived because ours was a long distance love marathon. He lived (superficially) with his wife of twenty years in one state, and I had an apartment in Manhattan. When he flew into town in his Cessna, we would go on a merry-go-round of theatre, dancing and buying. And when Belmont was open, a day at the track. I was dying of boredom and acting an unfamiliar role.

I decided if he could not see that my love was waning, I would have him help my unemployed actor friends by becoming an "angel." I did. He put up the money and we became partners in investing in a Broadway production. It had been disastrous for everyone I had ever known, and I felt after two good jolts to his pocketbook love would vanish.

The gods were not with me. Each venture proved more lucrative than the previous one, and I became a person of importance in the world of the theatre. And he beamed with pride at my prescience. More money,

more gifts and more frequent visits were the result.

Finally, on one visit, I confessed that the affair had reached a stalemate as far as I was concerned and suggested we part — friends forever, lovers no more. He would not hear of it. He knew what was wrong. I was too fine a person to be kept in the background. He would do what was right, and what he should have done before. He would finally divorce his wife and marry me. Heavens to Betsy, I had started something that had catapulted into a catastrophe. I pleaded with him, tears in my voice, of the unfairness to this woman, the mother of his errant son, about whom I had heard—a problem boy-man, only a few years younger than I.

My pleading was in vain, and it brought on a flood of tears and a story of cuckoldry too grim to repeat. I was finally going to have to pay the wages of sin by taking the vows of matrimony! It was not fair. The big diamond hung heavily on my third left finger until one night when my rescue came in the form of my lover's son.

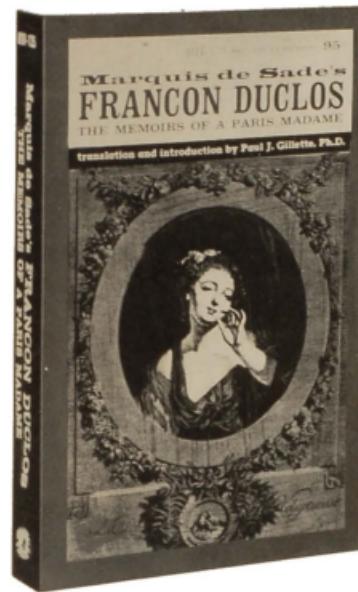
In a bar, he came over to me and pointed an accusing finger. "You are that woman!" He was deliciously drunk, and I carried him home with me. When he sobered up, I told him my true dilemma, and together we plotted to hold his father's marriage together. We did. Occasionally I heard from the son, now reformed and head of the business. Occasionally, his notes to the *femme fatale* sound a bit nostalgic and far, far away. He never mentions "Dad," but Mother is quite busy, buying things like diamond bracelets, chinchilla coats and "pieces" of current Broadway shows.

CASE No. 3-W.B.

The third is a very difficult type to dissuade. He is, essentially, the man in search of a wealthy or famous partner in marriage. He is usually in his late thirties, or early forties, and has been around loose and on the search for many years. One encounters him usually frequenting the resort areas where women of wealth often retire.

Charm exudes from every pore in his body, and he is well fortified against rebuffs and disinterest. He has pursued his career arduously since youth. He usually has some money of his own — enough to be semi-retired — and enough that, coupled with the woman's money, will guarantee an easy voyage through life. He is not, in actuality, a true fortune-hunter, for he is not really a parvenu. He simply would like more of the — *turn to page 142*

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The inventor of the topless has come up with a new one—the clothless. But the "in" gal will need a paperhanger to put it on.



#### LAID BENEATH HER BRAID

Teenage actress Romina Power, the daughter of late actor Tyrone Power and actress Linda Christian, exhibits her faultless frame in the new flick *How I Learned to Love Women*. Even sex-liberal Italians stormed Senate in protest.





#### RN BEATLE RESORTS TO CHOW LINE

ad of belting out his tune, John Lennon loosens his belt after filling his on the set of his new movie *How I Won the War*. It's the bespectacled e's first straight acting movie role.

#### GOOSE ON THE LOOSE

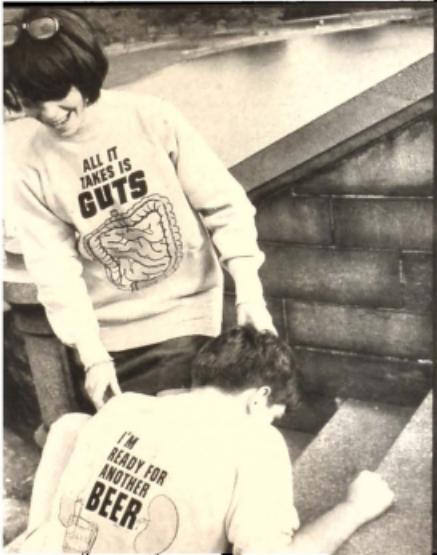
Curvaceous Jo Aberdeen braves a chilly London street to enter—guess what?—a hat contest. She calls this goose feather gam- bit "Slick Chick Maneuver."



## ound-the-world

#### KY SWEATSHIRTS DIG ANATOMY

Coast hipsters are now gutsier than ever. With intestines and kidneys splashed on their sweatshirts they can their organs without opening their mouths.



#### FORTUNE TELLING ONLY ONE OF HER ARTS

Yugoslav's shapely starlet Femi Benussi likes to predict the future in her free time, but it doesn't take a mystic's cards to show that's the least of her talents.



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## HAREMS, from page 81

easy live of peonage. But step out of line, and your lot can become a painfully miserable one," Elaine said.

She also reported that discipline in her harem was very severe, usually weighing against the newest slave. Since the oldest woman ruled over all of them, her hand naturally was heavy against the newcomer who reminded her of the beauty she herself had once upon a time. Minor offenses were generally punished by the harem mistress, the *umim-el-harem*, who lashed the offender with short hide strips.

"For anyone who tried to escape from the harem," continued the Vienna-based dancer, "the punishment was always a public affair. All the women and the servants of the harem would be summoned, and a strong eunuch would be called out to give the offender 50 to 100 strokes. I heard of a few cases where the girl did not recover from the flogging, even after several months in the hospital. And I actually saw one huge-chested Italian teenager die under the whip—at the 86th lash. In her case they had used a five-thong rhinoceros whip, which I really thought was unfair because nobody could possibly live with that thing beating down. The sheik hardly took notice of the fact. He still had over 225 other girls, including myself, on whom to indulge himself."

From another female informant, this one more official, I received details on how the Mediterranean slave scouts work 24 hours around the clock sweeping up curvaceous candidates for transportation.

"The question we face," said Madame Sophie Legrand-Falco, president of the French Women's League Against White Slavery, "is why the girls themselves don't sound the alarm—why they allow themselves to be hoodwinked across the Mediterranean Sea without putting up a resistance. The kidnappers are as determined as they are clever. They will prey on stranded girls and lend them money against written receipts so that there is an obligation. Others will seek out some secret of the girl's private life or will force her to commit some act they can hold against her. But when all such blackmail methods fail to work, then kidnapping is used."

Apparently the youngsters who have been stolen from their cities are so intimidated with threats that they resign themselves to their fate. Although some of them get away by a stroke of good luck, they nevertheless refuse to talk for fear of reprisals. Most of the kidnappers are shipped overseas, and the odds are strong few of them will ever be heard from again. Because they leave their country without pro-

per documents, it's virtually impossible for them to get out of an Arab country if they do manage to escape from a harem or a brothel.

The League suspects that at least 80 percent of the abducted girls end up in Saudi Arabia while most of the remaining 20 percent are hauled into the Yemen. To verify this, I looked up Simon Wiesenthal, a private detective who specializes in tracking down Nazi war criminals. This is his statement:

"The procurers operate around railroad stations, cafes and movie houses. They also attend the many beauty contests held all over France and Italy where fresh conscripts for the slave mart are discovered. Not long ago, for instance, the police intervened just in time in a contest at Nice to save four girls between the ages of 16 and 21 from the clutches of these *bidocharts*."

Herr Wiesenthal reported that not all the girls kidnapped so far have been French or Italian. In some instances, refugees from the Iron Curtain countries who have made their way from Yugoslavia and Hungary into the Mediterranean regions have been whisked off. Curiously enough—and yet not so curiously enough, perhaps—so far no German girls have been reported taken away to the Middle East. Moreover, as far as this reporter can determine—not one American tourist as yet has been bagged.

What happens to the luckless abductees after they vanish?

Wiesenthal said that his agents in the Middle East have traced the usual itinerary many of the Europeans follow. They end up being thrown in with hundreds of Negroid girls seized from the main slave-producing areas of the black continent—Eritrea, Abyssinia, the Guinea Coast, Northern Uganda and Spanish Rio de Oro.

"Special commandos," said Wiesenthal, "stage night raids on small villages and oases on the fringes of the Sahara. Eligible Negroes are rounded up at gun point and are taken to large *kaals* in the sand dunes between Igoudi and El Djouf. This is where the black slaves are joined by the new crop of white girls from Europe. As soon as 200 head are assembled—black and white—a caravan is formed with the victims handcuffed together in clusters of four and guarded by whipping cameleers."

Six weeks of journey are needed for the caravan to reach a maximum-security camp between the Tibbou Desert and the Tibesti Mountains. Described by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights as the market of the human slave trade, this point is the secret rendezvous where dealers unite from everywhere and

place their voluptuous commodities on auction to the highest bidders. The UN estimates that nearly 40,000 young Negro women are bought and sold every year, sometimes for prices as little as two pinches of gold (\$100). But the new crop of light-skinned entries from Europe lately has provided some special moments of spirited bidding—with final sales being concluded for tabs ranging anywhere from \$2,000 to \$3,000.

"From the Tibesti camp," continued Wiesenthal, "the beauties are shipped eastward on trucks. Between Port Sudan and Massaua the human cargo is put on *dhowas* and ferried across the Red Sea. This is the most dangerous part of the entire journey for the kidnappers, because British gun-boats are constantly on the search for slave ships. Whenever a patrol boat approaches, the usual practice for a slaver's vessel is to get rid of any damaging evidence as swiftly as possible."

WIESENTHAL REPORTED an eye-witness account given to the UN of just what the Arab *dilals* (slave traders) do in order not to be nabbed red-handed. Here's the sworn testimony of British explorer, J. Lewis Carver:

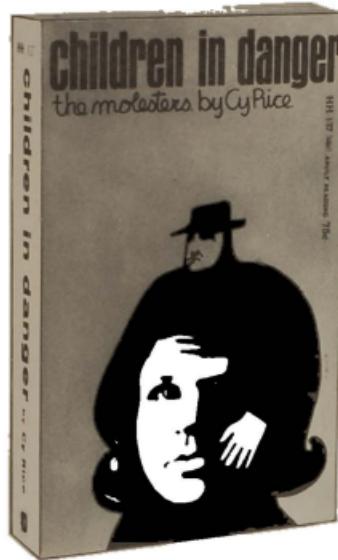
"One day I had the opportunity to watch a group of 300 chained young girls being loaded on eleven *dhowas*. They were made to lie down on the bottom of the boats and covered with bags of Ethiopian coffee. During the trip the *nachoda*—that's the flagman—spied an English patrol ship and sounded the alarm. The captain instantly ordered the human freight dumped into the sea, chains and all, through a special hatch in the hull of the vessel. The heavy shackles took care of the rest."

The Carver testimony to the United Nations came about as a result of the activities of the London Anti-Slavery Society, the oldest organization to take up the cudgels against the traffic of humans. C. W. W. Greenridge, secretary of the Society, reported in a long-distance call with this correspondent that his organization is campaigning for the setting up of an international office of slavery experts to collect and publicize current slave facts and report its findings to the UN Economic and Social Council. It would be a sort of "Interpol" dealing exclusively with the world's worst crime—and would be precisely the kind of police force needed to chase down such slimy operators like Herdinger and his crew and put the public finger of accusation on the Cairo government.

Almost from the day it got into the act, the Herdinger operation has been  
—turn to page 106

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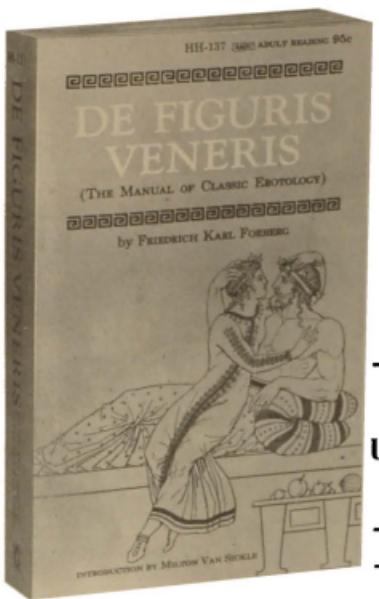
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### HAREMS, from page 105

known to the London organization, which has now official government ties and is strictly private. The Society, however, admits that not much is known about Herdinger himself, other than a few perfunctory things about his military career. On the other hand, investigator Wiesenthal knows a lot about him.

Helmut Herdinger spent the first part of his army service as a soldier in Rommel's Afrika Korps where he did the entire North Africa campaign. Later he fought the Americans in Sicily and at the Anzio landing. Following this he was assigned to Hitler's occupation forces in the rank of captain to Rome and was one of the last Nazis to leave the Italian capital when the Allies marched in during June, 1944.

After the war, Herdinger was known to have commanded a war-surplus MTB for the Egyptians against Israel in 1948. He became a close cohort of Nasser when, together with Heinrich Sellman, former chief of the Gestapo at Ulm in Southern Germany, he helped establish Egypt's Secret State Police Department which is Nasser's equivalent of the German SS. Sellman, now a lieutenant colonel, took over the administration of the Secret Police, so Herdinger was used for other jobs, usually in connection with police activity.

Herdinger today is in his early 50s, is married to a German woman from Ulm and is the father of three teen boys. Though no photographs of him are believed to exist, Herdinger has been described as having close-cropped blond hair, square brutal jaws, ice-blue eyes, and a toughly built frame running to fat. He is a heavy smoker, and his breath usually smells from the pungent stench of German cigarettes. The former German officer's particular forte is languages; he is said to speak six of them with equal facility—Italian, French, English, Spanish, Arabic and, of course, German. He holds a degree in philology from the University of Munich.

Although he speaks Europe's major languages, Herdinger himself does no contact work in the field. His agents do that. He gives them a free hand but apparently has made one unwritten rule he wants them to follow: No German frauleins are to be recruited. His men are of various nationalities—Italian, French and German, mostly—but all of them are men who still share Herdinger's fierce loyalty to Nazi and fascist principles. They are also admirers of Nasser.

Like any other chief of state, Nasser is concerned with the amount of foreign currencies he can get into his

national treasury in order to buy goods—more especially war materials—on the international market which trades only with American dollars or British sterling. The Herdinger slave program is bringing Nasser millions of welcome dollars a year. With the Middle East market for European flesh seemingly inexhaustible, there are never enough white girls to go around to fill the palaces of the Arab sheiks or the brothels of the desert denizens.

These desert brothels, by the way, are probably the worst fate that could befall a European woman. In some of the remote sand hinterlands, Arab dealers maintain sex prisoners in floating brothels which tour trackless sands in the vast expanses of the Middle East, sometimes with as many as 200 girls in one collection. These outfitts do a good business because the sheepherders, the farmers, the oil workers and the government agents don't have the time to travel to the nearest large city, which may be hundreds of slow desert miles away.

So when the traveling whorehouses pitch tents in a given place every few weeks or so and offers curb service, the flesh-starved male workers of that region form a long line with cash in hand. Though a new gimmick in that part of the world, the touring prostitutes have become acceptable features in today's Arab way of life.

Shortly after the diplomatic trunk incident at the Rome airport, Herdinger and his men sloughed off on the horrible traffic to lay low until the heat was off. Before the trunk incident an average of eight girls was reported missing each month—but after the human trunk hit the news columns and the picture magazines, the monthly quota for The Boot dropped down to zero.

Now the heat, of course, is off—and the Herdinger crew is busy once again. As these words are being written, right now, the newspapers report that the police at Lake Como are searching for a 16-year-old north Italian beauty who disappeared from her Via Rosselli home and was missing for a week before the alarm was spread.

The girl, Roberta Antonello, had been befriended by a "German tourist" visiting the Como resort region on vacation. This man was known only as "Fritz"—but he, too, seems to have vanished. The police speculate that Roberta was kidnapped and has been taken off to an unknown destination in the Middle East. Obviously, Nasser's one-seater trunk is being kept as busy as ever once again. One wonders whether the Arab boss realizes how inhuman his "human trunk" has become.



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# PULL-OUT PRINCESS

from page 2

Intimate peek at a  
pixie discloses determined girl



And how does a future starlette spend her time? "I've a pretty full day. There's my voice coaching, fencing lessons, and in the evenings an acting class. I do all my own clothes, and cook most of my meals. I don't loaf much, but when there's a free hour or so, I read . . . non-fiction, mostly. Biographies in particular."

Has she no time for romance? "There's a few guys I've got on the string, but I'm not serious with any of them. I won't marry until I'm a star." Bachelor girl, we love you! 





him through the preliminaries of identification and occupation, and down to the crucial question: Where had he been the night of the murder?

The audience waited. The reporters tensed. Come on, Keyes, give them what they want. Make it loud and clear. Give it slowly, make it easy on them.

He said he had been with Pamela Savage. He did not look at her. Tari guided him easily. Brian told how he'd met Pamela, an old friend, at the party, and said they'd gone to her house for dinner. He said he stayed until one o'clock the next morning. She made no phone calls and received none. There were no visitors. He did not lie. He avoided the full truth. He knew it was only momentarily.

Tari reminded the jurors that Matt Savage's death had been established at approximately midnight. The prosecution also had established the motive. Pamela and her late husband had quarreled frequently. He had accused her, in front of friends, of stepping out and on one occasion had threatened her physically.

Was there a mysterious lover? Was that why Pamela wanted a divorce, a divorce Savage refused to give without a fight? Obviously a divorce during his re-election campaign would not help him. The defense claimed Pamela wanted to leave her husband because he was a selfish and sometimes cruel man. This did not fit his public image. And associates testified Savage often, in recent months, returned from trips to find his wife out most of the night.

Savage had been shot down in a parking lot as he left his campaign headquarters. A witness had seen a woman, a blonde, driving hurriedly from the scene. Pamela was dark haired. But wigs are available, the prosecution countered. The murder weapon had been found, though it couldn't be traced to Pamela.

Pamela could have had reason to kill and, until now, no alibi. Brian never thought it would be brought to trial. Pamela hadn't either, even after her arrest. But they brought it to trial, painted her as an oddball, shy and withdrawn, pretty but unusual, an introvert who hated her husband and his way of life.

And they demanded the death penalty.

Only Brian knew Pamela was at his side at the hour her husband died. Her refusal of his offer was, he assumed, to spare him the embarrassment of testifying. The trial had attracted statewide attention, if not at least some national publicity.

There was one other thing on

Brian's mind. A pretty, serious little blonde. Toni Schaffer. Young, popular, daughter of a prominent Chicago businessman. Brian's fiancee. He had met her on assignment. She was visiting in St. Petersburg with an uncle and aunt. The uncle's yacht had stuck overnight on a sand bar near Egmont Key during a rough storm. Brian went out with a photographer when the Coast Guard brought them in. That was the kind of assignments he had been drawing.

For once he didn't mind. He learned she had kept her uncle and aunt and the crew entertained all night with songs, jokes and merry conversation. She was a public relations major, out of school about two years. Brian found a connection there. He turned it into a warm human interest story. She liked it. He asked her out. It was almost instant.

She brought him out of the shell Vietnam had left. He made her forget an unfortunate romance. They were nearly matched in every way. He had forgotten Savage's shocking death, the even more stunning news, two months later, that Pamela had been arrested and charged.

Then the trial started. And he had seen it was going badly. Nevertheless, Pamela was confident. Her attorney was not. Furious at Pamela for not telling him the truth, he accepted Brian's offer. Now it was time for the deadly cross-examination.

**HENRY NARAMORE**, the state attorney, was a bulky, gray-haired man with a raspy voice. He was less than fifty but looked nearer sixty. Now his face was ashen. He snapped the early questions at Brian, then slowed for the touchy ones.

"How far would you say it is from the Savage home to the campaign headquarters?"

"Perhaps ten minutes."

"And Mrs. Savage was never out of your sight more than ten minutes?"

"If she was, she was in the next room. She never left the house, I know that."

"And what rooms were you in?"

Brian hesitated just long enough to tip the audience. "Several."

"Precisely what rooms, Mr. Keyes?"

"The kitchen, dining room, the living room and - the bedroom."

Naramore had been angry and harsh. Now his eyebrows rose slightly; his mouth tightened. His face was that of a man thinking rapidly.

What were you doing in the kitchen? Fixing dinner. In the dining room? Eating dinner. The living room? Talking, having a drink. And the bedroom?

There was nothing else to say. "We

were in bed."

His stomach tightened at the mutter from the crowd. The judge, a surprisingly young man with dark hair who looked like an Indian which, in fact, he was, rapped for order.

Brian knew then what the state attorney's tactic would be. He was too smart to suggest that Brian had been Pamela's lover for more than one night, or that they together had killed the senator. It wouldn't be difficult to prove, if Brian had to, that the marital problems of Pamela and her husband had begun, at least publicly, while he was overseas. And he could show he had been with his girl almost every night since, when not working, though he hoped to keep Toni out of it.

"So, Mr. Keyes," Naramore was saying. "You were in bed with Mrs. Savage the night her husband was killed. I can almost guess your next answer, but let me ask the questions anyway. What time, Mr. Keyes, did you and Mrs. Savage - er - go to bed?"

"About nine o'clock."

"And what time did you leave her bed?"

"It was about one o'clock the next morning." *Go on, you bastard. Get to the sticky details. Give them what they want.*

The state attorney was smiling. "And Mr. Savage was murdered at midnight." He faced the jury. "And suddenly the accused has a perfect alibi. Up to now the defense had maintained Mrs. Savage was merely home. We might question why this good friend hasn't come forward before." He looked at Brian. "Could you explain that, Mr. Keyes?"

"I think it's obvious, Mr. Naramore, that this won't do me any good. I have a job."

"But I can't help but wonder why Mrs. Savage hasn't admitted she was occupied that night."

Brian shrugged. "I suppose she wanted to keep me out of it."

"And suddenly she is glad to have your help."

"I don't know. I didn't tell her. I contacted her attorney."

"Most irregular. And you may have placed yourself in a rather dangerous position. Withholding evidence, adultery. But that's for later. Right now the time element concerns me. You say you were in the bedroom, in bed, with Mrs. Savage. When she was out of your sight, just where was she?"

Here it comes, thought Brian. *Okay, bastard, make it as tough as you want, but it won't work. I know she was with me.* He said, "In the bathroom."

Naramore thought about that. "How

is it that you wound up in bed with your old friend, Mrs. Savage?"

"It just happened."

"Had it happened before?"

"No. It was the first — and last — time."

"Well, how did it happen? Was that your intention when you went home with her?"

"No sir, I never even thought about it happening. It was just one of those things."

"Just one of those things? Something that happens every day I guess. Well, who led whom to the bedroom, Mr. Keyes? Did you talk her into it, or did you force her or did she lead you?"

"I carried her to the bedroom, if that's what you want to know." *Go on. Maybe the son-of-a-bitch would like to know what that first kiss did to you. Tell him how long it had been. Tell him how you would have ripped off her clothes, in fact almost did, after that first kiss. You could tell him, if you could find the words, what it's like when you've been out in the woods for months.*

"So this little romance started somewhere else." Naramore sounded like he was talking to an unruly child. "Where? In the kitchen? Living room?"

"The living room. I kissed her there."

"Did she resist?"

"No."

"Why did you kiss her?"

*I kissed her because she had a face like a camel, and I hadn't kissed a camel for a long time, you stupid ass. "I couldn't really say. I don't know why."*

The state attorney was pacing. "So you kissed her — how many times — several? Yes? Then you carried her to the bedroom. Then what, Mr. Keyes? Tell us more."

"I carried her in. We went to bed. I left the house about one o'clock."

"You've already said that. Let's go a little slower. Did you undress Mrs. Savage?"

"Yes." *Would you like to hear how beautiful she looked in a black bra and bikini panties? Would you like to hear how I felt when I looked at that tiny white waist, that flare of hips, those breasts with the little taut nipples about to burst through the fabric?*

"And then you undressed?"

*That's the way it's usually done isn't it? But maybe you'd believe me if I told you how I jerked off my clothes and hurled them aside. What else do you want? I'm not going to tell you how I nearly ejaculated the instant our bodies touched. But you did manage to penetrate first. It was*

quick but powerful, remember? So powerful she cried out for the sudden, ruthless thrusts. And it was all right that it was quick the first time because you never stopped, remember? Would Naramore believe that? Would he believe that you never stopped, never lost the erection? Just kept on with the desire nearly as strong as ever until the bed screamed and she moaned and twisted and cried and then screamed, too, with her long fingernails racking your back and her teeth sinking into your shoulder. No, he wouldn't believe it, nor would the jury, and it doesn't matter because you're not going to tell them, no matter what.

His lips pursed, Naramore paced. "And then you got into bed with Mrs. Savage. What did you do then, Mr. Keyes?"

"We made love." *What did you think we did, played checkers?*

"You had sexual intercourse?"

"Yes sir. You're doing fine, Keyes, keep that sir in there."

"From then until one o'clock?"

"Not continuously." A hint of a chuckle from the crowd. They might look at him in contempt but at least some of them would know.

"And what did you do when you weren't making love? Did you sleep?"

*No, you don't wise guy. You don't trip me up that way. Besides, he hadn't slept. "I didn't. Mrs. Savage napped a bit, I believe. Then we were each in the bathroom a little."*

"Mrs. Savage slept but you did not?"

"That's right." *To hell with the sir business. This joker isn't worth it.*

"How long did she sleep?"

"Let's see. I would say about a half hour. Then she was asleep when I left."

"Mr. Keyes, how much time did you spend in the bathroom?"

"I guess about a half hour, maybe a little longer." *Surely the bastard isn't going to ask what I did in there.*

"What about Mrs. Savage? How long was she in the bathroom?"

"About the same amount of time. I would say." *I don't know exactly what she was doing, but I have a good idea if you'd like a guess, Mr. Naramore.*

"Where is the bathroom located, in relation to the bedroom?"

"It joins the bedroom."

"Is it a regular bathroom?"

"It's a small bathroom with a shower."

"Did you use the shower?"

"Yes."

"Did Mrs. Savage?"

"Yes."

"Did you shower together?"

— turn to page 112

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"Yes, one time. We each showered one other time." *That should spice things. Won't Coogan scream when he reads the reporter's account of that? Of course the desk will let him see the story before it's set. And what'll Toni think when she reads it?* Maybe you'll get lucky, Keyes. Maybe the wire services will carry a good account for the folks back home. Come on, give them the rest. Tell how you enjoyed soaping her breasts, her back, the cleft between those wonderful rounded buttocks. Maybe Naramore would like to hear how she gasped and twisted when you turned her around and finished the scrubbing. Let them know how it felt when she soaped you. Tell them about trying to make love standing up with the hot water splashing against your legs and the soap running down your body. She liked that, remember? The shower had refreshed her. She had been so weary. You were merciless. It had never been just like that. She got tired pretty fast, remember? But she never quit. How could a man forget that? Could a man forget how she looked with that white towel wrapped around that dark hair to keep it dry? Could a man forget those wet kisses?

"Mr. Keyes, how many times did you and Mrs. Savage make love?"

"Four times, I believe." *That's not counting the attempt in the shower. We went back to bed to finish that. With our bodies still not quite dry.*

"Four times." Naramore seemed to smirk. "In the space of four hours? Do you expect us to believe that, Mr. Keyes?"

There were objections. Mr. Keyes' sexual prowess is not on trial here, said the defense. But his credibility as a witness is, the prosecution countered, and the latter won.

"I'm not too concerned with what you believe, Mr. Naramore," said Brian when asked again. "I expect the jury to believe the truth and I'm telling the truth." He could see Tarl shaking his head. For the first time he saw Pamela. Her head was down; he couldn't see her face. Then he looked at the jury and was startled at the expression on the faces of the three women jurors who were looking directly at him. He turned away. To hell with it. To hell with them all.

"You seem to have an excellent memory, Mr. Keyes," the state attorney was saying. "Perhaps you can remember what you were doing exactly at midnight. Was Mrs. Savage in your arms?"

"I don't know. I wasn't watching the clock. I imagine we were making love about then."

"How can you be sure?"

"I'm not. I noticed the time just before one. I decided to leave then. Mrs. Savage was sleeping." *She slept before, too, remember? When was it, after the second time? No, the third. After the second she gave you that look and joined you in the shower.*

"Mr. Keyes, could you not have fallen asleep during this, er, exerting night? And while you were napping, isn't it possible that Mrs. Savage could have slipped out of the house?"

Another objection, but Brian was allowed to answer. He said he was awake all the time.

"You didn't doze off, not even for a few moments?"

"No, I didn't."

Naramore refused to quit. Brian stuck to his story, weary and irritated at the redundant questions. He drifted away, wondering what he was doing to himself and, at the same time, wondering whether he was doing Pamela any good. He remembered her perspiration damp body, the sweet smile when she awoke as he returned to bed. The shower revived her, so much she could hardly wait while he dried her body and then kissed it, starting at the ears and working down the neck to the breasts.

He kissed her carefully, skillfully, brushing his lips across the smooth plain of stomach, remembering how the prostitute had done it in Saigon. Then down to the creamy tender insides of her thighs. He spread them, then lifted them and pushed her knees back toward her breasts, raising her buttocks; then kissing and nibbling and biting at the lovely expanse of white flesh.

He rolled her on her stomach and brushed his lips and tongue across her buttocks and then began biting them gently until passion overtook her, and she came twisting, gasping into his arms, on her knees, and then her lips were on his chest and belly and finally her tongue was flicking his proud maleness and her fingers were clutching at his buttocks.

She was very good, he remembered; so good she brought him close to an orgasm before he forced her away and onto her back with her legs raised and bent. It was quick that time, too, for the love play had been intense, but they were both ready and did not need a long time. It was violent and good, leaving them both spent and content.

That time he had showered alone, letting her sleep for a short time, lying beside her and studying her young face in the moonlight. He started to caress her body again, feeling a slight return of desire, and she awoke and

left him briefly. Then she came back, drowsy in a tousled, little girl way, smelling of soap and powder. She dozed off in his arms, and finally when he could stand it no longer he began to make love to her and she awoke and joined him in a long, steady, peaceful, almost graceful union.

Then he left her, so sleepy his vision was nearly blurred out with his body feeling young and taut, and a war long gone from his mind. He knew, sometime later, that that had been part of her purpose.

HE WAS ONLY faintly surprised when the jury, two days later, said not guilty despite a scalding attack by Naramore on Brian's testimony. Coogan suggested Brian take an early vacation, which apparently would become a leave of absence. Brian called Toni's uncle's house, only to learn Toni had gone back to Chicago. After several tries the icy voice of her father warned him to forget it. That's a tall order, thought Brian as he lay on the beach. He forced himself to keep busy for nearly a week, sunbathing, swimming, hiking, fishing and reading. Then he knew what he had to do.

There was a Buick hardtop in the driveway. He had hoped to find her alone. He rang the doorbell and knocked; when no one answered he started to leave. Then he decided she might be in the backyard and he started around the house.

He heard voices, women's voices, one angry, one pleading. He paused, then pushed himself forward.

"Hey, there," he called.

They turned and saw him and stopped their argument. Pamela was standing, her back to the pool. She was in the briefest of bikinis. Her shoulders, arms and legs were peeling and sunburning again. Her face was red, but it was from embarrassment, he thought, rather than the sun.

The other woman was sitting. Her appearance was a bit surprising. She was pretty, in a quiet sort of way, although she wore absolutely no makeup and her reddish hair was cropped close. She was thin, yet there was a strong suggestion of suppleness in her body. She wore slacks and scuffed shoes and some kind of light pullover jumper.

"Brian — how nice! How are you?" asked Pamela.

"I'm fine," he said, stopping and resting his hands on the back of a chair. "I — I thought I'd stop by and see how you were."

"Me? Oh I'm great — a little sunburned." She laughed nervously. "Can I get you a drink?"

"Too early for me."

"Oh, Brian, this is Brenda — Brenda Parlin. Brenda, I want you to meet Brian Keyes."

The voice was pleasant enough. The face held an amused look, perhaps contempt. There was ice in the pale blue eyes. Get the hell out of here, he said to himself. You're embarrassing Pamela. And you're interrupting something.

"Well," he said uncomfortably.

"Brian, I tried to call you — I want to thank you for what you did." She picked up her drink and glanced at Brenda and lighted a cigarette.

"Well, it seemed to be going badly. I waited as long as I could."

"Oh, it was so embarrassing."

"Why didn't you speak up sooner, Mr. Keyes?" Brenda asked suddenly. He glanced at Pamela. She looked away. Brenda said, "I see, Pamela didn't want you to. Wasn't that a little foolish, Pam?"

"I'd just as soon not talk about it."

"Of course, dear." She smiled at Brian. "But that really was brave of you, and lucky for Pam. It must be a little difficult for you now, Mr. Keyes."

He looked at her steadily. The face seemed to be laughing at him. The eyes were something else. It wasn't contempt he saw. It was hate. Pure, undisguised hate.

"It's been a little uncomfortable," His voice was short.

"Oh, I'm so sorry Brian!" Pamela said anxiously.

"She's so sorry," mimicked the woman in the chair. "But she's damned glad you came along when you did. I mean at the trial, of course." She was smiling, but there was no humor in her voice.

Brian sighed. "Nice seeing you again, Pam."

"You don't have to go, Brian. Why don't you have a drink?"

"Yes, why don't you, Brian. You know where the stuff is, don't you?" echoed Brenda.

"Oh damn! Stop it!" Pamela lashed back.

Brenda came out of the chair as easily as a cat. She was to Pamela in a step. She touched the girl on the arm and smiled at her. "Don't be upset, dear." Her voice was silky. Pam was trembling. Brenda turned to Brian. He was surprised at her height. Her shoulders were narrow, the chest rather flat, the waist small, the hips trim.

"I think you should be going, Mr. Keyes," she purred. "And you shouldn't come back. It might not look good for you to be here. After all, there was some talk—about a friend of Pamela's. And then, after what you said at

the—" She left the sentence unfinished. There were tears on Pamela's face. She was staring at the ground with her arms crossed, as if to hide her near nakedness. Brian stared into Brenda's denying eyes.

"Okay," he said, and turned away.

"Brian!"

He looked over his shoulder and saw Pamela brush past Brenda's angry outstretched arm.

"Pam!" The woman's voice was hard, demanding. Pamela ignored it.

"Brian, I'm so very sorry," she said to him. "I want you to know — I really didn't have anything—to do with—"

"Pam!"

He was looking past Pamela, staring hard at the tall, straight-figured woman with the short, straight hair and mannish clothes.

"I know you didn't," he said. He was suddenly very tired. Her eyes asked for understanding; an understanding he could not give.

"Get the hell away from here, Keyes!" snarled Brenda, eyes squeezed into slits, mouth clenched, fists knotted. "Can't you see what you're doing to her?"

"What I'm doing to her?"

"What you did to her, you dirty, stinking pig! Get away from us!"

"It's not going to work, you know that don't you, Brenda?" he said to her then. "You can fight it, but you can't stop it from falling apart."

"Damn you! GET!"

"You can keep telling yourself it's all right, Brenda, but it'll never be. You've got too big a secret between you."

"You dirty son-of-a-bitch."

"Now you're really got it in for me, haven't you?" he said, uneasy at the glazed eyes. "First Savage, now me. That's why Pam didn't want my help. She didn't want you to know. But it's all shattered now, isn't it? Oh, you don't have to worry about me. I'm not going to be around to pick up the pieces. But I'll be looking over my shoulder. I'll be watching for you. Brenda, and you better not give me any excuses."

He stood bristling. He looked once more at Pamela. Suddenly she reminded him of a naked, helpless, newly-hatched chick.

"Goodbye, Pam," he said.

He walked across the lawn and got into his car and drove slowly along the winding, suburban street, cautiously maneuvering around the in-solent children. He felt soiled and, when he reached the highway, he opened the vents and pushed out the wings and let the harsh air hammer at him.

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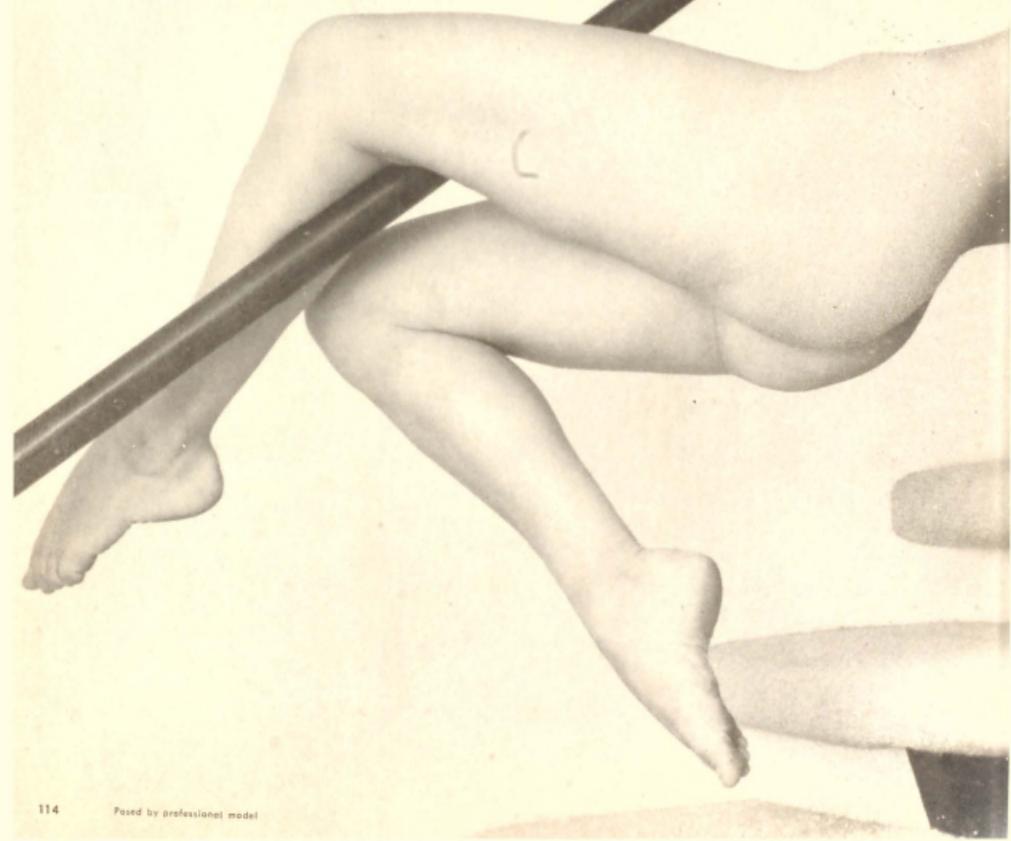
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*Can you read her character by the way she moves?  
Here's how psychologists make girl-watching pay!*

# *that swingin' chick- who she?*

*by James Bellaugh*





**H**OW WOULD YOU like to look at girl — just look, mind you — and instantly know all about her? How would you like to be able to tell — at a glance — not only her basic character and probable wiles, but her favorite foods, colors, political feelings — her secret, unspoken attitudes on sex, marriage, life in general and you in particular?

Hold on there — this has nothing to do with palmistry, astrology or any of that ESP stuff. Besides, we said *at a glance* — not after listening to what sign she was born under to find out if she is a cusp kitten — not after playing patsy to see if her heart, head and life all line up nicely in the palm of her hand. No, there's no phrenology along the bumpy road of her cranium, no psychic trances and certainly no filling out of test papers to be run through a belching IBM machine.

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Fun already, isn't it? . . . to the hips, waist, butt and finally the eyes.

Hell, you say; you do that already as a matter of girl watching course.

Sure, we all look at the ladies, but how many of us really know what we're looking for? How many of us see more than a well-stacked chick with a nice face and a cute, little wiggle as she walks down the street? How many of us take a really *good* look at her legs as she sits down or appreciate more than the delicate curve of her calf and the easy, casual way she lifts one knee over the other as she crosses them?

How many of us carry the game of girl watching beyond a pubescent art appreciation course? How many of us can gaze deeply into a girl's beautiful, limpid eyes and notice more than their color?

Well, we should, for the game of girl watching, which has long been a — *turn the page*

## SWINGIN' CHICK, from page 115

matter of virile concern all over the world, has recently received one hell of a lot of scientific attention proving once and for all that it should not be approached solely on an emotional plane or limited to individual reactions toward various, isolated parts of the female anatomy. Whether you call yourself a bust man or a fancier of *la belle derrière* you now have to approach your girl watching a little lower by giving credit to a leg watcher with a very scientific bent.

K. P. Saxena is not a world-renowned psychologist, but has attained fame and even a certain amount of fortune for himself simply by watching women's legs. Not only that, he made a detailed study of the matter and came up with a very interesting series of results which he titled, "The Character Revealing Aspects of The Female Leg."

This report was recently published in Bombay, India, and the news has spread rapidly throughout the scientific world. The funny part of the study is the fact that the information, so valuable to the average man, has been confined to rather stuffy medical circles without letting most of us, who really could profit by it, get a chance to use it.

Saxena, after months of study, claimed — and backed up those claims with statistics that offer infallible, scientific proof — that the way a woman habitually places her legs while she is seated can be a definite and revealing guide to her basic character.

But he's not the only scientist debunking the so-called feminine mystique. Dr. Eckhard H. Hess, chairman of the Psychology Department of the University of Chicago, may not be a leg man, but he likes to take an occasional look at the distaff side, too. No mind reader or fakir, Hess has discovered that, by merely observing a woman's eyes, he can tell all about her conscious and subconscious feelings toward life, people — and anything else.

BUT LET'S START at the bottom, with the legs, to prove the ultimate relationship between them and the supposed mysteries of a woman's mind and heart. In India, K. P. Saxena's work is far from complete, but he has already isolated several female archetypes who reveal their basic characters simply, and only by the ways they hold, move or cross their legs while sitting.

His observations have been verified by the behavior of hundreds of subjects and documented and cross-proven by a myriad of IQ and Personality Inventory Tests. But why not

check them out in terms of your own personal experience just to prove to yourself that the man really knows whereof he speaks?

Most women you see illustrate what Saxena calls the "classic" pose. They give the impression of demure beauty sitting with legs crossed at the knees with the uppermost leg balanced lightly (perhaps even moving slightly). This is classic, to be sure, and so common a pose as to eliminate hypnotic concentration, but there is a catch to the character it portrays. Although the pose is common, it indicates the fact that the woman herself is a schemer. After much study, the psychologists admit a sad truth — the woman is common, too. Most women *do* sit this way and most women *are*, in their own ways, schemers.

Another almost classic pose of the seated woman is that where the knees are held tightly together and that even line of firm pressure follows down the length of the calf so that both her ankles and heels are just as close. This girl, according to the Saxena report, is "almost too good to be true." She's a paragon of almost everything. Her basic character traits read off almost like a knight's oath and include such qualities as punctuality, loyalty, meticulous neatness and fairness.

Be careful when you attempt to evaluate legs in positions similar to

the above, though, for there are variations which indicate extremely different character traits. If the girl sits with her knees tightly together, but with her feet and ankles apart so that her legs form a narrow A or, more properly, an inverted V, she's hardly liable to be a paragon of anything even though she may think she is. She's liable to be cold, indifferent, extremely withdrawn and bloody difficult to get to know. She's self-centered and an egotist of the worst order — regardless of whether she has any right to be or not.

Another variation of this basic, straight leg pose is that where the girl sits with her knees together, her toes together, but her heels apart. It would be a mistake to think of this girl as pigeon-toed and let it go at that. The facts are that this pose betrays a complete lack of self-confidence. This girl is usually shy, nervous, extremely frightened of life and other people.

The artistic or imaginative woman, the one interested in music, painting, literature and other cultural and creative pursuits also shows imagination in her sitting posture. She is inclined to relax with her legs twisted around one another; that is, with one crossed over the other and the foot of the higher leg looped behind the ankle of the one



"How come you're being so proper about requesting seconds . . . you SURE didn't bother to request firsts!"

touching the ground.

There's a final archetype indicated by the Bombay study. She's the woman who neither sits nor slumps. Instead, she leans back on chair or couch, her legs far in front of her and allows one foot to rest, ankle to ankle, on top of the other. This woman, according to the Saxena reports, is "calm and self-assured." She knows where she's been and has a fairly good idea about where she's going. She's prone to violent outbursts of temper when crossed and usually comes out ahead in case of altercation.

Naturally there are several other classic poses and leg positions which were analysed by Saxena and, as mentioned above, the study is still going on. The only problem is that these Bombay figures have only pointed to *basic* feminine character traits. Also, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that a woman might sit in a position personally awkward to her in order to give the impression that she is something which actually she is not. Also, clothing, social atmosphere and personalities present may have a certain effect on a woman's seated posture.

That's why, when you begin your girl watching, you should not limit your approach and attention to the legs. Take in the whole girl and pay close attention to the University of Chicago studies made by Dr. Eckhard Hess. Here, if you keep your own eyes open, is where you can't be fooled.

Granted, Hess has gone into a lot more detailed study of the matter than you will want to and he has been a lot more scientific than you may wish to be yourself, but his method is still frighteningly infallible. Also—it is simple. All he does is measure the dilation or contraction of the eyes' pupils as they watch the world around them.

THIS TECHNIQUE is so simple and so historic that it may surprise you to think that any scientific attention was ever given to it. Yet, like many aspects of life it now falls under the discipline of an exacting laboratory procedure labeled, aptly enough, pupillometrics.

The fact—long supposed, but only recently proved by Hess and his colleagues at the U. of Chicago—is that the pupils of the eyes very definitely change size during emotional or mental activity. In short, when something hits your brain and registers there, your pupils move, and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. Even more basically, the reaction can be stated thus: Wide pupils indicate a positive reaction and the wider the better, whereas narrowing or small

pupils indicate negativism or distaste toward what is seen.

Dr. Hess personally realizes that he is not working on anything new even though he knows that the results of his studies will ultimately be a great benefit to mankind. "For centuries," he said, "Chinese jade merchants have watched the pupils of a buyer's eyes as a tip-off to his real interest. Professional gamblers and magicians have long taken advantage of the observation. But until now, no one has made a real investigation of the phenomenon."

In his work, Hess studied subject reaction to almost everything from smell, color and political preferences to more basic sexual inclinations. As might have been imagined, the purely sexual responses were extremely high with the highest individual reaction on record so far being that of a young man whose pupils increased a full 42 percent in diameter when he was suddenly shown the picture of a scantily clad and voluptuous girl.

What might be a bit surprising here, however, is the fact that, generally speaking, women show a slightly greater response to the sight of an appealing male than men do to sexy females.

The results of both these studies, that of Saxena in India and Hess in Chicago, show that women, long thought of as some sort of walking and talking mystery beyond the comprehension of mere men, are really not so mystique after all. If looked at properly, they can very easily become no more nor less than their own animated lie detectors.

The BBC has already started work on a documentary film of Hess' work, and several advertising agencies and package design firms have consulted him to determine what colors are best for maximum sales potential. Fashion designers and many internationally known organizations have consulted the results of Saxena's investigations as aids to style and the hiring of female personnel.

But for you and me—the average guys—these two tests are more important than any palmist's report or astrologer's chart. They mean that we can see and understand a girl's basic character when she sits down and that we can look into her deep blue (or brown or green) eyes when she says, "No, no... a thousand times no!" and know for a fact that the good word for the evening is really, "Yes, yes, baby!"

So just keep watching those legs and those pupils, and when the one crosses and the other expands—brother, you've got it made!

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**CATEGORIES, from page 97**  
you lose. You gotta drink up. You gotta take something off."

"Wha...? Oh, undress...Forgot..." Bonnie Sue stood up unsteadily and stepped a few feet away from us. "Why aren't you all smiling?" she said, looking at us. "We're supposed to be havin' fun. I'm not gonna undress less you all smile. You hear?"

We heard. We smiled. And Bonnie Sue put her thumbs inside the elastic of her black panties and peeled them to her knees. Then she stepped free of them and tossed them on one of the beds. All I could do was stare at the place where those panties had been and listen to my head buzz and feel the sweat form on the palms of my hands and under my arms.

I heard Bonnie Sue saying, "I'm pretty, aren't I?" over and over again, and then I saw Zerbe rise from his chair and go for her. He enveloped her. That big man and that big girl went over backward half on and half off one of the beds, and I heard Bonnie Sue say, "You said nothin' bad would happen, nothin' bad..."

It was bad. My heart was pounding hard and I couldn't take any more. I got out of the room. I went out to the pool and stared at the water. It was clear and calm, and near the bottom, lights were shining on the sides of the pool, which were painted blue. I was alone there for a long time.

SOMETIMES LATER, Mullins came out across the grass and sat down beside me. He was a lot drunker than he'd been before.

"Hey," he said, "it's your turn." "What happened in there?"

"Wha' you mean, what happened?" "She was kicking up quite a fuss when I left."

"We calmed her down. She's enjoying herself now," Mullins said. "In fact, she's crying for more, man. Better get your ass in there."

"Okay," I stood up, and started for the motel.

"And don't take all night," Mullins yelled after me. "I'm ready for seconds."

"Okay." I crossed the driveway to the room, and went inside. The room was dark, but I could see Bonnie Sue lying on a bed and Zerbe standing by the window.

"Hey," he said, "where the hell you been, Croft?"

"Getting some fresh air," I said. "I sort of wish you'd do the same."

"Sure. Just let us know when you're finished."

"Sure." Zerbe left and I walked to the bed.

Bonnie Sue was stretched out, naked, waiting for me. She had a glass of whiskey in her hand.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi."

"Well..."

"Guess you might as well take your clothes off and climb aboard like your friend did." She sounded sober, resigned.

"Listen. I..."

"C'mon; it's your turn."

I began to unbutton my shirt, stopped, and sat down on the edge of the bed. She was lovely, so lovely.

"Listen," I said. "I got a car. I mean, it's my car, if you want to go home or something."

"I guess it really doesn't make any difference now, Jim?"

"What?"

"Don't you want to make love to me?"

"Sure. I mean, I want to. But not...not like this...You know."

"If I get dressed, will you really take me home?"

"Yes."

"Okay. I want to go home."

Bonnie Sue got out of bed and started to dress. I went to the window and looked for Zerbe and Mullins, but I didn't see them. When she was dressed, we slipped through the door and got into my car, which was parked right in front of the room. I still hadn't spotted Zerbe and Mullins.

I backed out and eased down the driveway. Passing the office, I looked over and saw them, standing at the soft drink machine, holding Cokes. They looked up and saw me too. They didn't say a word, or move, or anything — I guess they were too dumbfounded. I just kept on going.

It took about fifteen minutes to get to Bonnie Sue's. She lived in a modern adobe house on a quiet street. I stopped the car and cut the engine, and for a moment, neither of us said anything. Then Bonnie Sue slid across the seat to me and put her head on my shoulder. When I looked down, I saw that her cheeks were wet.

"I'm not a bad girl," she said. "You won't believe that, but I'm not."

"I know."

"I was scared. I mean, I didn't know what to do. I don't know why I did it..."

"I know."

"I was scared. I was too scared not to."

"It's all right. I was scared too. There's nothing wrong with being scared when you're young. Or any time, I guess..."

"You're a very nice boy, Jim."

"Not really, I..."

Bonnie Sue's lips interrupted me. Then she got out of the car and came

around to the driver's side.

"Thank you for bringing me home," she said.

"That's all right."

I tried to think of something else to say, but couldn't. Bonnie Sue turned and went inside, and I drove back to the motel. When I pulled in, Zerbe and Mullins were there in front of our room waiting for me. I knew I should have been scared, but this time I wasn't. They were all over me before I got out of the car.

"Where the hell's Bonnie Sue?" Zerbe said.

"I took her home."

"Home? Christ, we were just getting started, you idiot."

"She wanted to go home," I said.

"Goddamn," Zerbe said. "Goddamn, what a shit-head you turned out to be."

"We had a good thing going," Mullins said. "And you... you took her home."

I was sure Zerbe was going to hit me. I walked right by him and went into the motel room. They came in after me.

"Why in hell did you do it?" Zerbe said. "Will you tell me that?"

What could I say? There were a lot of reasons. I wasn't sure myself. "She wanted to go home..."

"Goddamn," Zerbe muttered, "I never met a girl like you. What a jerk."

"What I want to know," Mullins said, "is did you get any?"

"Sure," I said.

"I think you're a goddamn liar," Mullins said.

"So do I," Zerbe said. He walked across the room to me and I thought, well, here it comes. I wondered whether it would be better to take my glasses off or leave them on.

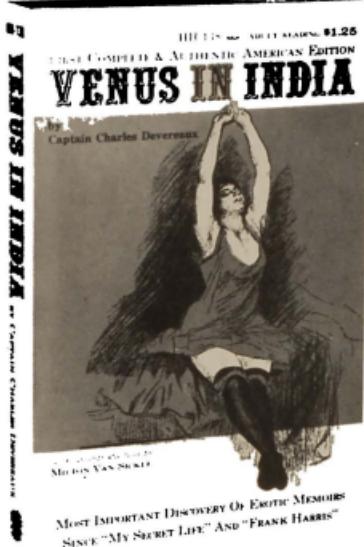
"I ought to break you in two," Zerbe. His face was menacing.

"I guess that's up to you," I said. "But before you do I want you guys to know that I think what we did to that girl tonight was... well, it made animals of us. *Animals*. I mean, what in God's name made us think we had the right to treat her that way? Just who in hell do we think we are? Can either of you tell me that? Mullins? Zerbe? What are we?"

They didn't offer any answers. Zerbe turned away from me and walked over to the window. Mullins sat down at the dresser. I left. I drove back to the barracks at Ft. Bliss and got into my bunk. I thought about the fact that I'd taken her home, but it didn't help. Maybe, I told myself, it's just this year, just this time in my life. Much later in the night, I fell asleep, feeling alone and hating myself, the Army and all the world.

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## TERROR, from page 6

toward me, still grinning.

"Hidy, sarge," I used a casual tone, having an idea he might be a mean drunk. I didn't like the way his stubby fingers kept rubbing on that holster, or the way his little eyes watched me like a swamp boar in the rutting season.

Then he giggled. It was the god-damndest sound, and I flinched back a step. His hand was inching up to his holster flap.

"Y'all come after me, bub?" he wanted to know.

"After you? Naw, I'm just looking for a horse in all."

He grinned again, and his teeth were nothing but brown stumps.

"You shore you ain't looking for *two* horses? One to take me back on? He edged a little nearer to me.

"Uh-uh. I just want one for myself."

"You a *damn liar*, bub!" he belched at me, and his hand clawed at his pistol butt as he slumped into a half crouch.

What I mean — *I moved!* I took a right-now backward jump, blind, and my hip slammed the edge of a god-damn counter, spinning me and dumping me to one knee and both hands just as his pistol went *WOWWW* over my head. I had a blurred glimpse of splintered wood on the doorjamb, and then I was going away in a running bend, clearing door, porch and steps like a cat in a dither.

I skinned down the first alleyway I saw and found me an unlatched door and piled into a dark, sour-smelling room, and locked the door behind me.

"Anybody in here?" I whispered.

There wasn't. I blundered around in the dark, and my hand touched chilled metal. An anvil. The blacksmith shop. I found the firebox, and pushed my hand into the ashes. Cold. Nobody had worked there for days. Finally I stumbled onto a cot with a horsey smelling blanket and laid down to grab me a few hours of sleep. It had been one hell of a day.

Just before I dozed off I heard that fool sergeant raving to himself somewhere outside. That was all right. By morning he would likely be hungover, but reasonable. Then I could do something about getting me a meal and a pony. Then I could get out of that crazy town. That's what I thought then.

COME SUNDAY I got on my feet feeling as stiff and empty as a spinster's bed, and lumbered over to the door and opened it. Me and a small boy coming bang down the alley near to flattened each other on the spot. He sprang to the left quick as snap, and threw up his hands and screamed like

a goosey girl.

"You — *hoy!*" I yelled at him. "Wait. Wait, *gauddammit!*"

But he ducked my grab and went racing down the alley, crying, "Don't kill me! Don't kill me!"

Well, dammit all, it got me so mad I went right after the little bastard. I was pure-out sick of people screaming and shooting at me. My God — all I wanted was a meal and a horse!

The boy cornered a woodshed and streaked across a weedy lot, laying a heelin for the rear door of the hotel.

"Miss Manda! Miss Manda! Lemme in! He's after me!"

He was hammering away on the door like an idiot in a crazyhouse, and I was just reaching for the scruff of his coat when the door flew open and he whipped inside, and the door started to slam. I shot a foot between it and the jamb and piled my shoulder into it, and that door jarred open like it meant to bounce off its hinges.

A girl came at me out of the shadows, chopping at my head with a limb of firewood that would have stunned me like an ox. I jerked back and caught her wrist and snatched her in to me and wrapped my right arm around her waist and held her tight.

Any other female on God's green earth would have screamed the roof down just then, but not this girl. Her pale, wide-eyed face was only inches from mine, and she blinked just once, and then her long lashes lowered and she let out her breath and leaned her body into me, and she was as supple as a relaxed mink.

"Gawd," she breathed. "I thought you were that Reb."

"Who — the sergeant?" Holding her like I was, the scent of her hair in my nose, I couldn't seem to think straight.

"Yes." She pushed at me and got all of herself out of my arms, and turned and locked the door. I watched her.

She might have been nineteen, and though she wasn't a gut-clutching beauty, she had a sulky look about her and a pouty way of thrusting out her lips that made me want to mash them.

"You'd better come upstairs," she said, "It's safer there."

Upstairs with her was fine by me. That screaming boy had disappeared somewhere, and that was fine, too. She led me through a darkened pantry and into a small foyer, and I saw that the front doors were barricaded with all sorts of furniture. She didn't say anything about it, and right then I didn't give a good damn. I followed her upstairs and along a hall to an open door.

It was a large gloomy room with

the blinds drawn. That boy was whimpering in a corner, and an old man was standing in another one shaking with the palsy for all he was worth. A young, sick looking man was on the bed with a comforter pulled up to his chin.

I didn't think so much of that. Or of the boy or the old man either. I had sort of expected —

Then I saw a tunic hanging from the back of a chair. It was a Yankee jacket with a major's insignia. I looked at the man on the bed. He wasn't afraid of me. He gave a sick smile.

"Yes," he said. "It's mine, all right."

I nodded, thinking maybe I'd be a fool to desert the army when I could much easier bring me in a Yankee major. Our colonel was almighty partial toward the boys who brought him in Yankee officers. I drew back the comforter and had another look at the Yank. His left arm was in a sling and a great swath of bandages had been wrapped around his shoulder.

"He — he got hisself nipped in a skirmish t'other day," the old dad said to me. "Me and Miss Manda found him in the woods and fetched him here. That was just afore the sergeant come along."

I nodded again and turned to the girl, Miss Manda.

"Look here. You reckon where-at I can find me a hoss and wagon? I aim to take this bluebelly prisoner."

The old man didn't give her a chance to answer. He started wig-wagging at me with a shaky hand, like he was flagging down a train.

"You — you mean y'all alone, boy? They ain't no army with you?"

"He's alone," the girl said, still watching me with that sulky look. Old dad got a down-at-the-mouth look on his silly face.

"Well — well, then, boy, I reckon you got to do her alone."

"Do what, for cryskape?" I snapped.

"Take that Seccesh sergeant of yours, you fool," the major said.

I looked at him. The old man was waving at me again.

"You the only one can do her, boy. Ain't nobody left in the town but old men and a few women and kids."

I was getting Godamighty edgy from hunger. And from that look on Miss Manda's face, too. I said, "Ain't you people gitting yourselves riled up over nothing? That pony soldier's just drunk, is all. But now he's probably sleeping it off somewhere."

They all four looked at me like I'd just come down from the hills. Then Miss Manda said, "You're wrong. He's mad. Purely mad. He's already killed three people."

I stared at her, and she told me — turn to page 126

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**TERROR, from page 125**

about it in a flat voice.

"He came into town two days ago afoot. Just walked in and started laughing and began to shoot. He killed a ten-year-old boy, the parson's wife and old Dan Russell. Most the folks took to the woods. Maybe they're still there. I don't know. Some of us stayed here, hiding in attics and cellars. He hunts us night and day. Prowls around yelling and banging off his pistol. Me and old Abner here decided to stay because of—" Her voice trailed off and she glanced at the wounded Yank.

I didn't say nothing. I pawed under the major's tunic. His holster was hanging there but it was empty.

"He'd lost it when me and Abner found him," the girl said.

"Well, ain't nobody in this town got a gun?"

"You Secces took 'em all away from us at the start of the war, son," old dad told me. "Ain't even a peashooter left in town!"

WELL, HELL. I didn't know what to do. But I damn well knew I didn't want to go up against no armed cooco. And I guess they all knew it too. That little boy was giving me a scared sideways look, and the old man was staring at the floor like somebody had just said a dirty word. And she was still watching me in that way of hers that made me feel like I had lice loose in my uniform.

"Scared, Reb?" the major asked me, and he smiled.

I started to tell him to shut his goddamn mouth, but just then a gun went *POW*, and me and Miss Manda and the old man ganged up at the window and peeked around the blind.

The sergeant was standing in the street just below us, and a little puff of smoke was losing itself in the morning air. He aimed his pistol at a store window, and I saw the hammer fall but nothing happened. He lowered the gun and gawked at it, and jerked the trigger one two three times, and still nothing happened. Then he yelled and pitched the thing at the window but missed by a yard.

"He's run out of ammunition," the girl said and looked at me.

I realized they were all looking at me again. The Yankee major was still smiling. I turned to the girl.

"I need a meal."

She nodded. "Yes, I reckon you do."

That damn Yankee made a noise as I followed her out of the room. It sounded something like a laugh.

Manda served me cold johnny cakes and a pitcher of milk in the kitchen. I set down my knife when I was through and looked at her.

"What's in it for me if'n I do take him?"

"I know where there's a horse and wagon. You said you mean to take that Yank prisoner."

"Forget about that gawdamn Yank."

"Then you want something else," she said levelly. "Something that's got you more bothered than a Yankee prisoner or a crazy Reb."

"That's right, sissy." I wasn't making any bones about it.

She said, "Then I guess we understand each other."

I reckoned we did. Anyhow, she didn't give me any argument when I got up and reached for her and pulled her to me. She slid her arms around my neck and sagged against me and closed her eyes and half opened her mouth, and when I got there her tongue was darting between her teeth and her body was starting to grind at the groin, and I was wondering could we make it to the parlor or was it to be right there on the kitchen table?

And then the kitchen door swung open and that stupid old man peered in, blinking at us like a scared owl, and she shoved me away and started tugging together the part of her dress that I had pulled open, and she said, "Later."

I looked at the old man and wanted to kick him clear through the pantry. He was all ashake.

"I just seen the sergeant from upstairs," he hissed. "He's back in the street again. You best take care, son. He's got him an ax now. A big wood-chopping ax."

I looked at Manda and she looked at me, and she said it again. "Later-honey."

Well, what could I do? I had to go through with it then. Or try to, anyhow. I'd not only get Manda, but I'd get me a horse and wagon and a Yankee prisoner, too. I slipped out the back, went down the alley and peeked around the corner at the street.

Deserted, I edged out on the boardwalk, thinking I should find me a weapon, something to stun the cooco with. If I ever got that close to him. I didn't have no idea just how close he was to me right then. But I quick found out.

I sidled across the windowed front of the bank with my reflection creeping right along beside me in the glass. It looked just as scared as I felt, and all at once that sergeant stepped good-got out from behind the corner of the building and grimed at me.

"Hau! Looking for me, bub?"

He was holding a long curved-handled ax in his fist, and he caught me so unawares I couldn't seem to work my words right.

"N—oo. No, I—I'm still looking

for a hoss."

He giggled and lumbered some nearer, and that ax began to swing back and forth, picking up speed.

"Can't find one, eh? Can't find no hoss? Lemme help you!"

He took another step, and his arm started a full circular swing with that damn ax, and I knew right then I didn't have the sand for it. That was all. I jumped off the boardwalk and ran.

I'd run from those Yankee bayonets in the battle and now I was running from that nut with an ax, and it seemed to me that all I had been doing for the past two days was running from somebody or other. But thinking about it didn't slow me down. I was purely scared.

The big front doors of the blacksmith shop were open, and I dodged in there, yanked the doors shut and shot the heavy bar home. I leaned against the boards and took a minute to get my wind back. Then I remembered that alley door in the back room. I'd left it open that morning.

I thought I heard something — a footstep outside. Was the mad sergeant creeping down the alley? I started feeling all weak and trembly. Aw God, I wanted a gun so bad I could taste it!

There wasn't any sense in standing there like a scared mouse waiting for him to come find me and chop me down, and about then I was ready to forget the whole thing and head for Georgia again. I didn't have the spunk to take the sergeant, and anyhow, why should I risk my neck trying to bring in fool Yankee prisoner.

All right, I told myself, then git. But I didn't. I kept thinking how Manda had got all melty in my arms and how her warm, moist mouth had felt when I kissed her, and how she had looked at me when she said, "Later — honey." And godammit, I just couldn't walk out on that! I left the smithy by the rear door.

**THE BIG WEEDY** lot was empty with sunshine. I slipped across it and went up to the back door of the hotel. It stood two inches open. Funny. Manda had locked it after she let me out. I peeked in at the empty kitchen and saw a shatter of glass on the floor. One of the windows looked like a Hotchkiss shell had walloped it.

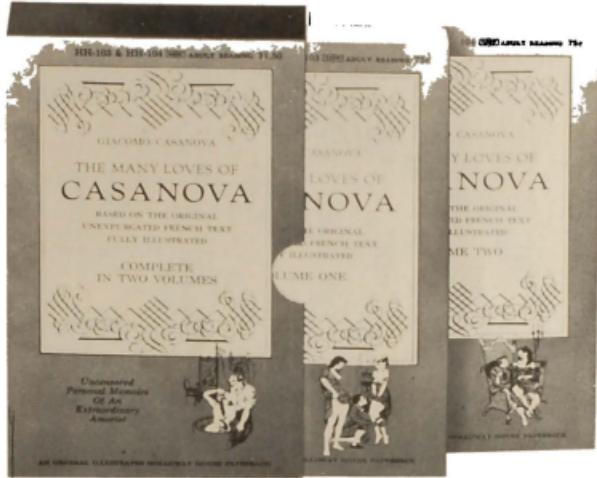
"Sissy?" I whispered. I slipped inside and shut the door.

"Manda?" I said it louder, but it didn't get me anything. That big old barn of a building had a dead feeling. I went down the hall and up the steps, and said it again. "Miss Manda?"

—turn to page 130

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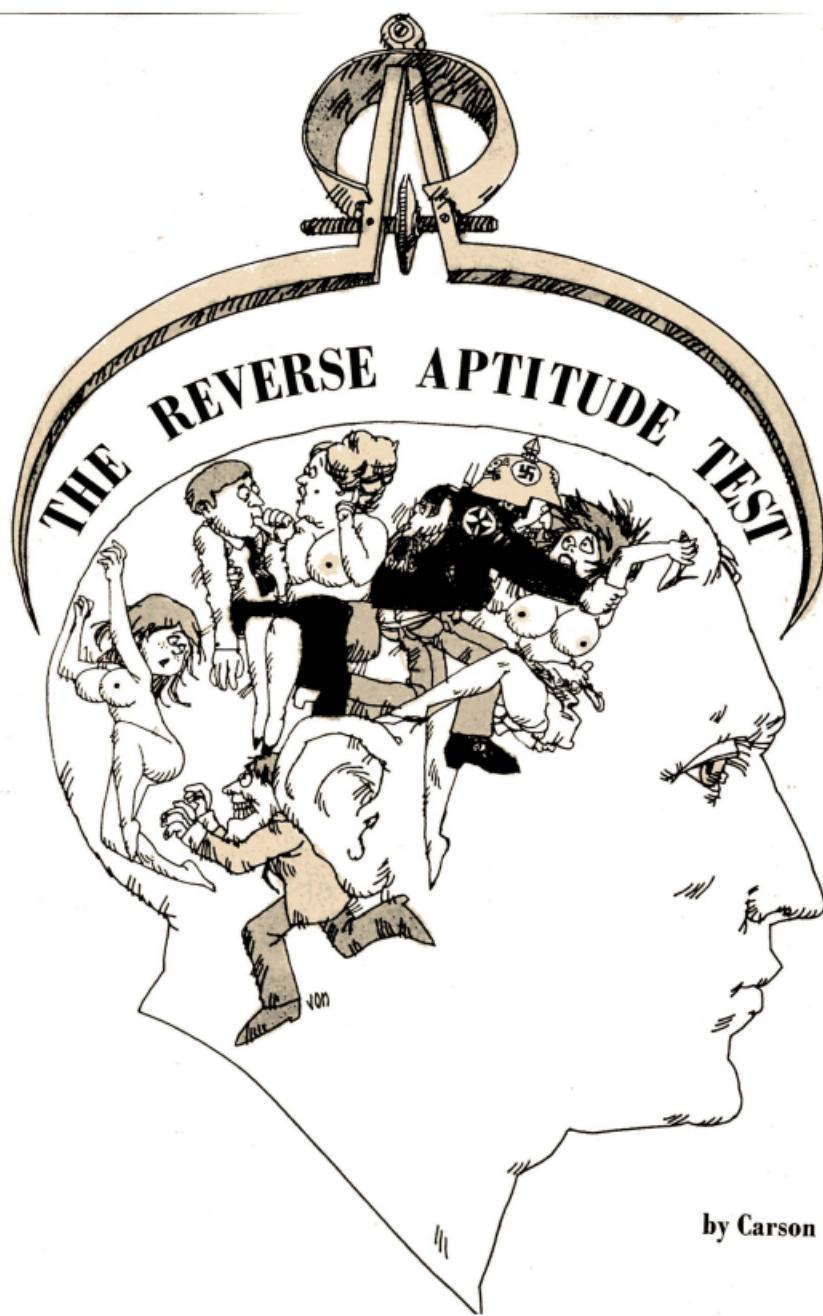
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by Carson Dawes

LET ME SEE IF I can tell you what happened the last time you applied for a job...

First you saw an "interviewer," right? And this man, whether he was a supervisor, professional interviewer, or a door-to-door "people-seeker," looked you up and down in all your finery and asked you a few pointed questions—am I still right?

Then, if he found favor in your qualifications and/or appearance, he smiled and said you were hired at a specific wage, but *first*—

You had to pass an "aptitude" test.

An "aptitude" test, by definition, is supposed to illustrate to the prospective employer just exactly in which direction lie your best talents—or how he can get the most out of you for his money.

But the test he gives you—if you are like seventy-odd percent of the job-seekers that look for employment every year—is less an "aptitude" test and more a psychological "brain-probe."

Am I still reasonably correct?

In fact, with questions like, "Would you consider the relationship between you and your mother normal?" and, "How old was your sister before you started to notice her?"—you probably thought at the time that it was downright insulting.

But you completed the test anyway—because you needed a job, and because "you can't fight city hall."

Ahh, but that's exactly where you're wrong, friend. You *can* fight city hall—and (dependent, of course, on your own specific values) you can *win*!

There is a whole new movement afoot—a secret conspiracy among workingmen—to undermine, disrupt and in general attain revenge against the perfidious piles of Q (meaning of this sign discussed later in the text) that are undermining and disrupting the workingman with a bunch of prying, idiotic "aptitude" tests.

It is the *Reverse Aptitude* movement—and it is calculated to drive the men that have been giving *you* the "aptitude" tests completely driveling insane—by making them believe that they haven't got any aptitude.

This is how it works:

Following, there is a series of questions. These questions were formulated by an *ex-aptitude* test writer, who had gone insane, and were smuggled out of the Fergus Falls Institute (Minnesota) for the Mentally Deranged. The questions are of such nature, and placement of order, that if a person reads them without knowing the cor-

rect answer he (or she) would find himself trying to approach a thought process that would equal infinity. Since infinity can never be—or always is—reached, the person would soon become so different as to be labeled insane.

In short, revenge would have been attained.

(I have, thoughtfully, included the proper answers—or lack of answer, if such be the case—plus a few comments for the protection of the reader, whom, I assume, will be the working-man.)

Now, for this thing to work properly, it must be done *en masse*. So—on the 21st of February, 1968—everybody that has saved a copy of the following test should copy it, minus the answers, on the back of an old envelope in pencil, using the opposite hand from that which you normally use (to avoid having your handwriting traced), and mail it to your boss, mother-in-law, or a person that you would like to be your boss.

Happy hunting . . .

## Are you bugged by those job application quizzes?

### Well, here is the Applicant's Revenge!

#### REVERSE APTITUDE TEST (CHECK . . . YES OR . . . NO)

1. Does it bother you to have dirty or clean underwear?

(There really is no correct answer to this one. Indeed, it has no connection with the rest of the test, but is merely a gaff to hook the reader into going further. It adds to the confusion by not having a blank to check—it's called a "sample" question.)

2. Have you been harboring a latent Oedipus complex for a long time?  
    . . . Yes . . . No

(This depends greatly on the age of the subject being tested—but no is a good lie, too.)

3. Did you "notice" your mother before you "noticed" your little sister?

    . . . Yes . . . No

(The difference on this one is whether or not the subject thinks quotation marks have a "dirty" connotation. It also depends, to a large degree, on what "you" think quotation marks mean.)

4. 0204055794763548290837165872-566987165278238362575. . . Is the next number in the sequence five?  
    . . . Yes . . . No

(The correct answer is 4 . . . but there's a large school strongly in favor of 8. It absolutely isn't five.)

5. If all red dogs are black horses, and no black horses are green cats; can any white fish be red dogs?  
    . . . Yes . . . No

(Yes, if they get the permission of the N.A.W.F.—National Association for the Advancement of White Fish.)

6. Do you use peduncles mostly in bed?  
    . . . Yes . . . No

(Note: Peduncle is the medical term for the white matter that holds your brain together—hence, the question asks whether or not you think more in bed. But most supervisors, mothers-in-law and bosses do not own dictionaries—and it sounds so deliciously obscene!)

7. Are you Q on just the inside?  
    . . . Yes . . . No

(Q (No.) is the old pharmaceutical symbol—used during the Civil War—for the specific grade of horse manure that was employed in the breeding of non-infectious maggots.)

8. Do you ever wish that your father is/will be buried in a glass coffin?  
    . . . Yes . . . No  
(No.)

9. If you saw a nude woman being assaulted by a gang of teenage rapists, but she was putting up a good fight, would you feel sad?  
    . . . Yes . . . No  
(In the long run, yes.)

And finally, the *coup de grace*:

10. If the answer to question number 9 was yes/no, do/did you still love/love not your mother and/or father?  
    . . . Yes . . . No

(Yes and/or no and/or the whole damn gang of teenage rapists along with them.) 

Nobody was in the upper hall. The door to the wounded Yank's room was about half open, and I went over to it and looked inside but didn't see nobody. I didn't get it. Had they all lit out? I stepped in and saw the Yank's jacket still hanging on that chair, but the bed he'd been in was empty.

Somebody giggled behind my back. I tell you — I jumped a yard! And when I lit I was already turned about, just in time to see the ax blade come glinting right past my face from out of the shadow behind the door. Then that crazyman let out a bung-starter of a yell, and I was gone.

I straight-armed his Halloween face as I went hurrashing through the doorway, and caught the edge of the door with that same hand and started to turn myself about and slam the door all at the same time. I felt his clawed fingers rake down my back as I did it.

Then I was in the hall and he was in the room and I had the door shut between us. I grabbed the doorknob with both hands and leaned back and threw one foot up against the jamb and braced myself. The knob started quivering and shaking in my hands. He was having himself a fit and falling in it on the other side of that door. There wasn't any sense or even words to his noise. It was just the most Godawful ranting I'd ever heard.

Something went squeak at the far end of the hall. I looked and saw Manda staring big-eyed at me from a small doorway that probably led to the attic. She and the old man and the boy must have lugged the major up there when the sergeant busted into the hotel.

"Gitt!" I yelled at her. "I can't hold him!"

An inch of the ax blade ripped through the door panel, and I flinched to one side as the splinters flew. That fool girl was still standing there like a post gawking at me.

"For gawdsake run!" I shouted.

The ax splintered the door again, and I jerked back but held onto the knob. When I looked down the hall Manda was gone and the attic door was shut.

Another smashing crash and bits of wood flew in my face, and for a second, when he snatched back the blade, I saw his crazy eye glaring at me through the shattered slot. I heard him suck in a deep breath and knew that the next lick would be the one that would do it.

I let go the knob and sprang back in the hall just as the ax came smashing clear through the door. The sergeant's face showed in the hole, all wild-eyed and drool-mouthed, and I took off down the stairs. But not too

fast. I wanted him to come after me. If he lost track of me he would likely hunt out those poor bastards in the attic. Now that I'd stumbled in this deep I goddamn sure didn't want to give him the chance to butcher my prisoner or my girl.

When I reached the foyer I looked back up at the top landing, and there he was — squat, powerful, his uniform all gaping open and as dirty as a pig's hide. He made that giggle of his.

"C'mon, you stupid sonuvabitch!" I yelled. "I got the horses and I'm taking you back!"

That did it. He raised the ax over his head and let out a kee-ricely below. Then he leaped straight into the air, like as if using stairs was a waste of time. I went racking down the hall and heard him crash on the lower landing just as I made the door.

I shot into the kitchen and started to lay a track for the back door. Then I caught myself. Once I got outside I'd just keep on running. I knew I would because that was the kind of gutless I was. So for a spell there I didn't know what to do. Run or fight. Then I said, "All right, gawdammmit," and I reached the woodbox by the stove and picked up an iron poker.

It wasn't no ax, but it was a sight better than a bare fist.

I went tippytoe into the pantry. There wasn't any windows in there and it was pretty dim. It was a ten foot runway between the kitchen and the dining room. Both doors were open. I stopped halfway and leaned against the counter. I could taste grit on my lips, and a cold sweat was highballing over my brows into my eyes.

The hall door on the other side of the pantry went click.

I sucked a breath and held it. A boot scraped on the plank floor. Stopped. I put a hand to my gut and clutched the shaky flesh. A board went creak. Then — nothing. I let my air ease out and took it back again.

I tried to see into the kitchen, to see how the sun slanted, thinking I might be able to pick up a shadow when he came across the room. But would he come that way? Coocoo, I'd heard, could be almighty crafty. Suppose now the foxy bastard hadn't come all the way into the kitchen after I heard him at the door? What if he had doubled back down the hall to the dining room?

Then I heard it. Behind me. A rasp of breath.

I whipped about and he was already there, and the ax glinted, swinging up. "YAH!" His screaming mouth looked like a firebucket. I wrenched my head to one side and banged it slam into a cupboard as the blade

flashed down, and felt it bite like fire in my shoulder when it went whunk in the woodwork.

That crazy bastard's grinning, slobby face was right in front of me and I let him have the poker in a sideways sweep that tore my pinned shoulder free from the cupboard — slamming him so hard I expected to see his head fly clean off. He went down like a grain bag.

There must be something in what they say about God looking out for drunks and crazy people. The sergeant was cold but not dead. I routed out some dish towels and tied him up proper, and used one of them to bind up my nicked shoulder. Then I hot-footed upstairs and gave a call up the attic for Manda.

"It's all right," I told her when she was in the hall with me. "I took care of him. Now —"

I opened the nearest door and got her by the hand and pulled her into a room that had a nice big bed in it.

"That later time you mentioned earlier is now, sissy."

I let her go and started unbuttoning my tunic. Then I stopped and looked at her. She was just standing there, watching me.

"No," she said. "I can't. My fiance wouldn't like it."

I said, "Huh?"

"My fiance. That Yankee major. He's got a big house in Boston, and coaches and servants, and his father's a banker. Do you think I've been nursing and guarding him all these days for the fun of it?"

I blinked at her. Then I said, "You crazy? That Yank's my prisoner. I'm taking him to —"

"No," she said, and she drew a hogleg pistol from the folds of her skirt and cocked the hammer at me. "You ain't taking him nowhere. He's asked me to marry him."

"His gun," I said, staring at it. "You had it all the time."

"That's right. Did you think I was going to let you or that crazy Reb or anybody take him away from me? I've been waiting in this dirty little Tantytown for somebody like him all my life, and I ain't about to let him go. But speaking of going —"

So I went. I had no choice. And she made me take the sergeant along, too. That's how come I went back to the army. I couldn't just turn him loose on the countryside again, and I sure as hell couldn't haul him all the way to Georgia with me. So he went into an army hospital where they kept him wrapped up in wet sheets, and I went back into the line.

One thing I learned out of it, though. Don't ever try to desert. Ain't worth it.



## Follies' Fillies

Follies or fillies—they're all the same when you say Ziegfeld—bare-bosomed



**ZIEGFELD** has done it again, capturing the spotlight of Las Vegas nitelife with his cast of 50, featuring some of the most beautiful showgirls from all segments of the nation's strip-for-action set.

The bare-bosom beauties will star in an original musical at the Thunderbird Hotel commemorating the golden anniversary of the late Flo Ziegfeld, who made "Follies" a byword in American society.

Joe Wells, president of the Thunderbird, said he expected this to be the greatest show the hotel casino has staged since the appearance of "Flower Drum Song." With success at the Thunderbird, these stunning starlets may become headliners in a new Ziegfeld film.

and stripped for action





**The psycho was out to get his ex-wife and Ernie knew there was only one way to stop him**

# GIRL AT GUNPOINT

by Jay Solo

Vic with his head inside my engine.

"You got oil seepage around the cylinder head," he offered, gratis. The way he said it, it was a toss-up which was worse: oil seepage or terminal cancer.

"It's a rental, friend, I don't give a damn," I told him. "How's the oil?" (I knew he'd say two quarts low before he opened his mouth.)

"Two quarts low." He indicated a couple of empties lying beside the trash barrel. I didn't want to tell him the cobwebs were all over the old cans. I have this philosophy. Let the midgets stick you for the tiny amounts, and God'll protect you when the big casinos roll around.

I paid the creep for his two mythical quarts of oil and drove off the

**L**AS VEGAS GREW UP around me like a neon toadstool. I pulled the rental Mustang into a gas station and got out. The owner was a gandy-legged hayseed who looked like he'd bought into the station and Vegas with an eye to pulling off a few of the coins sticking to the high-rollers' fingers on their way out of town. He had big eyes to stick me for a valve and lube job.

"You got a pay phone?" I asked him. He looked like he wanted to cry.

He motioned toward the rest rooms. "Around back."

I told him to check the oil and tire pressure and walked around back. There wasn't an answer at Rikki's apartment, so I knew she had already left for the hotel. She danced in the line at the Sahara—she was the "end pony," the swing girl, shortest chorine at the end of the line—and she'd told me if I got in after nine o'clock she'd at the hotel getting made up for the first show.

If Leon Balto didn't ventilate her pretty carcass with a steel-jacketed slug first.

I was covered with California and Nevada road grime, so I decided to drop off my flight bag at Rikki's pad before tracking her down at the hotel. I came back to the car to find Venal

strip toward Rikki's apartment.

Driving in Vegas doesn't take any more thought than losing a fortune, so I ran the events of the past ten hours through my head to get them positioned properly. For later use.

I'd been married to Rikki briefly, in 1960, for about six months. There never had been and there probably never would be a broad who turned me on more easily or more fully than Rikki. Even at eighteen, which she'd been in '60, she was more chick than most of the meat swinging through the gilded Palaces of Chance that made up the Vegas hustle-scene. She'd been a new dancer at that time, and I had taken the spill easy. But Rikki liked to play, and I'd caught her, and she'd agreed we had better break it off before we both wound up in the toilet.

So I'd given her the apartment and the furniture and gone back to Los Angeles, while Rikki had continued hoofing around Vegas. It was tough for me getting a job as good as the one I'd had in Vegas: insurance investigator. But the name Ernie Cashio was still good, and when I'd made the rounds I found a couple of hiring types at one of the big national companies who remembered me.

"Cashio?" They stared. "Sure, we can use you. What happened in Vegas?"

"So I told them, and that was seven years ago. I hadn't heard from Rikki till this morning. I was just prying myself all sweaty and satisfied off a dental technician named Margo when the phone had tinkled. I slid back inside and reached across her—she had that "don't-hit-me-again" look on her lips—and took the call.

Rikki.

The hair shivered on the back of my neck.

She was in trouble. Deep trouble. She'd been dating a guy named Leon who was a young on-his-way-up pisztoliere for the Outfit. But she had dumped him, and now her name was shit in Vegas, and they were trying to get her fired out of the line, but that wasn't the worst of it. Leon's brother was a psycho, and he had decided to take it very badly that Rikki was no longer enamored of his kid brother. So Jimmy was gunning for Rikki.

The word that appeared most fre-

—turn the page

quietly in her conversation was "Help!" I told her I'd tool into Vegas that night. She said be careful. Thanks a grumpkin.

THE KEY WAS right where Rikki had said it would be—under the WELCOME mat. It constantly amazes me how dumb tenants think prowlers must be.

The second I opened the door I smelled blood. Don't anyone tell me there isn't such a thing, because the thick, ropey, vaguely putrefying scent of spilled hemoglobin is an actuality. Smell it once and you'll never argue. Only amateurs contest the fact.

I closed the door behind me and snapped on the light.

He was spread out in full view. Most of his body was lying on the beige rug, legs twisted at funky angles. But his head was *truly* in plain view. From the gaping half of the cranial cavity that yawned up at me, with the clotted blood suffusing the spilled gray matter to the bits of bone and cartilage that speckled the walls.

After I had cleaned up the mess I'd made in the bathroom, I went back into the living room. I flipped back one side of his tropical worsted jacket and pulled out the thick wallet. There were enough credit cards to indicate he was not only very definitely a member of the Establishment, but damned near probably the head of it. The name on the cards was all the same.

Leon Balto.

As Johnson said, when informed of the furor the Warren Report had started, and the doubts therefrom issuing: Rikki was in deep trouble. Probably a lot deeper than Justice Warren. He at least had the Supreme Court behind him. The best Rikki had going was a hash-eyed insurance investigator named Ernie Cashio. I'd never have taken the odds.

I locked the door behind me and headed for the Sahara. The casino was swinging, as usual, and I walked through without a whimper. I'd once dropped twenty-two hundred dollars at the blackjack and roulette tables in that casino, and I had no wish to repeat the lesson; only the lowest forms of paramecium need to get told twice.

Around the back of the casino was the door leading to the kitchens. I stomped down the ramp, thinking how odd it was that I remembered all this though seven years had passed. Right through the swinging doors beside the garbage cans and I was backstage. I caught a faggy chorus boy as he was coming down the stairs from the dressing rooms above and told him to roll out one Rikki Cashio for me. He looked minded to refuse, so I snarled. He skittered back upstairs, pretty little mouth

in a mouse.

I could hear him shrieking in a falsetto for Rikki, and a minute later she came down the stairs. She got halfway down, saw me, and stopped cold. Christ, she was gorgeous. Even in the phony eyelashes, the accentuated hooker makeup and that ridiculous Baja Marimba dancer costume, she was a stunner. For such a short girl, her legs gave the impression of going straight up to her armpits.

She came down and we didn't even say hello. She was up against me so hard I went back into the wall, and she kept right on coming. Her breasts were as high and hard as I'd remem-

"We've got a little time. Not much, but maybe enough to winnow through those possibilities."

"But I'm the best suspect of all. Leon wasn't very nice about getting the brush."

"That's the thinking of whoever planted him. Who else is eligible? Give me the nitty-gritty, baby, I haven't time for maybe's."

"Jean Gutman was dating Leon before I met him. She hates my guts. And Jimmy, his brother—no, it wouldn't be Jimmy. He loved Leon—but he hated me because he thought I made Leon look bad to everyone in town."

"That's two. Anyone else?"



"... it isn't that I don't want to, it's just that I don't think I was sent down here to teach an American beachcomber how to build a house."

bered them, and Rikki had always had an instinctive urge to revolve her pelvis when kissing someone, even if it was hello to ancient Uncle George at the family reunion. I took her all in and worked with it for a minute until the thought of that open skullcase interrupted. I pried her off, pulled her around the corner into an alcove and fed her the information.

"You've got a lot of dead meat in your living room."

"Whaaa?"

"Your boy friend Leon is spread out like a brochure for an anatomy school."

"Oh, Jeezus!"

"He couldn't help himself, baby, he's sure as hell not going to do anything for you."

"What'll I do, Ernie?"

"Half the people in town, if you want the truth. Leon worked for the skimmers, and in the Outfit nobody really likes anyone else. Stickmen, crap shooters, barmaids, everyone in the city had a thing one way or the other about Leon."

"Where's this Jean Gutman?"

Rikki said she was in the book. I told her to stay around the Sahara, to let her show and then hang in the casino till I got back, not to go home and not to wind up in any empty places. She said okay and gave me a pathetic look that said I wish we'd never broken up and how the hell does a chick break out of this glass tube. I didn't have any answers, so I didn't bother giving her any mickeymouse.

I went looking for Jean Gutman.

THE LADY WAS a whore. If blood has a scent, then so do bimbos. She smelled like a million guys had dumped their loads in her and she hadn't had time for a douche. She looked clean, and she probably was, but for a broad like Miss Gutman, there simply wasn't enough soap in the world.

She thought I was a john, and within two seconds inside her apartment, she was getting undressed. I let her. A man should surround himself with beauty while he's working. Another of my instant philosophies.

"Who sent'cha?" Gregorio to the Dunes?" she asked, pulling her skirt down and showing me a lot of garter belt and nylons but not much underpants. I mumbled something inappropriate.

She pulled the cashmere sweater over her head, disturbing the blond bubble of her hairdo, and then giggled. "I'll get messed anyway, so why bother straightening it?" She wasn't wearing a bra.

She didn't need one.

Her breasts were small, but very nicely shaped with big orange nipples—the color of guava jelly.

She motioned me to follow her and I went along behind, noticing the bounce of her backside. I could see where she'd make a decent living with a body like that. Correction: indecent living.

We were in a bedroom, and she dropped down on the bed, kicking off her high heels. "I like doing it in my nylons, that okay with you?" she asked.

I'm easy to get along with.

JEAN GUTMAN was also a nympho (or as close to that mythical beast as we are permitted to get) as well as a whore. She squealed and groaned and dripped all over the bed. She was very hungry herself. I grabbed her and used her and spread her out like a victim for the ants on the desert. She loved it, and I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't admit it was mutual. When she hit the final peak she arched up under me like a snake and let off steam that sounded like a noon whistle. I can't remember a headier experience...unless it was finding Leon with his head caved in.

WHEN WE WERE dressed, and she was offering me a drink, I dropped the bomb on her. "Jeanne, how come you killed Leon?" Her eyes dilated till I thought they would pop out. She backed off from me.

"Who are you? The cops? The Outfit? I didn't do anything to Leon. I haven't seen him in three months."

"You're full of crap, baby," I did my Raymond Chandler imitation. "You

were bent all out of shape because Leon was tooling Rikki Cashio, and you went over there tonight to give her a piece of your mind, and found Leon and did the dirty deed—

"I don't even own a gun!"

There was a lot of silence.

"Who said gun?" I whispered.

Then she broke down. It had been Jimmy. The psycho brother. He had also had the hots for my ex-missus. He wanted her for himself, Leon told him to forget it, so Jimmy had gunned Leon. Unfortunately, it had happened at Rikki's. Leon had had a key, of course, from before. Jimmy had followed him. Leon went Jimmy, boom went Leon, and the fall was taken by Rikki.

Jimmy had come to Jean and told her if she didn't alibi him, he was going to do a Jack the Ripper on her, fallopian first. She was scared senseless. But because she thought I was with the outfit, the odds swung my way.

"Where's Jimmy now?" I asked.

She hesitated. "Tell me, baby, or they'll find you out in the Fairchild Desert come next Christmas."

Jimmy was looking for Rikki. Jimmy was sure with Jean as an alibi, he could take care of Rikki and get off with temporary insanity. After all, hadn't she killed his beloved brother?

"But that way Jimmy won't get her," I said, and then bit my tongue. Jimmy wasn't going to get her anyway, the manner in which he'd set it up. Rikki was going to die either in the chair or at the end of Jimmy's gun.

I dropped a tanner on her coffee table, being a man who always paid his way, and cut out for the Sahara. Jimmy was obviously way out of it by this time, and there was no telling if Rikki's being in a crowded casino would stop him.

Again, the odds were shitty.

THE FIRST SHOW was over. The chorus girls had gone out to eat before the midnight performance. I went dashing up the back way to the dressing rooms, scared a pair of late undressers, who covered their breasts and threw perfume bottles, and ran back downstairs. Rikki wasn't there.

Into the casino. The sound of people losing their bread was overpowering. All down the line of slot machines were little old ladies wearing work gloves to keep the calluses off their hands while they pulled the handles. Paper cups in their free hands filled with nickels and quarters. The coughing, the laughing, the crying. The roulette chittering in the b.g.

All of it, and somewhere in here was Rikki, maybe being stalked by a psycho who had just killed his own brother. I pushed and shoved through

the extra heavy weekend crowd, and then I saw her. She was sitting at a blackjack table, with a fifty-year-old used car salesman hanging on her. The way she had chosen to waste time till I got back was to sucker in an old horny and let him pay for her fun.

I started toward her, and suddenly there was the heavy slam of a gunshot. The used car salesman sprouted a red flower in his left temple and pitched off the stool. Everyone ducked. Across the room, behind one of the pan tables, a tall, wild-eyed man with a blocky .45 in his mitt was taking dead aim again. Rikki was rooted to the chair. She couldn't move.

Maybe it was fear, and maybe it was just that Rikki was tired of running. I never knew.

The next shot got her in the chest. It threw her off the stool flat out in the deep pile carpet, with her skirt up around her waist. She wasn't wearing underpants—just like Jean Gutman. It told me something. But I didn't want to think about it, not right then.

He came fast, then. Right around the pan table, across the aisle with everyone under something to keep out of his way and the casino guards closing in on him. He was going to take a few more shots at her, to reinforce the insanity plea.

As he got within fist distance of me, I reached to the side, to one of the old ladies petrified with fear at her slot machine. I grabbed the Dixie cup full of quarters and, as he came abreast of me, I slung them in his face.

They hurt, and he swung the gun up and pulled off two rounds that missed me by inches but plowed into the ceiling where they shattered one of the TV cameras the management used to keep its beady eye on what went on in the casino.

We grappled, and I caught him a hard one in the gut. Then the gun was between us and I was wrestling him down. We fell into the slot machines and one of them tumbled backward, crashing on the carpet.

Then the gun went off. I felt him buck and then buck again, and then he was still. I got up. There was blood all over the front of me. But it wasn't mine.

I DROVE BACK to Los Angeles. I knew I'd never accept any casual invitations to "go to Vegas for the weekend." Back there were all the high-rollers, and all the crap-outs, and all the chicks who never wore underpants. Like my ex-wife.

A guy will go to some strange lengths to get the past out of his mind. Like burying the only turn-on he'd ever known. Craps.





Lusty ladies of the Old West shake the shackles of womanhood to outdo their men and get top billing in banditry

# **WOMEN WHO LOST THE WEST**

by GARY PAULSEN

MUCH HAS BEEN written of the "Wild and Woolly" desperadoes of the old American West. How, with guns drawn and evil sneers on their (for the most part) infamous countenances, they robbed stagecoaches, stopped trains, gunned down lawmen and innocent bystanders alike, and just generally raised havoc wherever they went.

Assuming that the West was something to be won (as we're told these days in books and films), then these men constituted a section of

the losers. Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Wild Bill Hickok, Black Bart, Cole Younger—these names all ring of the sheer roughness that went hand in hand with the winning of the West and, significantly, practically all of them came to a violent end at the hands of the winners.

But what of the "bad" women? Surely, if the early West abounded in disreputable men, there should have been a few wild women around, for companionship if nothing else, to help wile away the long periods in hideouts be-

*—turn the page*

## WOMEN, from page 139

tween jobs. What of the women that lost the West?

The answer is that there were dozens—hundreds, if you count every passing acquaintance—and in their own way they were as wild and woolly as the men.

Take, as a classic example, Kate Fischer, or Big-Nose Kate, as they knew her in Dodge, Kansas. Kate was the sometime mistress of no less a personage than Doc Holliday—the infamous dentist-killer friend of Wyatt Earp. Yet in all the realms of wordage devoted to Doc, you seldom see more than a passing mention of the chunky Kate—and the truth is that Kate was pretty mean herself. She once burned a small Texas town hotel to the ground to release Doc, who was being held there on criminal charges.

Another seldom-mentioned woman hell raiser was Etta Place, a singularly beautiful young woman who once taught school in Denver. Known by the Pinkerton agency as "... an associate of outlaws," the outwardly sweet appearing Etta was lover and crime-comrade to Harry Longbaugh, the Sundance Kid of Butch Cassidy's gang, the Wild Bunch. Etta rode with the gang, shot both a Colt and a Winchester with consummate skill, helped them on several robberies and finally fled with them to Argentina when the Pinkerton agency got too hot on their heels.

It is reputed that Etta even helped the Sundance Kid shoot up the city of New York on a particularly wild party night. Yet, when she finally "retired from the field," and had to leave Argentina and return to New York due to acute appendicitis, aside from having received honorable mention in a few newspapers, the sweet Etta might just as well have spent her life teaching schools for all the notoriety she attained.

It is true that Etta was the exception from the standard norm of occupational and educational level of the West's bad women. Most of them were dancehall girls, tramps, or out-and-out prostitutes who got caught up in the romance of outlawry.

SUCH A WOMAN was Della Rose—alias Laura Bullion—another female member of the Wild Bunch. "Occupation: Prostitute," it stated on her file card in the Pinkerton offices, but if the truth were known, the sallow complexioned, slender and large-eyed Della was a bit more than the run of the mill woman of ill repute.

She was an accomplished train robber as well. On one occasion she was instrumental in helping the Wild Bunch blow an express car for over

forty thousand dollars. When she was finally brought to ground and sentenced to five years for forgery (she had forged bank presidents' signatures on stolen bills), the twenty-eight-year-old Della had ridden a trail of banditry and plunder that few men of the old West could equal.

One of the most bizarre female hell raisers was Dora Hand—or Fannie Keenan—the "First Lady of Dodge" during Wyatt Earp's time, when Dodge was known as "The Gomorrah of the Plains" and "... the beautiful, bibulous Babylon of the frontier." (The term "Red Light District" is said to have originated in Dodge, because one of the houses of ill repute had a red glass pane in the front door.)

favors. That, unfortunately, proved to be her undoing. She threw her "favors" around a bit too widely, and extended them to the mayor of Dodge, a jealous man named James H. (Dog) Kelley, and to a young man named J. W. Spike, a cattlemen.

Kelley threw Spike out of town, but the young cowboy came back just before dawn and emptied his revolver through the front door of Kelley's two-story frame house—hoping to kill the mayor. Unluckily, Dora happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time and she took the bullets meant for Kelley.

When the widely known Bill Doolin gang of desperados was broken in Oklahoma, in 1895, two members—



Dora moved with the railroad boom, singing in dancehouses in Abilene and Hays when they were wild, and wound up in Dodge not long after it "turned loose." She led a strange, dual existence. By night she sang and caroused in the bars and saloons, becoming "... Queen of the Fairbelles, as old Dodge termed its dancehall women" (quoting Stuart Lake), but by day she played the role of a respectable, upstanding woman. On Sundays she went so far as to cross the "Dead Line," the street separating the wild element from the "respectable" citizenry, and lead hymn singing in church.

And so great was Dora's beauty, it is said that no less than twelve men died in duels centered around her

both female—escaped. They were "Cattle Annie" (Annie McDougal, so named for her rustling habits), and "Little Britches" (Jennie Stevens, nicknamed by the gang members for her attire). While by today's standards Annie and Jennie were little more than girls (Annie was eighteen, and Jennie seventeen), they both had enough experience to have federal warrants sworn in their names for "... consorting with the Doolins and several other crimes," including rustling and "casual" prospective jobs for the gang.

When they were finally brought to bay in a farmhouse near Pawnee, Oklahoma, the two marshals who found them thought they'd gotten a couple of bobcats by their tails. Jennie jumped out a rear window and

was only caught after a fierce running gunfight across the prairie — in which her pursuer finally had to bring down her horse and pin her to the ground.

And Annie, who'd remained in the farmhouse, ran out of ammunition for her Winchester firing at the other marshal and became so angry she climbed out and attacked him with her bare hands. The only way he could subdue her was with sheer bodyweight — which he applied by bear hugging Annie and slamming her to the ground. By the time the marshals got the two girls to court at Perry, Oklahoma (where they received two years each at the Farmington Prison), the lawmen looked like they'd been rolling in barbed wire.

STAGECOACH ROBBERY has always been considered a masculine art. Time honored and accepted legends have the coarse-voiced highwayman stepping out in the road and stopping the coach with an ultimate sounding, "Stand and Deliver!" But the fact is that the last stage robbery, indeed, the last actual "Old West Happening," in the United States was at the hands of a woman — one slight and pretty Pearl Hart.

Aside from a striking resemblance between Pearl and Jane Fonda, star of *Cat Ballou*, there are many things that lead one to believe the recent, funny Western movie was actually born seventy years ago, when Pearl clipped the Globe, Arizona, stage-line passengers for \$431.00.

For one thing, it all started as a lark. Pearl jokingly suggested to a friend, an old miner named Joe Boots, that they rob a stage, and Joe, surprisingly, agreed. So they went out along the road coming into Globe and waited, and waited, and waited, until finally a stage came along. And then, too, the robbery itself was shot through with such melodramatic dialogue as: "Get out, line up and shell out!" and, "All right, everybody back in the coach — and if one of you so much as looks out —"

But the crowning touch is that after the successful completion of the robbery, when the stage had thundered off down the road, Pearl and Joe made their getaway — and became promptly and irrevocably lost. For three days and nights they rode in circles through the Arizona brush country. Finally, exhausted from riding, they fell beneath a tree and went to sleep.

A passing rancher saw them, recognized them, and brought the sheriff — who put handcuffs on them while they slept and quietly ended the stagecoach robbing career of Pearl Hart, the last of the women who lost the West.

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better things of life.

With a lifetime accumulation of good jewels and clothes, I have often protested, "Get that phony away from me. He probably thinks I'm as rich as I look." And, unfortunately, most of these men know the list of American wealth by rote, and judge one by the company one keeps. If you still travel in the company of millionaires, it is sometimes difficult to be disassociated from the group. Words like, "But, I haven't any money. It all went in the depression. I have only a school girl's allowance," don't help. Or if one has been married to great wealth, W refuses to believe one did not get a settlement or alimony. He simply smiles, knowingly, when you say, "I even paid for my own divorce!"

My first attempt to unlace W was a concerted effort on the part of my friends moaning, "Poor thing, I worry so, what in the world will ever become of her. *No money, not a sou.*" He apparently thought the ladies did protest too much, because his attentions did not cease. Then I would toss my emeralds and diamond rings and bracelets in his face and say, "Good paste, don't you think? I sold the real when Mother died. For burial expenses." So funny did he think that line, that it was tossed back at me by a lifelong friend who admonished, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

I was and I knew I was trapped in a dilemma which would prove disastrous if he succeeded in convincing me that ours was the perfect union—we had so much in common—and then he discovered I had really been telling the truth. There wasn't any money!

The solution to his affair came in the presence of a dear girl friend, who was younger, better looking, and did have a recent divorce settlement of fair proportions. I saw the interest in his eye, and laid the setting by putting them together under one roof and then leaving them alone for a sufficient length of time for nature to go to work. When I returned, shamed-faced, they confessed their newly found love. Understanding and bravely for the occasion were the understatements of the year.

They were married, and, then, the denouement. She, naturally, thought that he was one of the very, very rich. She learned he was tight with his own money, tight to the degree of being a male Hetty Green, and he learned that the alimony ceased with their marriage. And in search of a new husband she had used up most of her tremendous settlement. Today, I am no longer on their Christmas card list.

## CASE No. 4—E.B\*

The fourth and final E. B\* is a man not to be encouraged, under any circumstances, by any woman. He is the eternal, primitive, totally unsophisticated male. He is a man's man, a leader among men because of his physical prowess and his God-given virility. He believes any and all things a woman says, and when he discovers he has been duped, deluded, made a fool of, the gleam of murder sets in his eye, and the woman is lucky to escape with her life, usually having to throw in a few teeth, a couple of broken bones and a generally black and blue body when the farewell takes place.

E— was the first truly simple, beautiful hulk of a man I had ever met. As is customary in these affairs, he was usually a long way from home, lost without wife and "kiddies" and the entrapment of the cocoon of marriage to protect him. He first shows you his wallet with a snapshot of the wife and the children. He shows this proudly, but as he gets trapped in the presence of another woman, the picture of the wife vanishes from the wallet and only the "kids" remain, smiling innocently and coquettishly from the case.

E— was like most of these men, an engineer, on the project of dredging a harbor in a tropical island. The torrid sun, the balmy nights, the free-flowing rum, the loose morals of the natives and the expatriate whites, and the attentive ear of a friendly person are all the ingredients necessary. When the woman bubbles forth, innocent in her worldliness: "O, E— I love you. You are just too divine!" something happens. This wanderer from home forgets his Penelope, hears only the words of Calypso singing words of love and mystery, and this modern Ulysses has craftily snagged himself in a bind.

He suffers silently, and the poor woman does not even know what he is thinking or plotting behind that pipe-smoking mask. She chatters on, holds his hand, dances with abandon in his protective presence, even kisses him passionately, knowing the abysmal brute would never violate her Shalimar-saturated person. He won't because he has bigger and better things in mind. Like fleeing, deserting wife and children and assuming another name and going away, far, far away to another island, to keep going until all of the islands have been explored and covered with harbors and bridges.

I learned quite accidentally of E—'s plot to elope with me. My best friend said to me: "Are you out of your mind, lost in this tropical paradise to the point of ruining your life

and going away with E?"

It took me a while to convince her I was the only one who had not heard of the plans. When she unfolded what he had confided in her, I knew there was but one solution—escape, run away, get lost until he had recovered his senses.

"He'll never let you go," she moaned, my friend, the tattler, "He's obsessed with you. He's a man possessed. Why did you ever tell him you loved him?"

"I didn't," I protested.

"You did. He told me so, and it sounded just like you."

"Oh that," I said, weakly, "but I tell everyone that."

"E— is not everyone," she said, "if you go away and don't tell him, he'll kill me, or beat me up until I tell him where you are. He'll know I'm the reason why you left."

I tried to think of a reason for my sudden departure. There was not one logical one. I had to work fast. I packed my clothes and left my friend instructions where to send them. Then I met E— and proceeded to get gloriously plastered, drinking him under the table. I then asked him to drive me to the airport which was not an uncommon request on the island. When we reached there, my plane was on the runway, the propeller already rotating at its full speed. I stepped out of the car and raced toward the plane. As the door closed over my shoulder, I saw a weaving, baffled E— running after the plane, waving, his arms akimbo, shouting my name into the engine's roar, where it was eventually lost. High in the sky, I recovered my senses and hoped that he would do the same.

He did. After two or three good binges, weeping in his beer, he decided to remain on the island. He sent for the wife and the kiddies, and set about to bask realistically in the warmth of the radiant sun. I doubt if he even remembers my name.

Thus and so goes the game—the adult game of amorous conquest, where grown men and women play with human emotions as recklessly as children play with toys. But, in retrospect, it is for the continuous player a faulty game. The day arrives when there isn't a player left to figure out how to get rid of. That's when the game has finally conquered the player, man or woman. So ponder affairs of the heart, gently, or you may have to reap what you have sown.

\*The last name was not as the reader may think, neither Boyd, Brown, Buckley nor Bagley. The "B" stands for the eternal "BOY".

No matter how many beautiful  
girls you know, your list  
isn't complete until you . . .

**Meet Maureene**

Whether quiet or sparkling she's still a  
splendid 36, 22, 34



**S**HE'S HAPPY, SAD. Up, down. Laughing, quiet. She's Maureen Gaffney, a gal of many moods . . . but never dull. "I'm an Aries," she told us. "and you know how they are!" We didn't, but we learned about them during a two day photo session with the gorgeous Maureen. She first met us at the door with a pitcher of martinis, and a voluble flood of bright chatter. By afternoon she was withdrawn . . . still helpful and patient with our demands but quiet as a lovely mouse. The next morning, quiet again; that afternoon a fire-cracker of fun and wit. "The man I marry better be a fast second-guesser."







Still kittenish, Maureene played with a stuffed pooch and "modeled" a froth of negligee, intentionally making a most charming mistake with the garment's arm hole. The hazel-eyed lovely has an instinctive flair for posing . . . regardless of her mood, the sign of a true pro. In a horoscope booklet we looked up Aries for that day. "Be pretty, be charming to visitors," it said. And she certainly was. **O**

Happy or sad, gay or mad, Maureen is all pro



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